

MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

FEBRUARY, 1832.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THERE stands Washington Irving, author of the *Sketch Book*. In his modest deportment and easy attitude, we see all the grace and dignity of an English gentleman. Washington Irving, it is well known, is by birth an American. If all the Americans were of the same cast of figure and appearance, we should be happy to recognise in them, what our neighbours of the Scottish soil are proud to hail in their own gentle Dundases,—the fact that every mother's son was a man "*comme il faut*!" Such, however, is not the case. Our friend, Captain Basil Hall, has, in his celebrated travels through Yankee Land, given us a few leaves from *The American Chesterfield*, which does not exactly place the manners of the children of Jonathan in the most amiable or delectable point of view. The Jonathonian *arbitrarius elegantiarum* talks of the impropriety of smoking and chewing a quid, and spitting on the floor and carpet, and a thousand other *gougeries*, which are characteristic of our Transatlantic brethren. The Yankee Chesterfield, however, might have exempted the smokers from his anathema. We flatter ourselves that we are patterns of gentility, and we patronise the best of Woodvilles; and our friends Lockhart and Sir Walter Scott are also eminent smokers, and will give as correct a judgment on the quality of Cheroot and Havannah, as our philosophic Coleridge can on brandy or Thompson and Fearon's Stomachic fifty degrees above proof. Tom Campbell, however, takes no delight in a cigarro, the source of his solace existing in the impure channel of a pipe, commonly bought in pot-houses for a halfpenny. We know not if Mr. Washington Irving be a smoker; but, to judge by his gentlemanly appearance, he ought to be one. Smoking is, and always has been, a healthful and fashionable English custom: there were schools and professors established here for the purpose of teaching the mystery of smoking on the first introduction of the Virginian weed, and the

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mode of expifficating the smoke out of one's mouth is at present, as it were, a shibboleth demonstrative of an English gentleman.

Mr. Washington Irving came early in life among us, and has made himself a welcome denizen in our realm of literature. While he was yet a fresh importation, all the town were agog after him, as though he were a gentle monster brought over for a nine days' wonder from some

"Far off island in the western main."

We had heard so much of Virginia planters, and Backwoodsmen, and Kentuckymen, and Squatters, and other nondescript savages, that we could hardly conceive any thing in the shape of a gentlemanly biped coming from America. We were, however, agreeably surprised; and so great a favourite had Mr. Irving become, in an inconceivably short time, that his *Sketch Book*, and *Bracebridge Hall*, and *Tales of a Traveller*, and *Knickerbocker's History*, were bought up with greedy curiosity and pleasure in England, which is the true mart for talent and genius. Old men chuckled to see typified in the pages of those works the pure diction and graces of Addison, and a revived portraiture of the times of Sir Roger de Coverley; young fellows laughed outright at the legends of Swampy Marsh and Dismal Hollow, and the uncouth and quaint pictures of the old Dutch settlers; and young damsels sighed and wept over the beautiful scenes of love and pathos with which the youthful and eloquent American knew well how to bewitch their senses. From being a nine days' wonder, therefore, Mr. Irving has very justly settled into the pride of Transatlantic authorship, and a standard writer among British men of genius.

From his steadfast gaze, and the smile of soft delight which is lighting up his countenance, we should fancy that he is thinking of the fair clime of Andalusia, and of the dark blue waters of the Guadalquivir. Perhaps he is meditating another exquisite volume, which shall contain further deeds of the most chivalrous war in authentic history. *Fu gentil guerra*, says Navagero, speaking of its achievements: and Garibay says that no plain

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has been trampled so frequently, or by such numerous armies, as that of Granada. Whether his genius lead him to expatiate further on the exploits of the Zegris and Abencerrages, or take wings to survey new objects across the Atlantic and Alleghany heights, the literary labours of Washington Irving will always find a ready way to the understandings and hearts of Englishmen.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

PRUSSIA AND HER MILITARY RESOURCES.

MR. EDITOR,—There are few places on the continent where an idler may spend more agreeably a few weeks during the summer months than at Spa, or Aix-la-Chapelle.

Our party, assembled one day during the month of August, at the table d'hôte of the Hôtel de Hollande at the latter place, was startled by the abrupt and rather unceremonious entrance of the aubergiste, who with a theatrical air, and intonation of voice, worthy of Talma, exclaimed, "Messieurs, préparez-vous pour des grands évènements; l'armée Française est en marche vers la Belgique,"—handing to us at the same time a number of the *Moniteur* which contained the official announcement of that event. The march of the French army created the strongest sensation at Aix, and for some days continued to occupy the attention, to the exclusion of every other subject, of the crowds of idlers who yearly flock thither in pursuit of health and dissipation; and the all-engrossing excitement of the *redoute* for a moment lost its attraction. It was really amusing to hearken to the reports and conjectures in hourly circulation: first came the report of the defeat of the Belgians and the death of Leopold; next, the Dutch were said to have entered Brussels, and the French Mons; while the Prussian army, it was confidently asserted, had received orders to make an *en avant* movement to support the Dutch. A certain coterie, that professed to be in the secrets of every cabinet in Europe, pronounced with an awful shake of their heads, that a general war was absolutely inevitable. A few days, however, served to show the falsehood of the reports, and the fallacy of the conjectures of these pseudo-politicians. An armistice was concluded; and three days after the arrival of this intelligence, my travelling companion and myself started for the Belgian territory.

At St. Treond, we fell in with the Dutch army, operating a retrograde movement on their own frontier. These troops appeared in the highest state of organization and discipline; the heavy cavalry was superb, and the horses excellent; they appeared elated with success, and some of the officers with whom we conversed, inveighed in bitter terms against the intervention of France, which had robbed

them of the fruits of their victory. The military mania appeared to have been strong among the Belgians, at least if the assumption of the outward appearance of the soldier might be taken as a criterion; for, on the line of route, we observed that even the peasantry had mustachions, and wore their foraging caps with a decided military air.

We reached Louvain on the eve of the grand review of the French troops; and so full were all the hotels, that we found some difficulty in arranging our quarters. Almost every spot in the Low Countries has, at one time or other, been the scene of some murderous conflict. On the morning of the review, the French army was drawn up on precisely the same ground which during the revolutionary war had been the scene of some hard fighting between their countrymen and the Austrians.

It was a martial scene, one too that forcibly brought back to our minds the vivid recollections of by-gone days. The infantry were in contiguous close columns of battalions by companies; the cavalry on the left, in columns of squadrons by demi-divisions; the artillery occupied the right of the line.

King Leopold came on the ground at an early hour, accompanied by the two French princes, two remarkably fine young men, with a distinguished military air, Marshal Gerard, and a most brilliant staff. As Leopold rode down the line, he appeared pale and dejected; perhaps the slight sprinkling of English uniforms which appeared on the ground, led back his thoughts to his quiet retreat at Claremont, and saddened his brow.

The troops defiled past the king in open columns. The infantry appeared to be composed of mere boys; their marching was loose and unsteady, and their *tense*, to disciplinarians, was in bad taste. The wheeling of the cavalry was good, but they were badly mounted, and the condition of their appointments would have impressed the spectator with the idea that they had just come off a hard campaign. Even the two crack regiments of the French princes, the Hussars d'Orleans and the Lancers de Nemours, had nothing of that dashing appearance which we expect to find in the cavalry of France. The materiel of the artillery was however superb: it contained in its ranks many distinguished officers of the Bonapartean school; its appearance altogether asserted the superiority of France in that arm. The staff I was told was well composed. There was no manœuvring, but *en revanche* we had abundance of enthusiasm, both French and Belgian. The French troops on the ground were decidedly inferior in discipline and organization to the Prussian army we had so recently seen; an opinion in which a young Prussian officer of hussars, who rode near me, appeared to coincide, for as the French troops marched past, I observed a smile of derision curl his mustachio'd lip.

A most deadly hatred exists, and has long existed, between the French and Prussian nations; the former affect to despise their German foes, and vauntingly assert that, single-handed, the conquest of Prussia would be for them but a mere *promenade militaire*. This tendency to underrate the power of Prussia, a disposition which has crept into even well-informed circles in this country, can only have arisen from ignorance of the immense military resources of the Prussian monarchy. Prussia has at this moment on the right bank of the Rhine 200,000 of the finest troops in the world, with a train of 250 pieces of artillery. At Dusseldorf and its neighbourhood, there is, farther, an immense army of reserve, with a formidable train of artillery; while the chain of fortresses which extend from Cleves to the frontiers of Rhenish Bavaria, are abundantly furnished with every munition of war, and have been rendered nearly impregnable. These troops are in the highest possible state of efficiency, kept ready to move at a moment's notice, panting for an appeal to arms, and confident of success.

Instructed by her past misfortunes, and struck with the geographical configuration of her territory, which "like a ribbon" floats over the surface of the European continent, from the frontiers of France to those of Russia—Prussia has felt that she exists but through her army; the anxious solicitude of the government has therefore been directed almost exclusively to this object, and the genius of Scharnhorst has produced one of the most perfect military systems the world ever saw. A brief outline of this famous system will enable the reader to form some idea of the military resources of the Prussian monarchy.

The Prussian army is raised by conscription, and is of two kinds; 1st, the line; 2dly, the landwehr, consisting of two bans. In the line, every male inhabitant of the country is obliged to serve five years, three of which they must be present with the regiment: after that period they are allowed to go home, and to serve the remaining two years in the landwehr; but in the event of a war breaking out, during that time, they are liable to be again called back to their corps, and to be kept with it till the expiration of the five years; they are then finally dismissed from the line, and join the landwehr, of which there are two regiments attached to every regiment of the line. To the first ban they belong till the age of thirty-five, when they are removed to the second ban; and leaving the latter again, at the age of forty-five, they join the garrison battalions, which are not obliged to march out of their circle, and on which devolve the milder duties of the defence of fortresses. Two regiments of the line, two of cavalry, and a battery, form a brigade. In war time, when the landwehr is added to the establishment, the whole form together a division of two or three brigades, according as the first

class alone, or both classes of the landwehr are called out. A division includes, consequently, two regiments of infantry of the line, two or four of landwehr, four or six regiments of cavalry, and two or three batteries. Every regiment consists of three battalions of four companies each. The two first are battalion companies; the others, fusileer or light companies: the strength of each company is 200 rank and file. For the recruiting and organization of this force, the whole Prussian territory is divided into eight grand military divisions. Four regiments of infantry belong to each province, and must be constantly recruited by a conscription of their population. From this system it results, that the whole population of the country must be essentially military; and it is the peculiar feature of Scharnhorst's system, that in time of war it renders every male inhabitant of the Prussian monarchy available to military purposes, without withdrawing them in time of peace from their ordinary occupations. The landwehr are called out twice during the year, for the space of one month, for exercise. The men having already served three years in the line, the landwehr presents an efficient force little inferior to the regular army.

Nothing can be finer than the appearance of the Prussian troops under arms; they are all handsome young men, with an erect martial carriage; they perform with the utmost rapidity the most complex manœuvres, and are steady as walls. Their uniform is martial, beautifully made, and unvaried throughout the army. The over-nice attention of the king to the personal appearance of his troops has been much ridiculed; their swelling chests, padded arms, compressed waists, and flowing curls, giving them an appearance more suitable to the drawing-room than the camp. The officers are well instructed not only in the duties of their profession, but also in the general branches of literature and science; previous to receiving their commissions they undergo two very severe examinations. One of the peculiar features of this system is, that it develops the moral as well as the physical powers of the soldier. On joining his corps, every recruit is taught to read and write, and may study if he chooses, in the regimental school, the higher branches of his profession: the corps of non-commissioned officers is by this means excellent. Nothing can convey a higher idea of the superiority of the Prussian military system, than the operations of her army in the year 1815. Defeated at Ligny, they retreated in good order upon Wavre, and while their rear-guard, under Thielmann, held Grouchy in check, they on the 18th effected a rapid march across a difficult country, and by their timely co-operation decided the battle of Waterloo. Still it may be urged, that at Jena the Prussian discipline was equal to what it is at the present day. Allowing this to have been the

case, the composition of her armies at that unfortunate period was vastly different; and again, it was rather the strategy of Napoleon, than the superiority of the French military system that prostrated the military power of Prussia. It is to this superiority in strategies that Baron de Jomini, in his *Considérations sur les Guerres de la Revolution*, attributes the success of the French; the leading features of which consisted in a masterly and rapid concentration of an overwhelming force on one point. It must be recollected that the *tactique* of Napoleon and his marshals is now as well understood by the military leaders of Prussia as by those of France, while the system of which we have given a faint and imperfect outline renders her one of the most formidable military powers in the world.

The Prussian dominion in the Rhenish provinces is represented as unpopular. The inhabitants loudly complain of the intolerable hardship of the landwehr service, and of the general stagnation of commerce. The Prussian officers are, moreover, said to be haughty, vain, and tyrannical. I have, I must confess, often heard this charge applied to the Prussian military, but I never could discover that it was made with either the shadow of truth or justice. It is a complaint made of all troops who hold military occupation of a country. In my intercourse with the officers of that nation, I have always been struck with the high cultivation of both mind and manner which distinguishes them. The master of the Hôtel du Rhin, at Cologne, complained to me that they spent no money. "The French," said he, "spent Napoleons where the Prussians barely spent thalers." The passage of the French armies into Germany enriched this class of people. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

A similar complaint was made to me some years ago in South America, by a Frenchman who had established a café at one of the ports. "Monsieur," said he, making me a low bow, "I make more money by a single English gun-brig than by a whole French squadron." My curiosity was excited, and I requested him to explain this seeming anomaly. "Voici le cas," he rejoined, "the English officers drink nothing but champagne and claret, while Messieurs les officiers Français content themselves with lemonade and eau sucrée. Et Monsieur conviendra," he continued, with an expressive shrug, "que ça ne fait pas mon affaire." Still these provinces in their habits and feelings are decidedly German; and it has been the policy of the Prussian government to eradicate, as far as they can, all traces of the French, and, more particularly, of their language.

But whatever may be the political feeling at present prevailing in the Rhenish provinces, Prussia is too strongly entrenched in the country to heed a reaction, or a movement in favour of France. Were her armies wasted in the field to-morrow, it would be impossible

to drive her from her stronghold at Coblenz, the Gibraltar of the Rhine. What the course of a few months may produce, it is impossible to predict. Prussia has lately been silently preparing for war, reinforcing her armies on the French frontier, and provisioning her fortresses. She is decidedly hostile to the new order of things in that country—a feeling in which her army largely participates.* Should the warlike spirit which at present animates the French people oblige the government to depart at too early a period from their temporizing system, on Prussia will the storm burst; but she will be found prepared; and we confidently predict that in the first instance her armies would be victorious. The French army, formidable as it may appear on paper, notwithstanding the activity and skill of Soult, is still imperfectly organized—a fact which Sebastiani was obliged to admit in his speech to the Chamber, on the recent question of intervention in favour of the Poles.

From the United Service Journal.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MAURITIUS.

BY A BRITISH OFFICER.

I WILL endeavour to give you some little account of this "Ebony Isle." It is of an oval shape and about 148 miles in circumference, with many beautiful mountains and some very fine rivers. The principal town is Port Louis, which has a good harbour, where I have seen from 80 to 100 ships lying at a time, there being a very great trade carried on in consequence of a population of 100,000 souls and the vast quantity of sugar made. The last crop of the latter produced 80,000,000 pounds weight, and as the consumption here is computed only at about 7,331,919, there was exported 72,668,081, the greatest part of which went to England, and therefore poured in an immense revenue to the mother country, as well as giving employment to numerous ships, which, however, are just now badly paid, the freights being very low. The price of sugar here is not more than 20s. per cwt. for the best quality, which does not now remunerate the planter, as his expenses are becoming every day more heavy in consequence of their slaves diminishing and the necessity of employing mules, which are brought here from part of South America, Buenos Ayres, and France, and which cost from £80 to £100 each. The want of slaves induced many of the planters to send for Chinese free labourers, and seve-

* Prussia is ruled by an unmitigated despotism, and is of course in deadly enmity, as far as she may be in time of peace, with freedom and free countries. Were the population of France, in case of a war, again generally excited, we think the Prussian monarchy, single-handed, would fall as she fell before. Her army at Jena was the finest and best disciplined on parade, in Europe.

ral hundreds were imported at a great expense; but unfortunately they did not answer, and were obliged to be reshipped for their native country again at the charge of those who sent for them. Bullocks are also used for bringing the canes from the plantation: they are mostly brought from Madagascar, which lies about 450 miles east of this little spot, to which island we have eight or nine ships constantly trading for those animals which are bought there for about £2, and sold here for £12 or £14, but on landing they are generally thin and require to be fattened, when they fetch £20 or £25; at best our beef is very bad, and although at tenpence per pound, it is always disposed of in the Bazaar, where every thing is sold early in the morning, fish, flesh, fowls, vegetables, &c. &c. and unless you go there betimes, your dinner will suffer, as by nine o'clock nothing is left, the heat being so great sometimes that even, in this case, it becomes disagreeable. Our horses we get from the Cape of Good Hope, and also from Timor; those from the former place sell here from £60 to £100—from the latter place (they being ponies) sell from £5 to £20, as they are generally in most dreadful condition on reaching this island: the plan is to land and sell them by auction immediately, as frequently numbers die soon after, and it is said the average number of deaths among horses and mules is four per diem throughout the island.

The town of Port Louis is very extensive, and there are many fine streets with abundance of shops—the people who keep them calculate on retiring with a fortune in five years—therefore you will fancy what must be their prices and also their profits. The former are scarcely ever stationary, as it entirely depends upon the supplies: for instance, rice (which all comes from India) is at 18s. a bag, which a few months ago was 13s.; gram, with which the horses are fed, (a kind of grain like small beans, which also comes from India) is now £1 4s. which was 12s. the bag, owing to the short supply. All articles of consumption in like manner. The present prices are, for a fowl 3s.; turkey 16s. to 24s.; all fresh meat 10d. per pound; fish

10d. per pound; butter, which comes from the Cape of Good Hope, 2s. 6d.; cheese 2s. 8d. to 3s. 6d. per pound; hams, which all come from Europe, 3s. per pound; eggs 2d. to 3d. each; vegetables very dear, as every inch of ground that will produce sugar-cane is planted with it, and the former fine gardens to some of the habitations are now no more. Wearing apparel is also very expensive here; a coat costs from £8 to £9; a pair of trousers £3 to £4; a hat £2 8s. to £3; boots £1 12s. per pair, which owing to the badness of the leather last but a short time.

Port Louis is divided into three parts, as it were, it being situated in an amphitheatre; the centre is inhabited by all the respectable people, and comprises many most excellent houses and buildings, the Catholic chapel and the English church amongst the number. The suburb to the west is the part occupied by about 3000 Malabars, and called *Malabar Town*. They are dressed mostly in white, with turbans, ear-rings, &c. and the females with ornaments in their noses and on their toes, as they generally go barefoot. Once a year they have what is called a *Yamsée*, or a festival in honour of Mahomet, which lasts for about a fortnight, during which time they seem to get no sleep; the continual beating of tom-toms, jingling of bells, carrying pagodas, (which are made of various coloured paper and most richly ornamented) followed by all the population of their caste with their faces daubed with red, white, &c. have a most ludicrous appearance. The suburbs to the south are called *Black Camp*, the houses being very small and poor, and inhabited by all the free blacks as well as many mulattoes. Notwithstanding the great number of inhabitants the town is remarkably quiet, and after the firing of the gun, which takes place at eight o'clock at night from the 30th of April to the 1st of October, and at nine o'clock the following six months, scarcely a person is seen in the streets, and it is very rare indeed to hear of any robbery or depredation whatever.

The following is the last census of the population, which was taken the 1st of January, 1827:—

| DISTRICTS. | WHITES. | | FREE. | | SLAVES. | | TOTAL. | |
|--------------------|---------|----------|--------|----------|---------|----------|--------|----------|
| | Males. | Females. | Males. | Females. | Males. | Females. | Males. | Females. |
| Port Louis . . . | 1929 | 1458 | 3347 | 4164 | 9421 | 6296 | 14697 | 11918 |
| Pamplemousses . . | 509 | 500 | 598 | 715 | 6348 | 3746 | 7455 | 4961 |
| Rivière du rempart | 304 | 245 | 705 | 752 | 5121 | 3035 | 6130 | 4032 |
| Flacq . . . | 534 | 487 | 717 | 759 | 5868 | 3529 | 7119 | 4775 |
| Grandporte . . . | 476 | 392 | 674 | 716 | 4237 | 2536 | 5387 | 3644 |
| Savanne . . . | 123 | 92 | 209 | 207 | 2261 | 1660 | 2693 | 1959 |
| Rivière Noire . . | 174 | 150 | 272 | 293 | 3395 | 2002 | 3841 | 2445 |
| Plaines Wilhems . | 228 | 185 | 367 | 474 | 4083 | 2594 | 4678 | 3253 |
| Moka . . . | 171 | 154 | 216 | 259 | 1787 | 1057 | 2174 | 1470 |
| Total . . . | 4448 | 3663 | 7105 | 8339 | 42621 | 26455 | 54174 | 38457 |

N.B. The military, of the number of 1580; convicts and apprentices, the latter to the number of 1486 males and 559 females, are not included.

This census was made by order of Sir Lowry Cole, late Governor of the island, rendering slave-dealing in it impossible.

In 1827 the cultivation was principally sugar, as I before stated, and it is said there were about 35,000 acres in canes; 14,000 in grain; 16,000 in manive, a root with which the blacks are fed; 766 of cotton; 82 acres indigo; 1200 ditto of cloves; 1100 ditto coffee; 15,000 ditto in various cultivation; 117,361 ditto in wood, and 107,000 in savanna, making about 307,509 acres of land. Since the above date a great quantity of wood has been cleared and the ground planted with cane, and the other productions much diminished; scarcely any cloves or coffee are now grown. I should think the number of sugar mills to be about 200, which are furnished plentifully with water by the rivers: latterly a good many steam-engines have been imported, and found to answer extremely well, and, I should think, there are already fifty erected. The season is just coming in for the commencement of sugar making, which generally ends about Christmas, therefore this is a busy time for the planters, who have to leave Port Louis, notwithstanding it is the gay time.

The theatre is a very good one, but has been closed for several months past, and the actors and actresses are gone to Bourbon, in consequence of the promulgation of the act "causing all free people of the population of colour to have the same laws and the same privileges as the whites;" and fearing they might come to the theatre, which they had hitherto been forbidden, and thereby cause disturbances (as the French whites detest them and would not sit in the same box) it was considered best to shut up the theatre, which is a great loss to the place, it being the chief public amusement, and indeed the only one we have here.

There is no bank at present; the business is mostly carried on by bills at six months, made negotiable and bearing 12 per cent. interest, and those men who have ready cash frequently make 18 per cent. by discounting, &c. and in five years the capital is doubled. Money is scarce, and nearly every one of the planters have heavy mortgages on their estates and are obliged to pay this immense interest, which keeps them poor, and will, I fear, ultimately ruin them. Our medium of circulation is, Spanish dollars at 4s. 4d.; Sicca rupees at 2s. 1d.; 100 dollar, or £20 sterling Treasury notes; English silver and copper money; also doubloons, half and quarter ditto, with a small copper coin called *Marques*, value three farthings.

There is a good circulating library in Port Louis, but mostly French works; also a garison library, which is now beginning to show itself patronized by all the *military*, and we have lately got several hundred pounds' worth of books. We have as yet no periodical publications. Our *Gazette*, which you have seen,

is the only one, and you will agree that it is not very amusing.

There is a college here, with professors, for each branch of education, where boys get on most rapidly; there are a certain number admitted *gratis* by the recommendation of the Governor; the remainder, to the number of about 300, pay so much per month, and have the opportunity of attending all the classes.*

The established religion, of course, is Catholic; the Rev. Dr. Slater, Bishop of Ruspá, who is an Englishman, is at its head; he has several priests to assist him and obey his mandates. The English Church is now out of repair, and a temporary place is used. The civil and military officers and their families are the chief attendants. The Rev. Mr. Denny is the Civil Chaplain, and Mr. Jones the Military one, who has been here for the last seventeen years. The time he can spare from his regular duties he devotes to the instruction of the slaves; he is a proficient in their language, which is a complete jargon. His Creole sermons are capital, and it is a pity he will not publish them: they would be a great curiosity. He is obliged to come to this post (Mahebourg, which is 30 miles from Port Louis,) once during the month to perform divine service, there being always a regiment stationed here, where the 99th regiment arrived on the 9th of last June, to remain till about that time next year, it being the usual period of changing quarters; we relieved the 29th regiment, who, with the 82d regiment, are at Port Louis; the latter relieves us next year, the former gives the detachments at present to the posts of Grand River, South East, Black River, Flacq, Cannonier Point, and Poudre d'Or.

La Montagne de la Rivière Noire, is the highest land in the Mauritius, and is 2717 feet above the level of the sea.

The island is divided into nine quarters or districts, which are generally named in the following order.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| 1 Port Louis. | 6 Savanne. |
| 2 Pamplemousses. | 7 Rivière Noire. |
| 3 Rivière du Rempart. | 8 Plaine Wilhems. |
| 4 Flacq. | 9 Moka. |
| 5 Grand Port. | |

Each of these districts is subdivided into cantons or *arrondissements* for the greater facility of communication.

To maintain order, there is at Port Louis a police-office, directed by an officer who is styled the "Commissaire en Chef de Police," and who directs all the others of the different districts before named; each of which have, what they call, a "Commandant du Quartier" and a deputy, chosen amongst the natives, and generally the most respectable men, who receive no salary. They have under their or-

* Per month—boarders 4l.; half ditto 2l. 12s., who breakfast and dine at the college; day scholars pay 1l. 4s. per month; two brothers, 4l.

ders some "Gendarmerie," to execute the instructions of their "Commandant," to enforce the laws and orders of Government, &c. &c. There is also a "Commissaire Civil" and a deputy for each "Quartier," who is charged with the general police, to register all civil cases, to receive all levies, all declarations of deaths births, marriages, &c. &c.; to give affidavits and attend to all complaints that may be laid before them. The people all look up to the last-named individuals, and they are supposed to keep order and to regulate every thing in their respective commands, reporting the least irregularity or disturbance that may happen to take place to the "Head" of the Police in Port Louis.

At Mahébourg there is a nice little barrack for the men, but no quarters for officers, with the exception of three or four; therefore, we have to line them, and to pay at the lowest two pounds per month, which is so much out of pocket, the Government considering that the colonial allowance covers every thing. This place is called generally Grand Port, as close by was the first establishment of the Dutch, but it is now nothing more than a village, with a few *chasse mares** of 25 tons employed in carrying round the sugar, wood, &c., to Port Louis, and bringing back rice, &c., for the inhabitants of this side the isle. Off this port was the famous action of Capt. Willoughby, in which we got the worst of it. I have frequently visited the Isle of Passe, as we have a sergeant's guard there, merely to take care of the quarters on it. The once fine battery is all gone to ruin, and the guns dismantled and grown up with grass; this is the case with all the immense fortifications round the island, with the exception of Fort Blanc and Isle Tonnelliers, at the entrance of Port Louis Harbour, which are undergoing repair. The French Government must have spent millions of money on this colony; we have neglected to do any thing, putting confidence in our wooden walls; besides there is a natural barrier quite round the island formed of a coral reef, and the only good entrances are at Port Louis and at Grand Port (or Mahébourg).

His excellency has a very nice country-house, about seven miles from Port Louis, named "Reduit," where he principally resides, it being much cooler. He comes into town every Wednesday, when there is a council held, composed of himself, the Chief Judge, the Secretary to Government, and the Deputy-Adjutant-General, who have all the title of Honourable. After the council is over, all civil and military men who may have any business with the Governor attend and are received.

There are a good many public offices here, and the people are appointed to them by the head of the Colonial Department in England: they are all well paid. A junior clerk (for in-

stance) the moment he lands has 300*l.* per annum, and it increases to 500*l.* How much better they are provided for than the unfortunate "red coats," who, in this command, (except with the senior ranks,) can scarcely make both ends meet. The principal public offices are as follows:—the Chief Secretary to Government, Audit, Branch attached to Audit, Treasury, Interior Revenue, Custom-house, Post-office, Civil Engineer, Slaves Registration, Archives, Matriculi, Civil Storekeepers, &c. &c. Courts of Justice:—Cour d'Appel, Tribunal de Première Instance, Tribunal Terrier, Special Court of Admiralty, Instance Court of Ditto, Curatelle aux Biens vacant, &c. &c.

The inhabitants both in town and in the country are most hospitable, and you have only to call on them, and are sure to be most graciously received. They live in the French manner; always the *déjeuné a la fourchette* with wine, and the dinner such as would please even a gourmand, as they have generally most excellent cooks, selected from the most intelligent of their slaves, who are instructed in the culinary art. They are famous for their soup, fricandeaux, and curries: the latter with rice is the principal repast of the Creoles (or natives), with a plentiful supply of hot pickles.

Our wine is drunk very freely; for the mess, Madeira is imported expressly, and we drink it at about 2*s.* 4*d.* per bottle. Claret we buy here at from 1*l.* 4*s.* to 2*l.* 8*s.* per dozen. The former we always have on the table; the latter only on particular occasions, such as stranger days, (which, however, come very frequently,) and then we always produce champagne, which we drink at 5*s.* 6*d.* per bottle.

The inhabitants drink their wine generally bottled by themselves from the cask, and it stands them in not more than 8*d.* or 10*d.* per bottle, and is really of very good quality. All the beer comes from England, and the usual price is a rupee for a bottle, or 1*l.* 4*s.* per dozen. It is a beverage that is much prized, and a person who gives a party and produces good beer and a fine ham, is considered a good fellow. At the suppers given at the balls, I have been amused to see, with what avidity the nice young girls call out for the *Jambon*, and I have often been a volunteer to cut up one for the pleasure of helping them. Speaking of the females of this island, they certainly are very pretty and very accomplished; not a house in which a piano-forte or guitar is not sounding, and they are passionately fond of dancing and waltzing, and during the months of July, August, and September, there is a continual succession of these amusements, which are the only opportunities given to see the ladies, who are certainly then seen to very great advantage, as their toilette is beyond my description. Owing to the climate they seldom leave their houses to walk, and unless

* Little schooners.

you become a visiter by calling in the evening, (which is the time for visiting,) you, perhaps, do not meet but once a year, that is during the *Gaîté*. The young men of the island are now beginning to be well-behaved and respectable, but, unfortunately, their parents, who have the means, do not insist on their sons learning some profession, and consequently they are merely idlers, and, of course, frequently turn out *mauvais sujets*.

I am very happy amongst the natives, and am known by most of them, as I act according to the old proverb, *When you are at Rome, to do as Rome does*. From April to October we dine at six; remain at table till near eight; and when in Port Louis, those disposed go and take coffee with some one to whom they wish to pay a visit of ceremony. From October to April we dine at four; our horses are at the door to mount at six; ride for an hour, and then, if disposed, commence making calls. Your friends are generally found sitting outside their houses under a verandah, where you are offered a chair: soon after a glass of beer or a cup of coffee is presented to you; and after chatting some time, you take leave, and frequently make four or five visits of this sort during the evening.

In the country it is particularly dull; at Mahébourg our only amusement is our drill, boating, riding, and shooting; the latter is a very laborious one. The usual method is to rise at daylight, go about two miles with fifteen or twenty dogs, and five or six black fellows, which are sent into the sugar cane, which is laid out in patches of twelve, sixteen, and twenty acres, with alleys cut for the purpose of carts bringing the crops off the ground. If the party is numerous, you are placed accordingly, and the dogs and blacks commence the search, and as soon as they "give tongue," you must be on the alert, and start for the place where you think the hare is likely to pass, and by chance may get a shot. There are also some partridges, but unless a good pointer is out, they are difficult to find. There is also deer shooting in the woods, but that I have not yet assisted in. The heat is too great to remain later than half-past eight or nine o'clock in the morning, by which time each sportsman is tired enough.

In some of my excursions I have visited the plantations, where at daybreak the ringing of a large bell, which continues for a quarter of an hour, summons the slaves to appear from their camp, which consists of 300 or 400 straw huts, where they have mats to sleep on.* They then answer to their names, and fall into their respective bands, and march off to their work under their respective commanders,

* From the climate, cold, hunger, and want of bed-clothes, &c. are scarcely known here. The natives and inhabitants during the very hot weather, to a certain extent, sleep upon a mat spread on cane-bottomed sofas, placed in open verandahs.

of whom there is one for every squad of twenty negroes; a whip or stick is generally carried by each of them, not exactly for punishment, but as a sign of authority, and to be used only when discipline requires it, and under the eye of the *White Ocerseer*, who is always moving about from band to band to see that the work is done. About half-past seven, the bell again summons them to breakfast; at half-past eight, their meal of manives,* &c. being finished, the ringing commences, and they return to their respective duties, and remain till mid-day. They are then recalled by the bell to dine, and repose about two hours, when they are again summoned to labour, which they continue till sunset. If the weather is very bad, they are employed under cover, making shingles to cover houses, manufacturing sugar-mats, and splitting the dried leaves of the screw pine (commonly called the *vakoa*), and polishing them by friction with a small stone. The females and their children work these into mats for drying the sugar upon, and also manufacture them into sacks for exporting sugar from the Mauritius.

The most healthy, intelligent, and strong, are selected for the sugar-making, and during that time they frequently work all night, and for their extra hours get paid by the planters; and if the mill is good and hands sufficient, they will have from nine to twelve boilings in the day, according to the quality of the cane juice; each boiling produces from 4 to 500lbs. and when cooled, it is put into the sun to dry, then beat with large sticks, and put into the sacks, and is ready for exportation; the conveyance, wharfage, &c. &c. makes each 100lbs. 1*l.* 4*s.*, which ought to be the price at the sugar house to pay the planter for his crops.

These are the most interesting particulars I have been able to collect, but I must claim indulgence for the rough and hasty style in which they are imparted. E. L.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

"YES—LET HER DIE!"

Phedre, qui n'est point timée, que peut-elle perdre dans la vie ? DE STAEL.

YES—let her die!—'tis all her prayer—

In youth's warm spring, in beauty's bloom:

Thine iron mandate, stern Despair!

Hath sent her to that silent tomb.

YES—let her die!—if o'er her head

The shelt'ring turf be duly spread;

And not a tear bedew that sod

Save drops of Heaven's benignant rain:

Depart, and leave her with her God,—

Ye would not call her back again!

No! rather bless his pitying power

That snatch'd her from the evil hour

* Sometimes Indian corn, yams, sweet potatoes, with salt-beef, and beef occasionally, and on some estates, rice.

'Tis true, 'tis true, of Nature's tears
The bursting fount must rise to-day—
To view the loved of many years
By that dark summons warn'd away—
To trace, beneath the hand of Grief,
The with'ring of each rosy leaf—
Then lay the pale and blighted blossom
To rest below her lonely urn—
Heap the cold earth above her bosom,
And to a joyless home return,
Where never more the star shall rise,
That wont to bless your loving eyes.

In sooth, it is a bitter doom—
A dark—a sad—a killing blow:
But would ye raise her from the tomb?
Ask your own hearts—they answer, No!
She hath but left a world that wore
For her the smile of Hope no more.
Oh! could ye guess the half of all
That early grave hath bid her shun,
Low on your humbled knees ye'd fall,
And thank your God her race was run—
That sharp and wild, but sudden pain,
Thus soon had cleft her heart in twain.

To linger when the Sun of life,
The beam that gild its path, is gone—
To feel the aching bosom's strife
When Hope is dead—but Love lives on—
Yet wear a smile, that mocks the wo,
Whose gloomy depths lie cold below:
To mingle with the heartless crowd—
A serpent gnawing at the breast—
Yet bear a woman's soul, too proud
To own the pang that breaks its rest—
That doth but seek repose from pain—
Alone—unmark'd—yet seeks in vain:

To wander where each lifeless thing,
That witness'd what no more shall be,
Arouses Grief's envenom'd sting
By thoughts of vanish'd ecstasy!
Where e'en the sweets by Nature lent
Are heart-sick Misery's nourishment:
To dream—for Nature's face is fair,
As long ago it wont to seem,—
That Joy's bright soul still dwelleth there,
Then wake, and find it but a dream;—
And sick'ning turn from earth and sky,
And loathe the light, and long to die:

With sealed heart and lips to dwell—
Kind Friendship's warm outpourings gone—
For thoughts are there no words can tell,
And speech may never breathe upon:—
A cold, a hard, a frozen feeling
On all the burning bosom stealing—
The leaden chain of Apathy
Cast o'er the fervid spirit's glow
While still alive to agony,
The heart's deep pulses throb below:—
The heart's fine chords, by many a thrill,
Proclaim their quiv'ring tension still.

And then the bitter tear, that springs
In solitude, where none are nigh—
The big cold drop that Misery wrings,
Unheeded, from the aching eye!
Can Fancy dream—can words express
Such Sorrow's utter loneliness?
And then the struggling heart, that fain
Would scape its dark enchaining fate—
The drear revulsion back again,

Born of the thought—too late—too late!
Life's rugged path, dim stretching on—
It must be trod—and trod alone.

These had been hers—and Memory dwelling,
A Mourner pale, by Pleasure's tomb;
And sad Anticipation, telling
Of years of wasting care to come:
A blighted youth, to fade unheeded
By joyless, loveless age succeeded:
The heart's affections "run to waste"—
The soul's best gifts neglected lying—
Death's bitter chalice oft to taste,
Long, long before the day of dying!
Oh! can ye mourn the doom that sped
To save her from a lot so dread?

The heart's best bliss—all bliss above—
Its thrilling joys—were hers to know—
The shaft that ended Life with love,
In mercy dealt the fatal blow.
Light lie the green turf o'er the breast,
Which found on earth no home of rest!
The bird, through Summer's brief bright day—
'Mid Summer's perfumed stores that fed,
Spreads light her wings, and soars away,
Soon as the genial warmth is fled.
Thus—Life's more glorious Summer gone,
Oh! who would ask to linger on!

From the Monthly Review.

THE LIFE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.*

It has been often made matter of reproach to our government that they pay but little, indeed scarcely any, attention, to the promotion of science, or to the encouragement of men who devote their lives to the pursuit of scientific objects. The provisions that have been made in the present or in former reigns for such purposes, have really been so paltry, that they do not deserve to be mentioned. It is not many months since an annual donation of £1000 which was regularly presented by the late king to the Royal Society of Literature, and which formed the principal resource of that institution for the pensions of its associates, has been altogether withdrawn. Whether the same fate is to attend the pittance allowed for the mere purchase of instruments, to Sir James South, we do not know: but we should not be surprised to find even that, sooner or later, numbered among the dead. Upon this subject, however, it must be admitted that a government like that which manages the affairs of this country, is placed in very peculiar circumstances. Without at present entering into the question, how far it may or may not be useful to the community at large, that literature, the sciences and arts, should receive direct and liberal support from the state, we ought not to shut our eyes to the fact, that in free empires it has generally been the usage to leave all such matters to the care

* The Life of Sir Isaac Newton. By Daniel Brewster, LL.D. F.R.S. No. XXIV. Family Library. 18mo. pp. 306. London: Murray, 1832.

of the community itself. With us, government is nothing more than a mere political machine for the attainment of political purposes; in absolute monarchies, or in countries which still retain much of the monarchical principle in their constitution, the usage is for the government to look upon the whole kingdom as the patrimony of the prince, and therefore it takes upon itself the formation and administration of roads, canals, docks, theatres, and other public buildings; it creates galleries for the reception of pictures, buys pictures to put into them, raises up academies and other institutions, for the diffusion of education, and the support of science. Now all these things we have been accustomed to do for ourselves, because we have never allowed ourselves or our possessions to be considered as the patrimonial estate of any royal family. Even in the feudal times our ancestors displayed a spirit of personal independence, which revolted at any practical application of this doctrine, however justifiable it might have been in theory. If a canal be wanted in any part of the country, and if it offer a prospect of reasonable returns for the capital required to construct it, prospectuses are issued, and the necessary sum is soon subscribed by individuals, without the assistance of a shilling from the government. So it is with rail-roads, theatres, and other works subservient to the uses of trade, or to the amusement of the public; the government is never thought of upon such occasions, and if it should ever be applied to, the probability would be, that the application would either remain unanswered, or be met by a polite, but a positive refusal. It is this habit of our people depending in every thing upon their own resources, that has excluded the state from what many suppose to be its natural connexion, with the patronage of the arts and sciences, and we apprehend that under the new order of things no reform will take place upon this subject.

If reproaches ought to be cast upon any party in consequence of the actual condition in which the sciences are at present placed in this country, we think that, in justice, they ought to be cast rather upon the nation at large, than upon the state, which is the nation's servant. There is no country in the world that derives so many advantages from the practical application of scientific improvements as England, and yet there is no country in which the authors of the theories from which those improvements have sprung, are treated with so much indifference and inattention. It is a great disgrace to us, that until the appearance of the little work now upon our table, we have had in our language nothing like a full and well digested life of one of the greatest ornaments of our country, and a man of whom any country might well be proud. It is scarcely two years ago, since the duty devolved upon us of vindicating his memory

from the misrepresentations of M. Biot, whose account of Newton's Life in the *Biographie Universelle*, was in some respects a tissue of falsehood. We are glad to find that our labours on that occasion attracted the notice of Dr. Brewster, as they may possibly have contributed to stimulate him to the performance of the task of which he has so well acquitted himself in the present publication.

To common readers, the assertion must seem almost incredible, that "this is the only Life of Sir Isaac Newton, on any considerable scale, that has yet appeared," and yet it is strictly true. Short and imperfect biographical sketches of that immortal philosopher, are to be found in dictionaries and encyclopedias, and other such works of reference; but hitherto, no regular biographical account of him has been produced, proportioned in its extent to the importance of the subject. For a life of Newton ought not to be a mere diary, containing his birth and education, and the ordinary occurrences of his every-day existence. The pursuits by which he has been distinguished, and which he followed up with a degree of success that has rarely been given to human inquiries, constitute an essential portion of his life, and ought to be interwoven with it as much as possible. Indeed, without frequent reference to his optical and astronomical labours, a memoir of Sir Isaac Newton, although the number of his years much exceeded the ordinary lot of mortality, would be but a dull and common-place affair. Let those labours be but even partially incorporated with the memoir, and it becomes a touching and sublime record of the heights to which the human mind has scaled, in attempting to discover the secret laws of that order and beauty, which prevail throughout the system of the universe.

So far as the mere personal history of Sir Isaac was concerned, Dr. Brewster's task was attended with some difficulty, as the materials for it, in themselves scanty enough, in consequence of the uniformity of the philosopher's habits, were rendered still more scarce from the neglect of his contemporaries. The *Biographia Britannica* has been the author's principal resource: some aid he has received from the letters to Oldenburgh, and other papers in Bishop Horsley's edition of Sir Isaac's works, a little more from Turner's collections for the history of the town and Soke of Grantham, from Biot's Life, and Lord King's late memoir and correspondence of Locke. To these, the kindness of Lord Braybrooke has enabled him to add some letters hitherto unpublished, which throw a satisfactory light upon a passage in the philosopher's career, that has given rise to a good deal of conjecture and misrepresentation. But by far the most valuable portion of the present work, in our estimation, is that in which the author has presented us with a succinct and popular analysis of Newton's optical researches,

his mode of constructing reflecting telescopes, his observations on the refrangibility and nature of light, and, above all, of his discoveries in the distant fields of astronomy. Such an analysis no living writer was better calculated to make than Dr. Brewster. His style is always so comprehensive, so appropriate, so free from technicalities, and so transparently clear and intelligible, that we may fairly consider the present number of the Family Library as the best compendium we possess in our language of the Newtonian philosophy.

The outlines of Sir Isaac's life are so well known, that they would scarcely bear repetition. A few of the remarkable circumstances connected with it may be briefly mentioned. He was not only a posthumous, but a premature child; he was so small when he was born, that, as he himself often heard his mother say, he might have been put into a quart mug. The little hamlet of Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, about six miles south of Grantham, had the honour of giving him birth.* At school, he was an idle lad, until he was one day treated with marked indignity by the boy immediately above him, and he nobly resolved on revenging himself by getting his enemy's place. He soon passed him, and became the head of his class by a systematic assiduity, the habit of which never afterwards left him. Out of school hours, instead of engaging his leisure in play, he devoted it to mechanical pursuits, at which he readily became an adept. He constructed a windmill, a water-clock, and a carriage, which was put in motion with a handle wrought by the person who sat in it. He had a contrivance by means of which the machinery of his windmill was set a-going without the assistance of the element, when necessary, and this was a wire-wheel, like that which is attached to squirrel cages, and in the inside of which he confined a mouse. His kites were always the best in the school, both in form and proportion, and he astonished the natives by sending them up in the night time, with paper lanterns containing lights, which the rustics doubtless mistook for comets. Of drawing, too, he was extremely fond, and in his youth, it appears, he was a poet, but the imaginative faculties were not those in which he was destined to cut a figure. It was his mother's wish that, upon quitting school, in his fifteenth year, he should attend to the duties of a farm which she held; but nothing could wean his mind from his studies, and his mechanical operations. "The perusal of a book, the execution of a model, or the superintendence of a water-wheel of his own construction, whirling the glittering spray from some neighbouring stream, absorbed all his thoughts when the sheep were going astray, and the cattle were devouring or treading

down the corn." His mother was soon convinced that he never would shine as a farmer, and she therefore very wisely determined that he should be allowed to follow the natural bent of his mind, and she sent him to Trinity College, Cambridge, into which he was admitted on the 5th of June, 1660, in the eighteenth year of his age.

It is strange enough, that the delusions of judicial astrology, seem first to have led his mind to the study of mathematics, which at once enabled him to detect the falsehood of that flattering imposture. Without any assistance from his tutor, he made himself master of Descartes's Geometry; in 1664, he purchased a prism for the purpose of testing that philosopher's theory of colours; in 1669, he succeeded his friend, Dr. Barrow, as Lucasian professor of mathematics, and it was then that he may be said to have entered upon that course of discovery which has ennobled his name. The first of these appears in the grand conclusion, which he drew from a series of prismatic experiments, "that light was not homogeneous, but consisted of rays, some of which were more refrangible than others." This discovery he immediately applied to the improvement of optical instruments, and although he did not succeed in rendering them as complete as he wished, nevertheless, he laid down principles, by means of which, chiefly, those instruments have since been brought to a wonderful degree of perfection. Dr. Brewster gives a detailed account of the different stages of excellence through which the manufacture of telescopes gradually passed, until they were taken up by the Herschels and the Dollonds, for which we must refer the reader to the volume itself. We cannot, however, omit one melancholy fact which he states, but for which we cannot agree with him in thinking that the government is blameable. After mentioning the gigantic telescope, forty feet long, with a speculum forty-nine and a half inches in diameter, which was finished by Dr. Herschel in 1789, under the patronage of George III., he proceeds to say:

"The genius and perseverance which created instruments of such transcendent magnitude were not likely to terminate with their construction. In the examination of the starry heavens, the ultimate object of his labours, Dr. Herschel exhibited the same exalted qualifications, and in a few years he rose from the level of humble life to the enjoyment of a name more glorious than that of the sages and warriors of ancient times, and as immortal as the objects with which it will be for ever associated. Nor was it in the ardour of the spring of life that these triumphs of reason were achieved. Dr. Herschel had reached the middle of his course before his career of discovery began, and it was in the autumn and winter of his days that he reaped the full harvest of his glory. The discovery of a new planet at the verge of the solar system was the first tro-

* On the 25th December, O. S. 1642, exactly one year after Galileo died.

phy of his skill, and new double and multiple stars, and new nebulae, and groups of celestial bodies, were added in thousands to the system of the universe. The spring tide of knowledge which was thus let in upon the human mind, continued for a while to spread its waves over Europe: but when it sank to its ebb in England, there was no other bark left upon the strand but that of the Deucalion of Science, whose home had been so long upon its waters.

"During the life of Dr. Herschel, and during the reign, and within the dominions of his royal patron, four new planets were added to the solar system, but they were detected by telescopes of ordinary power; and we venture to state, that since the reign of George III., no attempt has been made to keep up the continuity of Dr. Herschel's discoveries.

"Mr. Herschel, his distinguished son, has indeed completed more than one telescope of considerable size:—Mr. Ramage, of Aberdeen, has executed reflectors rivalling almost those of Slough;—and Lord Oxmantown, an Irish nobleman of high promise, is now engaged on an instrument of great size. But what avails the enthusiasm and the efforts of individual minds in the intellectual rivalry of nations? When the proud science of England pines in obscurity, blighted by the absence of the royal favour, and of the nation's sympathy;—when its chivalry fall unwept and unhonoured;—how can it sustain the conflict against the honoured and marshalled genius of foreign lands?" —pp. 35—37.

It is undoubtedly much to be lamented that no systematic measures have been adopted for "keeping up the continuity of Dr. Herschel's discoveries." But we should like to know for what purpose we have such an institution as the Royal Society, if it possess neither the means nor the disposition to accomplish objects of this nature? Unhappily, personal jealousies exercise a great deal too much influence upon that body, and in many instances, we fear, wholly paralyse their faculties. Of this society Newton became a member in 1672; and it was against some of its most distinguished members that he had to contend with all the energies of his mind, in order to establish the simple and beautiful theory of light which he had first discovered. Such was the rancorous and personal style in which they carried on their controversies against him, that he was at length disgusted not only with the men, but with the very researches which brought upon him so much of their bitterness and odium. Is it not mortifying to our nature to read in one of his letters addressed, towards the close of 1675, to Leibnitz, such a sentence as the following one? "I was so persecuted with discussions arising from the publication of my theory of light, that I blamed my own imprudence for parting with so substantial a blessing as my quiet to run after a shadow." This and many similar complaints had Newton to make chiefly against the members of the Royal Society, who were already envious of his rising fame, at the

very time when he was engaged in laying before that body some of the most interesting parts of his doctrine of colours, which he had deduced from his prismatical experiments. The leading points of that doctrine, as popularized by Dr. Brewster, may be shortly stated:—

"If the objects of the material world had been illuminated with white light, all the particles of which possessed the same degree of refrangibility, and were equally acted upon by the bodies on which they fall, all nature would have shone with a leaden hue, and all the combinations of external objects, and all the features of the human countenance, would have exhibited no other variety but that which they possess in a pencil sketch or a China-ink drawing. The rainbow itself would have dwindled into a narrow arch of white light,—the stars would have shone through a grey sky,—and the mantle of a wintry twilight would have replaced the golden vesture of the rising and the setting sun. But he who has exhibited such matchless skill in the organization of material bodies, and such exquisite taste in the forms upon which they are modelled, has superadded that ethereal beauty which enhances their more permanent qualities, and presents them to us in the ever-varying colours of the spectrum. Without this the foliage of vegetable life might have filled the eye and fostered the fruit which it veils,—but the youthful green of its spring would have been blended with the dying yellow of its autumn. Without this the diamond might have displayed to science the beauty of its forms, and yielded to the arts its adamantine virtues;—but it would have ceased to shine in the chaplet of beauty, and to sparkle in the diadem of princes. Without this the human countenance might have expressed all the sympathies of the heart, but the "purple light of love" would not have risen on the cheek, nor the hectic flush been the herald of its decay.

"The gray colouring with which the Almighty has decked the pale marble of nature, is not the result of any quality inherent in the coloured body, or in the particles by which it may be tinged, but is merely a property of the light in which they happen to be placed. Newton was the first person who placed this great truth in the clearest evidence. He found that all bodies, whatever were their peculiar colours, exhibited these colours only in white light. When they were illuminated by homogeneous red light they appeared red, by homogeneous yellow light, yellow, and so on, 'their colours being most brisk and vivid under the influence of their own daylight colours.' The leaf of a plant, for example, appeared green in the white light of day, because it had the property of reflecting that light in greater abundance than any other. When it was placed in homogeneous red light, it could no longer appear green, because there was no green light to reflect; but it reflected a portion of red light, because there was some red in the compound green which it had the property of reflecting. Had the leaf originally reflected a pure homogeneous green, unmixed with red, and reflected no white light from its outer surface, it would

have appeared quite black in pure homogenous red light, as this light does not contain a single ray which the leaf was capable of reflecting. Hence the colours of material bodies are owing to the property which they possess of stopping certain rays of white light, while they reflect or transmit to the eye the rest of the rays of which white light is composed."—pp. 78—80.

It would be beside the object of this article to enter with any degree of minuteness into the various optical researches of Newton, particularly those of a minor description, in which his mind was engaged, or rather amused, for some years. There is, however, one deduction at which he arrived, by the process of close philosophical reasoning, which bears some slight analogy, from its simplicity, as well as its truth, to the grander proportions which he was afterwards enabled, by a similar process, to establish in astronomy, and which therefore, we shall notice in passing. One of the nicest problems in optics is, to distinguish the forces which reflect from those which refract light. Newton found by experiment, that those forces are very nearly proportional to the densities of the bodies on which the rays of light fall, with the exception of unctuous and sulphureous bodies, "such as camphor, olive oil, linseed oil, spirit of turpentine, and diamond, which have their refractive powers two or three times greater in respect of their densities than the other substances in the table, while among themselves their refractive powers are proportional to their densities, without any considerable variation." Hence, Newton concluded, without any assistance from chemistry, that diamond, "is an unctuous substance coagulated," an abstract inference, the truth of which has since been demonstrated by actual experiments, a summary of which we shall here subjoin, from Mr. Murray's curious memoir on the diamond:—

"The event has amply verified this conjecture, and the Tuscan philosophers and the Honourable Mr. Boyle ascertained the fact. The first grand experiment to prove the combustibility of the diamond took place in the presence of Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Tuscany, wherein the diamond being exposed in the focus of the great lens (still in the Grand Duke's laboratory at Florence), it was entirely volatilized. Guyton de Morveau, and others, consumed the diamond, and it was readily dissipated in the focus of the great mirror of Tchernhausen, as we believe it subsequently was in that of Parker's burning lens. In the year 1771, Macquer observed the diamond to inflame. Guyton de Morveau had proved that the diamond was destroyed when projected into red-hot nitre; and it was also burnt by means of melted nitre in a gold tube, by Mr. Tennant. When fragments of diamond were introduced into the brilliant arch of flame, evolved between points of charcoal in the galvanic batteries of the Royal Institution, consisting of 2000 double plates, and exposing a surface of 125,000 square inches, they rapidly

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disappeared, being completely volatilized. The diamond may be easily consumed by being placed in a cavity of charcoal, and urging on it the flame of a spirit lamp, by means of a stream of oxygen.

"So far the combustibility of the diamond was completely ascertained, but its nature remained still undetermined. Lavoisier had proved and pointed out that carbonic acid gas was evolved as a product both in the combustion of the diamond and that of charcoal, and thus their identity was inferred. The researches of Clouet, Messrs. Allen and Pepys, and others, have confirmed this conclusion. Sir George Mackenzie converted iron into steel by powdered diamonds. Mr. Children's immense battery consisted of twenty triads, each six feet long, by two feet eight inches broad, exposing a total surface of thirty-two feet; when iron, with diamond power interposed, was exposed to its influence, the iron was converted into steel, and the diamond disappeared; and Mr. Smithson Tennant, having placed a diamond in a gold tube, supported in a state of incandescence, a stream of oxygen, by means of gentle pressure, was made to traverse it, and the result proved that the oxygen was transformed into an equal volume of carbonic acid gas, which was found in an opposite receiver resting over mercury. Sir Humphrey Davy, when at Florence, made some experiments with the Grand Duke's burning lens, on the combustion of the diamond. He found that when the gem was introduced into a glass globe, supplied with oxygen, and kindled by the lens, it continued to burn after it was removed from the focus—the oxygen was supplanted by an equal volume of carbonic acid gas, while there was no deposit of aqueous vapour. On the other hand, when plumbago and charcoal were consumed under similar circumstances, there was a sensible diminution of volume, and also a formation of watery vapour, clearly proving that the latter contained hydrogen.* Experiment has thus unequivocally demonstrated that the diamond is pure crystallized carbon."—pp. 16—18.

But the pedestal upon which Newton's fame chiefly rests, and from which it never can be shaken, is composed of his astronomical discoveries, "those transcendent deductions" as Dr. Brewster justly styles them, "of human reason, by which he has secured to himself an immortal name, and vindicated the intellectual dignity of his species." It would be unjust to affirm, that for these signal achievements, Newton was indebted solely to his own faculties and researches. Great is the merit undoubtedly of several of the distinguished astronomers by whom he was preceded, and by whose labours his way may be said to have been cleared, and renowned especially are the memories of Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and Galileo, of whose contributions to the science the author has given compendious sketches, which are executed in his happiest style, and add greatly to the variety and value of this little work. From Copernicus,

* Phil. Trans. Part. II. 1814.

Newton learned the arrangement and general movements of the planetary bodies; from Tycho Brahe, the inequality of the moon's motion; from Kepler, the motion of the planetary bodies in elliptical orbits, and from Galileo, the whole system of planets of the secondary order. The question still remained to be solved, what was the principle that gave motion to the heavenly bodies, and retained them in those paths from which they are not known ever to have deviated, since they have been first observed by the eye of man? Some astronomers said it was the principle of *attraction*: Newton demonstrated that it was *gravitation*, and it is this discovery that has encompassed his name with a halo of never-fading glory.

Driven from Cambridge by the plague in the year 1666, he happening to be sitting alone in his garden at Woolsthorpe, when, to follow the popular story, he saw an apple fall from a tree. The incident turned his attention to the nature of gravity, and he reflected on that remarkable power which causes all bodies to descend towards the centre of the earth. This power he found to be as operative at the tops of the highest mountains, as at the bottoms of the deepest mines; he therefore conceived that it must extend much farther than was generally supposed,—probably, he thought, even to the moon! The result we must state in Dr. Brewster's language, which it will be necessary for the reader to peruse with some attention, as from the nature of the subject it may not appear at first quite so free from obscurity, as upon a little reflection he will find it.

"That her motion must be influenced by such a power, he did not for a moment doubt; and a little reflection convinced him that it might be sufficient for retaining that luminary in her orbit round the earth. Though the force of gravity suffers no sensible diminution at those small distances from the earth's centre at which we can place ourselves, yet he thought it very possible, that, at the distance of the moon, it might differ much in strength from what it is on the earth. In order to form some estimate of the degree of its diminution, he considered, that, if the moon be retained in her orbit by the force of gravity, the primary planets must also be carried round the sun by the same power; and by comparing the periods of the different planets with their distances from the sun, he found, that, if they were retained in their orbits by any power like gravity, its force must decrease in the duplicate proportion,* or as the squares of their distances from the sun. In drawing this conclusion, he supposed the planets to move in orbits perfectly circular, and having the sun in their centre. Having thus obtained the law of the force by which the planets were drawn to the sun, his next object was to ascertain if such a force emanating from the earth, and directed to the

moon, was sufficient, when diminished in the duplicate ratio of the distance, to retain her in her orbit. In performing this calculation, it was necessary to compare the space through which heavy bodies fall in a second at a given distance from the centre of the earth, viz. at its surface, with the space through which the moon, as it were, falls to the earth in a second of time while revolving in a circular orbit. Being at a distance from books, when he made this computation, he adopted the common estimate of the earth's diameter then in use among geographers and navigators, and supposed that each degree of latitude contained sixty English miles. In this way he found that the force which retains the moon in her orbit, as deduced from the force which occasions the fall of heavy bodies to the earth's surface, was *one-sixth* greater than that which is actually observed in her circular orbit. The difference threw a doubt upon all his speculations; but, unwilling to abandon what seemed to be otherwise so plausible, he endeavoured to account for the difference of the two forces, by supposing that some other cause† must have been united with the force of gravity in producing so great a velocity of the moon in her circular orbit. As this new cause, however, was beyond the reach of observation, he discontinued all farther inquiries into the subject, and concealed from his friends the speculations in which he had been employed.

"After his return to Cambridge in 1666, his attention was occupied with those optical discoveries of which we have given an account in a preceding chapter; but he had no sooner brought them to a close than his mind reverted to the great subject of the planetary motions. Upon the death of Oldenburg in August, 1678, Dr. Hooke was appointed secretary to the Royal Society; and as this learned body had requested the opinion of Newton about a system of physical astronomy, he addressed a letter to Dr. Hooke on the 22th November 1679. In this letter he proposed a direct experiment for verifying the motion of the earth, viz. by observing whether or not bodies that fall from a considerable height descend in a vertical direction, for if the earth were at rest the body would describe exactly a vertical line, whereas if it revolved round its axis, the falling body must deviate from the vertical line towards the east. The Royal Society attached great value to the idea thus casually suggested, and Dr. Hooke was appointed to put it to the test of experiment. Being thus led to consider the subject more attentively, he wrote to Newton, that wherever the direction of gravity was oblique to the axis on which the earth revolved, that is, in every part of the earth except the equator, falling bodies should approach to the equator, and the deviation from the vertical, in place of being exactly to the east, as Newton maintained, should be to the south-east of the point from which the body began to move. Newton acknowledged that this conclusion was correct in theory, and Dr. Hooke is said to have given

* "But for the duplicate proportion, I gathered it from Kepler's theorem about twenty years ago." —*Newton's Letter to Halley, July 14th, 1686.*

† "Whiston asserts that this cause was supposed by Newton to be something analogous to the vortices of Descartes.—See *Whiston's Memoirs of Himself*, p. 231."

an experimental demonstration of it before the Royal Society in December, 1679.* Newton had erroneously concluded, that the path of the falling body would be a spiral; but Dr. Hooke, on the same occasion on which he made the preceding experiment, read a paper to the Society in which he proved that the path of the body would be an eccentric ellipse in vacuo, and an ellipti-spiral, if the body moved in a resisting medium.†

"This correction of Newton's error, and the discovery that a projectile would move in an elliptical orbit when under the influence of a force varying in the inverse ratio of the square of the distance, led Newton, as he himself informs us in his letter to Halley,‡ to discover "the theorem by which he afterwards examined the ellipsis," and to demonstrate the celebrated proposition, that a planet acted upon by an attractive force varying inversely as the squares of the distances, will describe an elliptical orbit in one of whose foci the attractive force resides.

"But though Newton had thus discovered the true cause of all the celestial motions, he did not yet possess any evidence that such a force actually resided in the sun and planets. The failure of his former attempt to identify the law of falling bodies at the earth's surface with that which guided the moon in her orbit, threw a doubt over all his speculations, and prevented him from giving any account of them to the public.

"An accident, however, of a very interesting nature induced him to resume his former inquiries, and enabled him to bring them to a close. In June, 1682, when he was attending a meeting of the Royal Society of London, the measurement of a degree of the meridian, executed by M. Picard, in 1679, became the subject of conversation. Newton took a memorandum of the result obtained by the French astronomer, and having deduced from it the diameter of the earth, he immediately resumed his calculation of 1665, and began to repeat it with these new data. In the progress of the calculation, he saw that the result which he had formerly expected was likely to be produced, and he was thrown into such a state of nervous irritability that he was unable to carry on the calculation. In this state of mind he intrusted it to one of his friends, and he had the high satisfaction of finding his former views amply realized. The force of gravity which regulated the fall of bodies at the earth's surface, when diminished as the square of the moon's distance from the earth, was found to be almost exactly equal to the centrifugal force of the moon as deduced from her observed distance and velocity.

"The influence of such a result upon such a mind may be more easily conceived than described. The whole material universe was spread out before him:—the sun with all his attending planets;—the planets with all their satellites;—the comets wheeling in every direction in their eccentric orbits;—and the systems of the fixed stars stretching to the re-

motest limits of space. All the varied and complicated movements of the heavens, in short, must have been at once presented to his mind as the necessary result of that law which he had established in reference to the earth and the moon."—pp. 148—153.

Such was the origin of the celebrated *Principia* of Newton, a work which Dr. Brewster truly describes as "memorable not only in the annals of one science or of one country, but which will form an epoch in the history of the world, and ever be regarded as the brightest page in the records of human reason." He then proceeds to give an analysis of the three books of which it is composed, the first and second being devoted to the "motion of bodies" in general, the third to the "system of the world." Important as were the subjects comprehended in this treatise, simple as was the system which it unfolded, and unanswerable as was the reasoning and irresistible the evidence by which that system was supported, yet was it scarcely ushered into the world, when it met with such a tide of prejudice, that Newton almost again repented that he had parted with "so substantial a blessing as his quiet, to run after a shadow." His whole theory was pulled to pieces, and of those astronomers who did not oppose it, several claimed particular portions of the new doctrine as their own. This, cried one, is "my thunder," and this, cried a second and a third, is mine; and so they went on, each stripping Newton of something which they contended did not belong to him, until it became evident to all men that the great perambulator of the heavens had really made no discovery at all! Such is uniformly the fate of the most distinguished minds. Assailed by prejudice, underrated by insolent ignorance, they seldom enjoy in their life-time the reputation which is, in most cases, the only reward they can obtain for their labours. For Newton, however, a happier fate was reserved. His existence was prolonged beyond the ordinary period assigned to men, as if for the express purpose of affording him that grateful compensation for his noble toils; and he had the satisfaction, before his death, of seeing his philosophy not only ascribed to its real author, but triumphant over all its opponents.

The mathematical writings of Newton, and the celebrated controversy respecting the invention of fluxions, afford to Dr. Brewster materials for a chapter, which, though highly interesting in a scientific point of view, we must pass over, in order to make room for some notice of a passage in the personal history of the great astronomer, which has been much misrepresented by M. Biot. The misrepresentation has already been exposed in this Journal (vol. xi. for 1829, p. 591): but Dr. Brewster has placed the vindication of Newton's sanity in a still more satisfactory point of view, in consequence of the hitherto unpublished evidence which he has been ena-

* "Waller's *Life of Hooke*, p. 22."

† "Id. id."

‡ "July 27th, 1686. *Biog. Brit.* p. 2662."

bled to produce. The story of the destruction of some papers by the overturning, by his dog *Diamond*, of a candle which he had left burning in his room, while he attended chapel one morning in winter, is well known, and the loss thus supposed to have been incurred, is said by M. Biot, upon the authority of a note found among the manuscripts of Huygens, to have so much distressed the mind of Newton as to have removed it for a season from its throne. This event is alleged to have occurred towards the close of the year 1692: but Dr. Brewster has given an extract from a diary kept by Mr. de la Pryme, who was a student in Cambridge in 1692, from which it appears that the accidental destruction of the papers in question must have taken place previously to the 3d of January in that year. The statement in de la Pryme's Diary is as follows:—

"1692. February 3d.—What I heard to-day I must relate. There is one Mr. Newton, (whom I have very oft seen,) Fellow of Trinity College, that is mighty famous for his learning, being a most excellent mathematician, philosopher, divine, &c. He has been Fellow of the Royal Society these many years; and amongst other very learned books and tracts he's written one upon the mathematical principles of philosophy, which has got him a mighty name, he having received, especially from Scotland, abundance of congratulatory letters for the same; but of all the books that he ever wrote, there was one of colours and light, established upon thousands of experiments which he had been twenty years of making, and which had cost him many hundred of pounds. This book, which he valued so much, and which was so much talked of, had the ill luck to perish, and be utterly lost just when the learned author was almost at putting a conclusion to the same, after this manner: In a winter's morning, leaving it amongst his other papers on his study table whilst he went to chapel, the candle, which he had unfortunately left burning there too, caught hold by some means of other papers, and they fired the aforesaid book, and utterly consumed it and several other valuable writings; and, which is most wonderful, did no further mischief. But when Newton came from chapel, and had seen what was done, every one thought he would have run mad, he was so troubled thereat, that he was not himself for a month after. A long account of this his system of light and colours you may find in the Transactions of the Royal Society, which he had sent up to them long before this sad mischance happened unto him."
—pp. 228, 229.

The phrase that "every one thought he would have run mad," proves, as Dr. Brewster justly remarks, that no such effect was produced, and the addition that "he was so troubled thereat that he was not himself for a month after," merely indicates that distress of mind which might be sufficient to prevent a person from attending to his occupations with his wonted assiduity and cheerfulness

for a while, and nothing more. It cannot, however, now be doubted that there was some ground for the report that was conveyed to Huygens, the extent of which, the letters supplied by Lord Braybrooke have enabled Dr. Brewster to ascertain. The first of these letters, dated the 13th of September, 1693, is addressed by Newton himself to Mr. Pepys, then secretary to the Admiralty.

"SIR—Some time after Mr. Millington had delivered your message, he pressed me to see you the next time I went to London. I was averse; but upon his pressing, consented, before I considered what I did, for I am extremely troubled at the embroilment I am in, and have neither ate nor slept well this twelve-month, nor have my former consistency of mind. I never designed to get any thing by your interest, nor by King James favour, but am now sensible that I must withdraw from your acquaintance, and see neither you nor the rest of my friends any more, if I may but leave them quietly. I beg your pardon for saying I would see you again, and rest your most humble and most obedient servant,

"IS. NEWTON."—p. 232.

Whatever Newton may have meant here by the usual consistency of his mind, it is very well known that it was during the twelve-month thus referred to, he wrote his four celebrated letters to Dr. Bentley on the Existence of a Deity. Mr. Millington was a fellow of Magdalene College, and the mention of him is supposed to have been connected with an application that was made by some of Newton's friends to the government, for an appointment that might render his circumstances more comfortable. The letter produced a strong impression upon Pepys, at which we do not wonder, for it must be confessed that it contains several awkward expressions; he very naturally requested from his friend Millington further explanations, as to Newton's actual condition, stating that he had lately received a letter from him "so surprising to me for the inconsistency of every part of it, as to be put into great disorder by it, from the concernment I have for him, lest it should arise from that, which, of all mankind I should least dread from him and most lament for,—I mean discomposure in head, or mind, or both." Millington's answer is satisfactory, and really places the whole affair upon its true foundation.

"Coll. Magd. Camb.

"Sept. 30, 1693.

"HONOR'D SIR,—Coming home from a journey, on the 28th instant, at night, I met with your letter, which you were pleased to honour me with of the 26th. I am much troubled I was not at home in time for the post, that I might as soon as possible put you out of your generous payne that you are in for the worthy Mr. Newton. I was, I must confess, very much surprised at the inquiry you were pleased to make by your nephew about the message that Mr. Newton made the ground of his letter to you, for I was very sure I never either received

from you, or delivered to him any such; and therefore I went immediately to wait upon him, with a design to discourse him about the matter, but he was out of town, and since I have not seen him, till upon the 28th I met him at Huntingdon, where, upon his own accord, and before I had time to ask him any question, he told me that he had writt to you a very odd letter, at which he was much concerned; adding, that it was in a distemper that much seized his head, and that kept him awake for above five nights together, which, upon occasion, he desired I would represent to you, and beg your pardon, he being very much ashamed he should be so rude to a person for whom he hath so great an honour. He is now very well, and, though I fear he is under some small degree of melancholy, yet I think there is no reason to suspect it hath at all touched his understanding, and I hope never will; and so I am sure all ought to wish that love learning or the honour of our nation, *which it is a sign how much it is looked after, when such a person as Mr. Newton lies so neglected by those in power.* And thus, honoured Sir, I have made you acquainted with all I know of the cause of such inconsistencies in the letter of so excellent a person; and I hope it will remove the doubts and fears you are, with so much compassion and publickness of spirit, pleased to entertain about Mr. Newton; but if I should have been wanting in any thing tending to the more full satisfaction, I shall, upon the least notice, endeavour to amend it with all gratitude and truth. Honoured Sir, your most faithful and obedient servant,

"JOH. MILLINGTON."—pp. 234, 235.

We may easily conceive how such a distemper as the one here alluded to, might have given rise to the rumours of Newton's insanity, which reached Huygens. Having given these explanations, we shall no farther trouble ourselves with the subject.

Newton's appointment, first (in 1695) as Warden, and subsequently (in 1699) as Master of the Mint, through the influence of his friend, Mr. Charles Montague, furnished him, throughout the remainder of his long life, with an honourable competency, which no man ever better deserved, or made a more liberal use of. He had already sat for Cambridge in the Convention Parliament, and was again elected in 1701. In 1703 he was chosen President of the Royal Society, and in 1705 was knighted by Queen Anne. His works upon chronology and theology are so well known, that we need do no more than refer to Dr. Brewster's account of them, and to add, that upon whatever part of Newton's illustrious life and writings the reader desires to obtain the most authentic as well as the most satisfactory information, he will be sure to find it in this excellent number of the Family Library.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

AUGUST.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE quiet August noon is come:

A slumberous silence fills the sky;
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.
O, how unlike those merry hours
In sunny June, when earth laughs out;
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing, and waters shout!—
When in the grass sweet waters talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell!
But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens, and wraps the ground—
The blessing of supreme repose.
Away! I will not be, to-day,
The only slave of toil and care;
Away from desk and dust away!

I'll be as idle as the air.
Beneath the open sky abroad,
Among the plants and breathing things,
The sinless, peaceful works of God,
I'll share the calm the season brings.
Come thou, in whose soft eyes I see
The gentle meaning of the heart,
One day amid the woods with thee,
From men and all their cares apart;
And where, upon the meadow's breast,
The shadow of the thicket lies,
The blue wild flowers thou gatherest
Shall glow yet deeper near thine eyes.
Come—and when 'mid the calm profound,
I turn those gentle eyes to seek,
They, like the lovely landscape round,
Of innocence and peace shall speak.
Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and widening till they fade
In yon soft ring of summer haze.
The village trees their summits rear
Still as its spire; and yonder flock,
At rest in those calm fields appear
As chiselled from the lifeless rock.
One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks,
Where the hushed winds their Sabbath keep,
While a near hum from bees and brooks,
Comes faintly like the breath of sleep.
Well might the gazer deem, that when,
Worn with the struggle and the strife,
And heart sick at the sons of men,
The good forsake the scenes of life,—
Like the deep quiet, that awhile
Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,
Shall be the peace whose holy smile
Welcomes them to a happier shore.

From the Amulet.

THE MOSSPITS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised."

THE PROVERBS.

IN one of the most highly cultivated counties of England, near a town whose real name I shall conceal under that of Mondrich, the following circumstances occurred. My tale is

but a simple narration, and has little to recommend it but its reality. To those who yearn after exaggerated pictures of life, in any situation, it may be dull and wearisome; but those who can appreciate the sufferings and struggles of virtue, under trials of a more than ordinary nature, will, I doubt not, feel interested in what I am about to relate.

"Well, good night, Mr. Hinton, good night; we are neighbours now, and shall often meet," said Edward Hoskins, as he closed the cottage door after his retreating guest. "A very pleasant fellow, Agnes," he continued, addressing his wife; "though you were not particularly civil to him, I know who was?" and his bright blue eye rested for a moment on his sister-in-law—a merry looking maiden, busied in assisting Agnes Hoskins in placing aside the remains of their frugal supper.

"For shame, Ned!" retorted the blushing Jessy: "but you are ever teasing me in some way or other; and here's my sister says it is very wrong to be putting such things into my head."

Agnes turned her handsome cheerful countenance towards her sister, and observed, in a low and more serious tone of voice than was her wont, "Jessy, I should be indeed sorry if any thing got into either your head or your heart which it would be necessary to root out again."

"Well," laughed Edward, "I don't see what harm Harry Hinton's getting into her head, or heart either, could do; he is a good-tempered, free, frank, industrious——"

"Stop there, Edward," interrupted his wife, laying her hand on his arm, "not industrious—surely not industrious!"

"No, perhaps not that exactly," replied Ned, "not what you would call industrious. But really, Agnes, I think we both work too hard;—we ought, as Harry says, take a little pleasure now and then, and we should return to our daily labour with more earnestness, and do all the better for it."

"I don't think we need do better; your situation at the manor, the produce of your own little farm—all contribute to render us independent. And as to pleasure—as to happiness, Ned, look there!"

She drew aside a large linen cloth that fell from the upper part of her baby's cradle, so as to shade it from the light. Although the little thing had not cried, it was awake; and, as the father stooped to kiss it, the hands were stretched forward to meet him, and the rosy lips parted by the light noiseless laughter of earliest infancy! It was a blessed moment, both parents gazed upon their child, and, as the mother placed it to her bosom, the father said, in a subdued tone, "You are right, Agnes; thank God, we are happy; and though, love, as you were better brought up than I was, I should like to be richer for your sake, yet somehow I think it shows you to more advantage, and draws you more into my heart,

to be as you are. What the minister said of you was true, though I did not mean to tell it you, lest it might make you conceited:—'Your wife, Hoskins,' said he, 'is never without a jar of honey, and a flask of oil, to sweeten and soften your path through life.'"

"Reach down the Bible, Jessy; although it is past ten, we must not go to bed without our chapter," observed Agnes, after a long pause; "But what books are placed upon it, Jessy?"

"A volume of songs and a novel, sister."

Agnes continued, in a reproving tone, "I thought I had no need to tell you that *that* shelf was appropriated to the Bible, Prayer, and Hymn-book only; profane and sacred things should never mingle."

"It was not Jessy, but Hinton, who put them there," said Edward. Agnes sighed.

"Why do you sigh, so heavily?" enquired the husband, as he turned over the leaves to find one of his wife's favourite chapters.

"Because it confirms my opinion of our new neighbour. The word of God will be ever treated by a true Christian with outward respect—the proof of inward reverence. One who venerates Scripture could not rest a song-book even upon its binding."

Edward made no reply, and soon after the party retired to rest.

This little passage in the lives of those humble individuals occurred about the latter end of the month of April, a few years ago, in a retired spot, near the town of Mondrich, to which I shall give the name of Moss-pits. It was a sweet and quiet nesting of five cottages, inhabited, with one exception, by happy industrious people. Four of these dwellings were joined together; the fifth, the abode of Hoskins, stood apart, surrounded by a blossoming garden, and was of a larger size than the others. The scene might be aptly described as—
"A gentle, lonely place; the path o'ergrown
With primroses, and broad-leaved violets,
Arched by laburnums and the sweet woodbine.

Across the green a silver streamlet ran,
Hidden and silent, as it feared to wake
The deep tranquillity that dwelt and slept
Even on the full-leaved trees."

It was far away from the public road, and one large oak spread its huge branches over the green in front of the Moss-pit cottages; the trunk was surrounded by a rustic seat, where the inhabitants met every fine evening, and discussed affairs of state or business with the affected sagacity of wiser heads. Hoskins possessed, as his wife had said, a lucrative situation—one that gave them abundant comforts, and would, if carefully husbanded, enable them to lay by a provision for after years.

Agnes and Jessy were the orphan daughters of a Presbyterian clergyman. Mrs. Hoskins was some years older than her giddy sister, and had enjoyed, during her father's lifetime, many advantages which he did not remain long enough in the world to bestow upon his

youngest-born. Agnes had been chosen by the lady of the manor, Mrs. Cecil Wallingford, as a humble, *very* humble, companion for her daughter—an only child, and a heiress; she was, therefore, to use the accepted phrase, “comfortably situated;” which, being interpreted, means that she had her board, washing and lodging, and the young lady’s society when she was ill or without company—dined with the housekeeper—rode either inside the carriage when her friend pleased, or outside on the dicky when ditto—curled the lap-dog’s hair—and sometimes suffered, under the practical jokes of her young tormentor, such mortifications as nought but her enduring spirit could have supported—was stared at, whenever seen, by the young men, who already scented the heiress’s gold afar off—and received divers lessons from Mrs. Cecil Wallingford, not on errors she had committed, but on those which the lady supposed she might commit. The dependant on this purse-proud family could not have been strictly called beautiful; but there was that about her which surpassed beauty—a kind, yet animated countenance, illumined by mild and frequently upturned eyes, which lent a sort of holy expression to her delicate features. Under her after-trials it seemed almost as if a heavenly communion supported her; for, while the tear trembled in her eye, the smile sprang to her lip, and she regained her serenity apparently without an effort.

Agnes was fortunate enough to make one real friend in this mighty family. The housekeeper, Mrs. Middleton, was a curate’s widow, and felt much and kindly for the situation of one so young and unprotected; she did all she could to soften the innumerable mortifications that awaited the pure and delicately-minded girl; and often, when the household had retired to rest, they would seek each other’s chamber, and hold sweet counsel together, thus imparting cheerfulness to the aged, and instruction to the young. When Agnes had been about twelve months at the manor, Edward Hoskins was strongly recommended, on account of his great skill in horticulture and floriculture, to the situation of gardener in Mrs. Cecil Wallingford’s establishment, vacant by the death of the old man who had exercised unbounded dominion over grape-ry, pinery, and green-house, for nearly half a century. Hoskins wisely brought with him a new carnation of his own discovery, which had gained the first prize of the Horticultural Society. The splendid flower decided the matter, and he was immediately engaged, at a salary of one hundred and ten guineas per annum, (as the lady found he could not only act as gardener, but as steward,) and the very prettiest cottage at Moss-pit was appropriated for his residence.

All was bustle in the servants’ hall as the handsome young gardener talked for a moment with the head butler. The lady’s maid, and

chief house-duster positively quarrelled as to the right of first setting their caps at him; though they both agreed that he behaved very rudely in passing into the housekeeper’s room without bestowing the slightest notice upon their pretty persons. Mrs. Middleton and her young friend were quietly seated at tea, when the butler respectfully asked permission to introduce the new resident; long after Agnes had departed, he lingered, and lingered, and at last asked who the young lady was. Her history was at once told; and, to dismiss all matters of courtship briefly, they were soon married. To do Mrs. Cecil Wallingford justice, she behaved very generously to her protégée on the occasion, presented to the young couple some neat and appropriate furniture, stood godmother to their first infant, and Miss Cecil Wallingford (when sentimentally inclined) always talked of love in the Moss-pit cottage, and her sweet humble friend Agnes Hoskins.

Much had been of course said, at the commencement of their union, as to the probability of Agnes being too dainty a damsel to make a useful wife; but a little time proved the incorrectness of such surmises. Hoskins insisted on Agnes domesticating her only sister with them, and went for her to Scotland, where she had previously resided with a distant relative. No further help than Jessy’s was necessary to keep all things in order, and no dwelling, even at the Mosspits, was half so neat, half so cheerful, as their cottage. Indeed, cheerfulness was Agnes’s peculiar attribute—that sweet, gentle, and unobtrusive cheerfulness, which is *felt* rather than seen. Her very voice told of happiness; her eyes beamed with faith and love; and the minister’s description of one of the favourites of his flock was no less beautiful than true. The disposition of Jessy was not so valuable as that of her sister; she was more mirthful, more gay, and, alas! both giddy and inconsiderate; but then, as Edward kindly observed, “she was only seventeen, and every body could not be perfect like Agnes, who certainly was different from every one else.”

It is a happy thing when married folk believe perfection enthroned in each other; but it is a wise thing when they see each other’s faults, and yet endeavour to conceal them. It is a severe trial of a woman’s judgment if she discover her mental superiority to the lord of her affections, and yet, while she secretly manages all things for the best, makes the world believe that she is only the instrument of his will. A wise woman *will* do this, but it is only a wise woman who *can*.

Edward was certainly inferior to Agnes in intellect; and yet, woman though she was, she never allowed her mind to rest upon the circumstance she could not avoid perceiving. She was a superior woman—he was only an ordinary man, but one in whom all kind elements were so happily blended, that his faults were forgotten in the contemplation of his better

qualities. The great difference in their characters was, that Edward acted invariably from impulse—Agnes from principle.

My friends will remember that my little tale commenced in the gentle month of April, the kindly season sung of by the elegant Surrey as—

"The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings;

With grene hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings,
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale."

And, passing over the two first months of summer, I come to the latter end of July. Stating at the same time, that, though nothing had occurred of a nature to destroy the actual quiet of our Mosspit family, yet a great many nameless events had filled the mind of Agnes with an apprehension which she could not account for, and dreaded to encourage. Harry Hinton was always so coolly received by her that he spent very little time at their cottage; and Agnes was continually on the watch to prevent any intimacy between Jessy and their idle neighbour. Still it was almost certain that the thoughtless girl regarded Harry with any thing but indifference; and the proximity of their dwellings rendered it impossible to prevent their meeting. If Jessy took her little nephew into the garden, Hinton was most likely in his; if she stood at the door, Hinton passed it; if she went for water to the well, Hinton would carry the pitcher, at all events as far as the great tree that shaded them from observation; and, above all, Agnes could not make either her husband or her sister think otherwise than well of Harry Hinton. Edward did not spend his evenings as constantly at home as before his acquaintance with his neighbour; Mrs. Cecil Wallingford complained that her grapes were not so fine as they had been; and the clergyman called one morning to reprimand her husband for being absent from Sabbath worship. Agnes witnessed the reproof, and heard also—what shocked her still more—her Edward utter a decided falsehood as to the cause. She knew that he had gone with Hinton, under some pretext or other, two successive Sundays to the next market-town; and when he stated he had been compelled, through the negligence of the under-gardener, to remain at the Manor while he should have been at church, his wife's face was suffused with the blush of shame, and she left their little sitting-room with a sense of degradation, both new and insupportable to a mind like hers. The bed-room into which she retired was at the back of the house, and her child, who hourly improved in strength and beauty, was sleeping silently on the snowy coverlet. The open window was literally curtained with roses and woodbine, through which the sunbeams could not penetrate; her fingers wandered amid their foliage, while her fearful gaze was fixed upon her boy; and she started as from a dream when the clear merry laugh of Jessy rang upon her

ear: it did not harmonise with her feelings, and was followed by words still more painful.

"You need not be afraid to speak to me, Jessy; your sister is too much occupied with the parson to heed you just now; and I long for the time that will make you mine, and remove you from her tyranny."

"Agnes is no tyrant, Harry, replied the maiden, "only a little strict; and I wish you would let me tell her——"

"What?" enquired Hinton, after waiting for some time the conclusion of Jessy's speech—"What do you want to tell her?—that I'm your lover?—why, silly lass, she knows that already!"

"Not that, exactly, but——"

"But, what?"

"I should like to tell her what you think of our laws, and of the rights of men and women; and about that good gentleman in London, who proves we are all equal, and——"

"That you have as good a right to wear satin and gold, and ride in a coach, as Mrs. Cecil Wallingford herself; but Agnes would not believe you, Jessy, her mind is not comprehensive like yours."

"Oh, Harry—Harry!" exclaimed the thoughtless girl, at the conclusion of her lover's speech; "how nice I should look in white satin and French curls! It is very hard that Agnes will persist in making me band my hair like a Methodist; but I cannot think I have as good a right to ride in a coach as Mrs. Wallingford; because, you know, all her relations keep carriages—and mine——"

The sentence was left unfinished; but Hinton soon satisfied her scruples, as to Mrs. Cecil Wallingford and the carriage, by an echomium on her beauty, a reiterated assurance of what he termed *love*, and a present, which, first having received—secondly, having admired—thirdly, and lastly, she did not know what to do with.

"I don't think Agnes would let me wear such a beautiful brooch; and I am sure she would not permit me to take a present from you, Harry."

"You need not say any thing about it."

"But Agnes might see it."

"Then tell her you found it!"

Breathlessly did Agnes Hoskins wait for the reply, but she heard it not—the lovers had passed the window and walked on. Almost on the instant her husband entered the room, with an air of boisterous gaiety, and, as if he had quite forgotten the clergyman's visit, rallied his wife upon the seriousness of her looks; she felt too much, and too deeply, to reply even with her usual smile. He took no notice of her change of manner—probably from a wish to avoid a recurrence to what he knew must have given her much pain—but fondled and kissed his child, and, taking it in his arms, was leaving the apartment, when Jessy quickly passed the door. "Stay, Edward: sister, come here!" exclaimed Agnes.

Jessy did come, with a flushed cheek and a downcast eye.

"What have you this moment put into your bosom?" enquired Agnes; adding, without waiting for a reply, "I will not oblige you to utter the falsehood you have been directed to—where is the brooch that young Hinton gave you but now under this window? You tremble—you turn pale; Jessy, my sister Jessy!—when you crouched beside the heather and the harebell at our father's feet, while the sun was sinking amid the hills of our own Scotland—there, at the cottage door, when our aged parent taught you to lift up your *then* innocent hands to the Almighty in prayer and praise—I little thought you would have so soon forgotten his precepts!"

The thoughtless girl burst into tears, and Edward, whose good-nature was an active not a passive quality, kindly took her hand, and looking at his wife—"Do not be so angry, Agnes, at her receiving a love-token; Harry meant no harm—that I'll answer for; surely if he is to be her husband—"

"Her husband!" repeated Agnes, with an energy that startled both Edward and Jessy; "the husband of Jessy Grey! I would rather shroud her for her coffin than see her married to a man devoid of religious and moral principle."

"You are strangely prejudiced against poor Harry, and a thousand times more Methodistical than ever, Agnes," observed her husband.

"I am not Methodistical, Edward—I am not changed—it is you who think differently; and, as the change has marred our happiness, you cannot wonder at my disliking him who has wrought it. You were independent, industrious, and happy: you talk of the wealth of your superiors; you say it is wrong for them to possess so much, and yet *you* covet more; Edward, now you seldom smile—or smile so that I would rather see you weep; if you attend the village church your eyes and mind wander from your devotions, and you rejoice at the conclusion of the service. The flowers in our garden are neglected—"

"Stop, Agnes!" interrupted Hoskins, "you have lectured me pretty sharply, I think, for nothing; have I ever suffered you to want?—have I ever treated you unkindly?"

"Oh, no!—no Edward, not unkindly—not that yet."

"Nor ever will, my own Agnes! I will be more with you, and show you how much you have wronged me, and Jessy too, by these misunderstandings."

"I will speak to my sister apart, Edward—give her the infant—there, Jessy, do not weep."

Jessy left the room in tears. "Now, in truth, Agnes," said Hoskins, when the door was closed, "your prejudices are amazing to me; there is not a better-hearted fellow in the world than Harry, or a more clever—I own

that he thinks a little too freely, and you women don't understand that: the people are improving."

"Would," ejaculated Agnes, "that they felt Christianity to be their best legacy, and inherited the virtue of their ancestors!"

"The very thing Harry says; he vows the landlords grow worse and worse; and unless the people take them in hand there'll be no end to their tyranny."

"Did you ever experience any tyranny, Edward?"

"Never, Agnes."

"Did Hinton?"

"No—but yes he did, poor fellow, and that no later than last week. 'Squire Nicol's fox-hounds and the whole hunt went right through his barley; but that is not the worst of it—when he lived near Chester, his sister ran off with and was deserted by his landlord's eldest son."

"I am not surprised at that," replied Agnes, coolly, "if he instructed his sister in the principles of equality, the rights of women, and Mr. Owen's morality. She only practised what *he* preached."

Agnes then proceeded to state to her husband the conversation that had passed between Jessy and Harry Hinton; in natural but forcible colours she portrayed the danger of his principles, aided by his insinuating manners, and concluded with a request that Edward would at once relinquish so dangerous an acquaintance. Hoskins was much shocked at the idea that Hinton should have breathed such notions into the ear of the innocent girl, whom he loved with all the warmth of brotherly affection; he promised his wife that he would speak seriously to him on the subject, and unite with her in endeavouring to break off his connexion with Jessy Grey, whom Agnes declared she would send on a visit to an aged relative of her friend Mrs. Middleton, who dwelt near the Scottish border.

"I think your plan is best; absence and time *will* soon put love out of her head," observed Edward.

"It *may* do so, and I hope it most fervently," was the wife's reply—and again she entreated her husband, even with tears, to avoid Hinton.

"I promise you faithfully so much, Agnes; but circumstances, which I cannot explain, will oblige me to see him occasionally; in fact, I am in his secrets, and it would be ungenerous to desert him when I know my friendship is of value to him; he may judge wrongly at times; but I know him to be both clever, and as good-hearted a fellow as ever lived."

Agnes shook her head, unbelievably, at the refuge of good-heartedness, under which such a multitude of sins shelter; and pleased at having, as she hoped, lessened his influence over her husband, and resolved upon a plan of action with her sister, she wisely for a time

forbore any allusion to what at first so bitterly grieved her—Edward's deviation from truth.

Heavy were the tears of Jessy when told that she must leave Mosspits for a season, and her sister refused to tell her destination. Once, and once only, did Harry Hinton speak on the subject to Edward Hoskins. But Edward firmly told him in that matter he would not interfere; Jessy was his wife's sister, and consequently Agnes had the best right to determine how she was to be situated. "My wife says," he continued, "that when Jessy comes of age she may do as she pleases, but till then she will act towards her as her father would have done had he lived till now."

Hinton made no reply, and turned moodily away, muttering curses, not loud but deep. Agnes, almost immediately after, journeyed to London, and placed Jessy under the care of a respectable female of her acquaintance who was going to Berwick. It was not without many tears that the sisters parted; tears of reproachfulness and sorrow on the one side, and of affection and anxiety on the other. When Agnes returned, in the evening, to her cottage, she felt it very desolate; a strange girl, whom she had hired for the purpose, was nursing her little boy. No Jessy's light step and gay smile welcomed her as in former times; and Edward was not at home—not come in—had not been home to dinner, nor to tea. She took the child in her arms, and seated herself on a little mound in the meadow that overlooked the high road; it was early autumn, and troops of merry reapers passed from time to time, beguiling the way with song and noisy laughter; her boy sat on her knee, twisting the tough stems of the corn-flowers into what he lispily called "posy," and, ever and anon, pointing with infant wonder at the happy groups hastening to their quiet homes. Gradually, the passengers became fewer in number, the voices died away upon the hill, one by one the stars came forth in the blue heavens, and no note, save the creaking of the rail, disturbed the tranquillity that was covering the earth as with a mantle. The Mosspit cottages, nesting in their little dell, looked the very abode of cheerfulness; and lights twinkled from two or three of the small-paned windows, showing that the dames within were busy with their small housewifery. The eyes of Agnes had rested for some moments upon the scene, when her boy's gestures drew her attention towards the road. She was somewhat surprised at observing a woman whose tattered dress and red cloak gave her the appearance of a gipsy, forcing her way through the hedge, and approaching her at an uneven but hurried pace. If she had been struck by her boldness, her attention was riveted by the expression of her wild and restless eye, which both watched and wandered. She appeared young, and, perhaps, under other circumstances, would have been called

pretty; her figure was slight, and her hair, of a light auburn, fell in profuse but unarranged tresses over her face. She was without shoes, and the blood streamed from a wound in her foot so as to attract the notice of the little boy, who pointed to it with one hand, while he wound his arm tightly round his mother's neck.

"You did wrong to trespass, young woman," said Agnes mildly, while the stranger stood gazing upon her with a peculiar and bewildered look—"you did wrong to trespass—but you have been sufficiently punished: wrap this handkerchief round your foot, and if you will follow me to the cottage I will give you a pair of old shoes to protect you."

The woman did not accept the offered handkerchief, but, still staring at Mrs. Hoskins, who had risen from her grassy seat, at last said, "Do you want your fortune told?"

"No," replied Agnes, "and, false as the art is, you have no pretension to it—you are not even a gipsy."

"You say truly," replied the girl: "I am not a gipsy; and yet I *could* tell much that will happen to you—you must be the married one—where's the other?"

"If you mean my sister," replied Agnes, "she has left England."

"Left England!—left England!" repeated the young woman, jumping and clapping her hands—"gone away from"—then suddenly changing the joyful tone in which she had spoken, added—"but not of her own accord—not of her own accord—no girl would leave him of her own accord."

Agnes looked upon her with astonishment, and the suspicion that the poor wanderer was a maniac occurred so forcibly to her mind that she held her child closely to her bosom, and commenced returning to the Mosspits.

"Stop, Agnes Hoskins, stop!—you sent her away, and I would bless you if I knew how—but I cannot remember the words." She paused, pressed her soiled but delicate fingers to her brow, and sighed so deeply that Mrs. Hoskins could not have said an unkind word to her for words.

"He will be returning soon!" exclaimed the girl, at last, in a hurried tone; "but look you to your husband—may-be you love him; and it is very sad, as the song says,

"To love—and love for ever."

and then to find your lover go away just like the down off the thistle—and may-be for as light a breath! Well, keep him from Harry, or the curse will overshadow you; for I was as blithe and as happy as a nightingale till I kept his company—not but what I'm gay enough still—only I don't ever feel peaceful here (laying her hand on her heart,)—yes, Jane is gay enough still, and does his bidding, too, as well as if he loved her; only I must not tell, because it would get Harry into trouble, that I dance round the burning ricks."

She approached closely to Mrs. Hoskins while uttering the last sentence, which she pronounced slowly and in an under tone.

An allusion to a circumstance that had excited so much terror throughout the country, and made every one look with alarm to his own homestead, caused an involuntary shudder to pass over the frame of Agnes. The wild girl shrieked, and clasped her hands on her mouth; then, without uttering another sentence, retreated rapidly across the meadow. She had not, however, reached the spot where she entered, ere she retraced her steps with visible agitation.

"They are coming," said she, "and if he sees me here he will murder me outright; do—do, just let me hide in your house till he goes to his own, and then I can go—for it will be dark, dark night, then."

The poor creature trembled from head to foot, and, before Agnes had time to reply, had not only established herself in the cottage, but coiled herself into an inconceivably small space in a cupboard that opened into the little passage. Edward Hoskins and Harry Hinton were soon upon the green that fronted the cottage, and the flushed cheek and loud laughter of her husband told Agnes, but too plainly, he was intoxicated. Her first feeling was that of anger and disgust—her second brought the excuse, "it is not often thus with him;" though she could not but acknowledge, what every woman so circumstanced must feel, that each time she so beholds her husband must lessen her respect—and, without *that*, woman's love for man is little worth.

"Well, Agnes—pale, pensive, as usual!" he exclaimed, as, notwithstanding his situation, she had advanced to the door to meet him. "Won't you wish Harry good-night?"

"I am always to suffer in Mrs. Hoskins's opinion, I fear, although I hurried her husband home. We saw some gipsies about, and I said they might frighten you!"—he added, drawing nearly to the threshold of the door, and peering into her face with his small grey eye, which she used to characterise as "cold," but which now appeared illumined by some secret fire—"did not you see any?"

"No," replied Agnes, without shrinking from his gaze; "many persons passed on their way, but I did not recognise any as gipsies." Her self-possession, doubtless, disarmed the querist—for, wishing her courteously good-night, he entered his cottage, and seemed determined to shut out intruders, by carefully barring doors and windows.

"So you saw poor Jessie off, my love?" exclaimed Hoskins, throwing himself on the chairs that stood near the table. "Don't, for Heaven's sake, look so calm and quiet—I know what you think—but I'm sober—not quite cool perhaps—but sober—sober as a judge. Why shouldn't I be a judge? Well, if I'm not wise enough for a judge, you are for a judgess—though you are not always right;

now you were wrong about Hinton, for he'd have made a good husband for Jessie—only, as I said, she's your sister, not mine; so you've had your own way—banished your sister, and smashed that poor fellow's heart all to pieces. But the coach must have come very quickly; I did not think you could have been home these two hours. Give me the boy, Agnes, I have not had a kiss from either of you since I returned."

Agnes held the child towards him, but—whether it was that the little fellow retained a remembrance of the bleeding foot and the red cloak, or that he felt the antipathy of childhood to the smell of spirits, I cannot determine—he shrunk from his father and hid his face on his mother's bosom. Edward grew angry, and forcibly disengaged the boy, who screamed more loudly, "mamma—mamma!"

"Take the brat!" ejaculated the father, with an oath, at the same moment throwing him with violence to Agnes—"take the brat; but I tell you that, whatever you may do, my own child sha'n't thwart me; this is what comes of its having an aristocratic god-mother; it already thinks my hands too rough to hold it, I suppose!"

A silly woman—nay, a woman with a moderate share of good sense, as it is called—would have replied to this, and high words would have ensued, and seeds of bitterness therewith been sown: but Agnes was a superior woman; so, without uttering a syllable, without suffering an unkind word or gesture to escape, she took the screaming infant out of the room, gave it into the arms of the little serving maiden, and, having wiped those eyes to which unbidden tears had started, and offered up a silent but fervent prayer to the throne or God for wisdom to form and strength to persist in her good resolves, she returned to prepare her husband's supper with her own hands.

When Agnes had seen Edward to bed, she went to seek the poor wanderer, who had sheltered in the cupboard; but the girl was gone—how, it was difficult to conjecture, unless she had let herself down from the bed-room window, which appeared partially open. It must not be supposed that Agnes was one of those women who "humour" a husband in his faults, asserting, with a mock amiability (the sincerity of which I always doubt), that they "have no right to oppose him in his little ways." A woman possessing a great and well-cultivated mind will be anxious that her husband shall both be and appear perfection, and she will watch for a fitting opportunity to point out, with gentleness and humility, whatever his better judgment, if exercised, would also declare wrong. Agnes knew that it was not when he was intoxicated that she ought to say a word calculated to add fuel to the flame, but her resolution was not less decidedly taken to combat, with her gentle strength, the growing evil.

The next morning Edward was very penitent, and for an entire week there was no recurrence of the same fault; but the evil did continue; and, with anguish, which only a wife so circumstanced can feel or understand, Agnes saw that her influence and happiness were both decaying; the serpent-coil was round and round her husband, and each day added to its closeness and to its strength; she prayed, she wept, she entreated; and sometimes Edward himself would seem bitterly to feel his weakness and vow to amend it; but Hinton had attained that command over him which the powerful mind possesses over the weaker; and his duty, his business, were neglected for the society of him he termed his friend. Mrs. Cecil Wallingford called herself upon Agnes, and told her that unless Edward paid more attention to her affairs, however unwillingly, she should be obliged to get some one else to act as steward and gardener; the suffering wife assured the lady that she would do her utmost to correct his habits, of which she refrained from complaining. Mrs. Wallingford, to say the truth, felt sincere sorrow for the altered looks of her protégée, and said many kind and complimentary things to Agnes on the extreme beauty of the bud, which seemed to increase in size and loveliness in proportion to the fading of its parent flower.

Mrs. Wallingford had hardly departed when Agnes received the following letter:—

“*Berwick, Nov. 23.*”

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“It is with very sincere sorrow I inform you that last night, without any reason that I can discover, your sister left my house; and all attempts to trace her, during the day, have been ineffectual; lately she manifested a great uneasiness and restlessness of disposition, which I tried in vain to combat; perhaps she has returned to you; let me hear immediately; and, praying to the Almighty to preserve you and yours in peace and happiness,

“Believe me your truly affectionate

“T. MIDDLETON.”

Agnes sat, with the open letter in her hand, more like a thing of marble than a breathing creature; and when her husband came in she presented it to him, and covering her face with her hands wept long and bitterly.

“Hinton knows of this Edward,” she said at last, “and must be spoken to on the subject.”

“Hinton knows no more of it than you do; how could he? To my certain knowledge he has never been one day or night from home since she left, and how could he get to Berwick and back in that time, think you? Poor Jessy! it would have been better she had married Hinton that ran off with no one knows who; indeed, Agnes, you were wrong in sending her from us; but troubles never come alone—the last frost has got into the pinery, and Mrs. Cecil Wallingford says it’s my fault

—that proud lady must alter her tone, or she’ll get served out like her neighbours—there are ways of bringing fine people down—Mr. Flyhill’s barns and kennel were burned last night.”

“What awful times!” ejaculated Agnes; “but I know you better, Edward, than to believe you would ever approve of such dreadful doings; you know your duty to your God, your country, and your neighbour; and nothing, I am sure, would ever induce you to act contrary to it. But as to Hinton, I believe he is engaged in these horrid acts—nay, Edward, you cannot deceive me, I have combated your extraordinary infatuation in his favour by every means in my poor power—you will not hear me, Edward; you are deaf and blind as regards that evil man; and nothing now is left for me, but to weep and pray in solitude and silence—to pray for you, my own dear and beloved husband, that God may lead you to see the error of your ways, and conduct you again into the right path!”

Edward kissed her brow, as it rested on her hands, in silence, and almost with the love of by-gone days. That religion which he had once considered her brightest ornament he now called “the weak point of her character,” and thought he was doing what was very praiseworthy in bearing with it so quietly. He immediately wrote to some friends in Scotland, about Jessy, and applied to the nearest magistrate to know what means it would be necessary to adopt to trace out the lost and unfortunate girl. Hinton protested he knew nothing of the matter—swore by all that was sacred he had never heard from her since she left Mosspsits—but failed in convincing Agnes of the truth of one word he uttered.

“You have studied the character of St. Thomas, at all events,” said her husband, in a sneering tone, “and taken a lesson in unbelief.”

“If I could find out what it is that Hinton believes in, and he would swear by it, then I might believe *him*,” replied Agnes, mildly.

Day after day, week after week, passed, and no tidings came of the lost Jessy. Much did Agnes wish, that the wandering girl, whose mysterious prophecy seemed rapidly fulfilling, would again flit across her path; and often did she watch the highway, hoping yet dreading that the tattered cloak and light form of the strange being might issue from it towards Mosspsits. Although Edward was more and more estranged from his home, he thought it necessary to apologise occasionally to Agnes for his absence; ill at ease with himself, he could not be expected to be kindly towards others; and she felt how very bitter it is to be obliged to take the cold leaden coin of civility, in lieu of the pure and glowing gold of warm affection. It is utterly impossible to describe how the alteration in a cherished and beloved object affects her who loves

more fondly and fervently, after years of union, than she did when, like the most admirable of Shakspeare's heroines, she bestowed herself at the holy altar to the one being almost of her idolatry, wishing

"That *only* to stand high on *his* account. She might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends, Exceed account."

How quickly does the ear note if the voice be not as tender as in former days! To father—mother—friends—all may seem unchanged; but the wife, who has dwelt upon every look—who knows, as it were, even the number of rays which the beloved eye throws forth—painfully sees and feels the difference. The words, perchance, may be as kind; but their tone is altered. What boots it to her if the universe views her with admiration—if the wealth of nations be piled at her feet! *He is changed!* That consciousness is the sword which, hanging by a single hair, threatens, sooner or later, her destruction, and prevents her enjoying any earthly happiness or repose. Not only Edward, however, but circumstances, were also altering at the Mosspits. The disturbed state of the country made each person suspicious of the other; and, as the winter advanced, so did distress progress. In the neighbouring districts workmen of all trades had refused to take employment without increased wages; not a night passed but cattle were destroyed, or outhouses, and in some instances, dwellings burned to the ground. Landlords knew not which of their tenants to confide in; and the misery was increased by soldiers being frequently distributed and stationed where the people absolutely lacked the means of supporting themselves. It was pretty generally rumoured that Hinton was concerned in these transactions, though no one exactly knew how.

He was the principal leader of a debating society in Mondrich, which had the misfortune to attract the attention of the magistrate, who sought to put it down perhaps by measures that might have been called violent. Be that as it may, he succeeded; and it formed a most desirable theme for the disaffected to dwell upon. Hoskins grumbled incessantly at the magistrate's "illegal" proceedings; and Agnes combated his arguments, or rather his opinions in vain. Christmas, that trying-time which generally brings an interchange of kindness and social feeling amongst all classes of society, had come: and a little episode, that occurred at Mosspits, will at once show the state of feeling of both husband and wife. They had been in the habit of exchanging presents, during preceding years, on Christmas day, each anxious to surprise the other with some more peculiar gift. Christmas eve, Edward did not return until the village clock had chimed eleven, and then he went sullenly to bed, without heeding the little preparations that Agnes was making for the approaching festival. She was alone; for, finding that her

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husband's habits prevented him from bringing home the produce of his earnings, she had wisely parted with her little servant, considering it was better to labour with her own hands than to incur debt. "And," said she meekly, when communing with her own thoughts, "if *he will* be extravagant, the more necessity is there for my being economical."

Hoskins was awakened the next morning by the sweet kisses of his boy, while his wife, leaning over his bedside, prayed that he might enjoy many happy returns of that holy day.

"Say *we*, Agnes," interrupted Edward, "say *we*. God knows, whatever happiness I enjoy, *you* ought to share; for I make you miserable enough at times. Will you forgive me?"

The words were spoken in a tone that Agnes so loved, and, unable to sustain her feelings, she flung herself upon her husband's bosom, and burst into tears.

When Edward, dressed in his best suit, was preparing to go to the Manor, his wife laid her hand on his arm, and, encouraged by his kindness, in the gentlest manner requested him to read one, only one, chapter to her, before he went out—it would not take him five minutes. He complied with a tolerable grace; and, when he finished, she took a small, heart-shaped brooch from her bosom, and, telling him that it contained their child's hair, fastened it in his shirt.

"You did not forget, Agnes, though I did," said he; "but I will bring you something from Mondrich, where I must go after I leave the Manor; and I will be back to dinner at two, and remain with you all the evening."

Edward returned at the appointed time, but a cloud was on his brow; he hardly partook of the dinner she had prepared, and had forgotten the customary token. As the evening was closing over a cold and snowy landscape, "Agnes," he said, "I must go. I thought I could have spent all this day with you, but something has occurred which must prevent it. I will, however, return early, and do more justice to your excellent cheer at supper than I have been able to do at dinner."

Never had his wife felt it so difficult to part from him. She requested, entreated; and for a long time his child clasped its hands round his neck, and hung by his knees even as he approached the door. His departing footsteps smote heavily on the heart of the affectionate Agnes, and, as the last echo died upon her ear, she wept.

When eight o'clock came, she looked from the window; but the fog was so intense that she could see nothing save the fantastic boughs of the old oak, looking more like deepened shadows of darkness than separate or distinct objects. The song and cheerful laugh rang from two of the neighbouring cottages; and at a third there was an assembly of dancing rustics. Agnes thought it was the first

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time the happiness of others had increased her misery, and she hated herself for the selfish feeling. Nine, ten, eleven, twelve!—Christmas day had ended, the revellers had sought their homes, and no sound was heard save the rushing of the storm amid the branches, whose outlines were now lost in midnight obscurity. It would seem that the ancient of days sturdily withstood the tempest, and groaned heavily from the exertion; the old rooks, who had made it their habitation for ages, cawed their complainings whenever the sweeping of the mighty blast passed on, as if to remonstrate with the mysterious power that disturbed their repose. She stood at the little window, and pressed her forehead against the glass, that its coolness might be imparted to her burning brow. Suddenly she thought she perceived streaks of light, or rather (so deeply coloured were they) of flame, intersecting the darkness, and gradually illuminating the distant sky. Before she had time to draw any conclusion from so singular an appearance, she started back with horror on observing, so close that she almost fancied it touched her cheek, a thin shadowy hand, with the fore-finger curved, as if beckoning her forward. Despite her self-possession, she trembled violently, and could hardly prevent herself from shrieking aloud, when she saw distinctly a white, ghastly face pressed to the glass that separated her from this untimely visitor. A sort of hissing and exulting whisper now came upon her ear. "Don't you know me, Agnes Hoskins?—don't you remember Lady Jane? Come, come with me, and see how bright the Manor is this gay Christmas night!" A horrid suspicion—too horrid to be entertained—flashed across her mind, as Agnes undid the door; and, before the half-crazed girl entered, she had sunk upon a chair, and with difficulty retained her seat. For a few moments she could not think; and the half-maniac, with that feeling of sympathy which rarely deserts a woman, looked mournfully into her face. At length her eye rested on a flagon of elderberry-wine that stood upon the table with the untasted supper; she poured out a large glass of it, and, curtsying with mock solemnity to the trembling Agnes, said, before she drank it off, "Health to you, my lady, and a merry Christmas!—a cellar full, a byre full, and plenty of faggots! See, see! they blaze—they blaze!" she continued, pointing to the sky that was reddening higher and higher. "Come with me, and I'll tell you as we go how that will be the last fire Harry will light for many a day! He must have other darlings, indeed!—but now he can have only me, for none of his dainty dames will follow him into strange lands—none but poor Jane! The police have him by this time, and Hoskins too; so you'd better go and bring them all home to supper!"

"Woman!" exclaimed Agnes, springing at a mortal agony from her chair, "what do you say?—Hoskins—my Edward—my hus-

band there—at the burning of Wallingford Manor!" She seized the girl fiercely by the arm, but suddenly her grasp relaxed, and she fell stiff and cold to the earth. How long she remained there she was perfectly unconscious; but, when she recovered, her frame felt paralysed, the air was bitter and piercing, the light was extinguished, and all around was utterly, utterly desolate. It was some time ere she was restored to the recollection of what she had heard, and it was still longer before she recovered sufficiently to be able to move, or settle upon any plan of action. The very ticking of the clock—that gentle, domestic sound—struck heavily and painfully upon her brain; and, when it gave warning that another hour had passed into eternity, she could hardly believe the sense was correct which counted four. She endeavoured to compose her mind by supplication, and the Lord's Prayer occurred to her at once. She repeated the words, until she arrived at the sentence—"Deliver us from evil," when the full consciousness of the evil that was suspended over their devoted heads, prevented her finishing the holy and beautiful intercession. She arose from her knees, and groped about until she procured a light. She then endeavoured to arrange her plans. Her very soul recoiled from the dreadful idea that Hoskins had any thing to do at the burning which had but a little while past streaked the everlasting sky with tokens of the wickedness of man. The heavens were still as intensely black as when first she had pressed her burning brow against the small panes of the cottage window, and looked earnestly and hopefully for him with whom her heart perpetually dwelt.

While she paused, and paused, she heard the sound of distant voices; footsteps approached—not her husband's. Her breath came short and thick, and, instead of passing from between her unclosed lips, seemed to encrust itself upon her tongue, and forbid the power of utterance. Men, strangers, entered; one she had seen—known—the sergeant of police. He respectfully removed his hat, "hoped that Mrs. Hoskins would forgive him for doing his duty." If salvation had depended on it, she could not speak; but she looked in his face with so despairing, so imploring a gaze, that the man turned from her with more emotion than could be expected from one who had often witnessed distress in so many forms. When at last she was enabled to ask a few questions, the answers she received confirmed her worst fears. The out-offices of Wallingford Manor had been set on fire; Hoskins, Hinton, and a pedlar of the name of Paul Dodder, had been found on the spot; and, added the man, "the Manor itself must have taken fire had we not received intimation immediately after it was kindled—long before there was any appearance to indicate such rapid destruction."

The party then proceeded to search the cot-

age, but found nothing which they considered necessary to remove. "Matters may turn out better than you think for," said the man kindly. "Can I take any message to your husband—it may comfort him, for he seemed sadly put out—stupidified like."

"I will go!—no—my child—I will—I must wait till morning! Tell him my blessing—and I will be with him to-morrow. I shall find him, I suppose, in the—" Jail, she would have said, but could not utter the hateful word.

The man understood her, and replied "Yes,"—the monosyllable of hope, but, in this instance, the herald of despair. They then departed, and went to Hinton's dwelling, where they remained much longer. The sergeant, with real good feeling, knocked at the door of a respectable resident at Mossbits, whom he knew was esteemed by Agnes—told her the circumstances—and the woman needed no farther intimation to hasten to one whom she both loved and respected.

When she entered the cottage, Agnes was weeping bitterly over her unconscious boy, who, despite her loud sobbings, slept as calmly as if the very breath of happiness had hushed his slumbers. She extended her hand to Mrs. Lee, and said, in broken and hardly audible tones, "They will point at that innocent child when we are both dead, and call him, in bitter mockery, the orphan of the house-burner! And who has brought this bitterness upon us? Pray for me, Mrs. Lee, pray for me!—I cannot pray for myself now! Oh, that God in his mercy had left us childless, and then I might have borne it! Wicked that I am! Will he not be, perhaps, the only thing on earth left me to love, when—when—" She pressed her hands firmly on her temples, and her friend almost feared that the violence of her grief would destroy her reason. The feelings that had long been pent up within her own bosom had at last vented themselves both in words and tears, and before nine o'clock she had apparently regained much of her usual serenity. She dressed her child, who added unconsciously to her misery by perpetually enquiring for "papa," and placing a cup and chair for him before the untasted breakfast. She then summoned resolution to change her dress; and, tying a cottage bonnet closely over her face, proceeded, with a sorrowing heart, towards Mondrich.

Mrs. Lee kindly took charge of the little boy; and, to do justice to the inhabitants of the cottages, not one but saluted her kindly and respectfully as she passed.

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Lee, "she has borne a great deal lately; she looks now ten years older than she did this time twelve-months."

"I'm truly sorry for her," responded Miss Nancy Carter, famous for clear starching and scandal, who had come on purpose to Mossbits to find out, as she expressed it, "the truth of

every thing." "I'm truly sorry for her; but she always carried her head very high, as if she were better than a servant, forsooth! I'm very sorry for her, for all that!"

"So you ought to be, Miss Nancy, for she sent you plenty of black-currant jelly when you had a sore-throat, last winter," observed Mrs. Lee.

"Do you think that poor Hoskins will get off with transportation?" persisted Nancy.

"I could never think him guilty of setting fire to Wallingford Manor, for one," replied the kind-hearted Mrs. Lee. "He was on the spot, I suppose, or they could not have taken him there; but I am certain it was to save, not to destroy."

"Well, time will tell," said the gossip, who, finding that Mrs. Lee was charitably given, thought she would seek some "kindred soul" with which to communicate: "Time will tell;—only what did he want with seven fire-brands, tied in red tape, a cask of powder, and three mould candles? You may smile, if you please, Mrs. Lee, but it's true every word of it! Three mould candles, with the ends scorched, and a quarter of a pound of wax-ends! I had it from the very best authority, for I'd scorn to say any thing without a good foundation!" and off walked Miss Nancy Carter.

It would be impossible to describe the feelings with which Agnes entered that abode of misery called a county jail. Snow and ice had accumulated in a little court she had to cross, to such a degree that she could hardly extricate her feet from the humid mass. As the rusty key turned in its lock, she clung to the slimy walls for support; and, when the door was thrown open, she had scarcely power to crawl into the dismal cell where her husband was confined. Hoskins sat upon a low bed, which evidently had not been discomposed, his elbows resting upon his knees, and his face buried in his hands. Agnes could not speak, but she sat down by his side, and, passing her arm round his neck, endeavoured to draw his head so as to rest it on her bosom. He shrank from the touch, and a low and bitter groan was the only reply to her caresses.

"Keep a good heart, measter," said the jailor, "keep a good heart, and it may all go well. Bless ye! Measter Hinton doesn't get on so, but has taken something to keep life in him."

No answer was returned to this consolatory speech, and the man left them, observing that they must not remain more than two hours together.

Not many, but kind and tranquillizing, were the words which this admirable woman breathed into her husband's ear. She kissed his cold and clammy hands, and tried, though in vain, to prevail upon him to taste of the refreshments she had not forgotten to bring with her. For a length of time she obtained no

word from his lips; and at last she sat silently gazing on him—as the mariner who looks upon a rock close to his native home, where he sported in infancy, and formed his plans of future greatness, but which, on his return from a long and prosperous voyage, with the harbour in view, had wrecked his vessel, and consigned his all to destruction! Silence is the nurse of sorrow: Agnes, would have given worlds to have heard the sound of his voice; and, when at last he did speak, its tone was so fearfully changed—so hollow—so agonized—that she could hardly believe it to be that of her own Edward.

"I deserve this, and worse, Agnes," he said, "for I have cast the blessing of the Almighty far from me. And you, who ought to curse me, to find you thus! Do not touch me, Agnes! I could bear your reproaches; but your kindness scorches my very heart. Yet Agnes, I solemnly call God to witness, that I am innocent of any participation in the burning at Wallingford Manor; I cannot now dwell upon it; but, as you have borne much, bear yet a little more—bear with my silence; but believe me innocent of any participation in that crime. However I may be otherwise guilty—however despicable—I repeat that I had nothing to do with the burning at Wallingford."

How sweet and how natural it is to believe in the innocence of those we love! Although Agnes well remembered the fearful habit of falsehood which her husband had contracted—although he had so often deceived her—yet she clung to the belief that he was guiltless, and blessed God for it, as though it were an established fact in the eyes of those judges before whom he was shortly to appear as a fettered culprit, whose life only might appease the offended laws of his country.

"Would to God it were come—that dreaded, dreadful day!" she murmured, in her cottage solitude.

It was now nearly three weeks since her first interview with her husband; a slow, consuming fever had been preying upon her strength, and utterly prevented her using the smallest exertion, or crawling to his prison. The kind neighbour, Mrs. Lee, undertook to visit him daily, and to see that his wants were cared for; the little boy was often her companion.

"Thank God!" said his poor mother, kissing his rosy cheek, "thank God that he is too young to remember his father in a prison! Were he even a year older, its memory might dwell upon his mind and wither his young spirit within him."

It was early in the month of February, and still she had been unable to reach Mondrich, although nearly every day the physician described her as growing better. The clergyman's visits afforded her much consolation, particularly as he told her how completely and truly penitent her husband was; this,

with the assurance, repeated in every communication she received from him, of his perfect innocence, made her hope for the best, though how that innocence was to be proved, remained a mystery!

Mrs. Lee had taken her boy out one day, earlier than usual, to see Mrs. Middleton; and, as Agnes looked forth on the clear cold morning, she fancied she felt stronger than she had been for a long time. The crisp hoarfrost, hung in fantastic forms on the young shoots of the early-budding trees. The robin hopped among the lower branches of the oak, and, seeing the hand resting on the window where it had so often been fed, flew to the sill, and fearlessly pecked the crumbs she threw to her little dependent. The air, she thought, was almost fragrant; and, ere the casement was closed, she had resolved to exert her strength, and walk as far as the stile that divided the Mondrich meadows. She sat for a few moments on the step; and, urged by the eager desire again to see her husband, after a little consideration, determined to reach the town. She walked better than she anticipated; and felt much pleasure at perceiving that now but one field separated her from the turn that led directly to the prison. Suddenly she became rooted to the earth; her features assumed the rigidity and colour of death; and she cast off the bonnet, which had been tied on so firmly, to catch every note of the awakening sound that passed over the town. Again!—was it a dream?—or could it be really the trumpet—the awful trumpet that heralds the approach of him who is to sit in judgment on the crimes of his fellow-beings!

"It is come!—it is come!" she exclaimed, "the day—the very hour of his trial, and they told me not of it! Father of Mercy!"—and as she spoke she sank on the ice-bound and crackling grass, and stretched forth her white attenuated arms towards heaven—"Father of Mercy, remember mercy; for the sake of thy blessed Son! Mercy!—mercy!—mercy! Lord, this cup may not pass away; but crush me not utterly in this dreadful moment! Mercy!—mercy! O my God!"

The trumpet-sound had ceased, and the bustle of the county-court subsided, when Agnes Hoskins—her mantle shrouding her entire figure, and its hood held closely round her face, glided, almost like a spectre, into a corner nearest the dock, where the three prisoners stood arraigned for trial. With tender care for the feelings of him she loved, she concealed herself effectually from his sight; knowing that it would increase his misery to see her there. To the indictment they all pleaded "not guilty;" but Edward Hoskins laid his hand on his heart, and, looking firmly in the judge's face, added, in a low, impressive tone, "so help me, God!" The bearing of the unfortunate culprits was strongly contrasted: Paul Dodder's chin had sunk on his breast, and he looked down with the sullen expres-

sion of one who knew the worst was come, and cared not for it. Harry Hinton had thrown back the light and glowing curls that crowded over his brow, and his eye seemed enlarged by the bold front he carried; his features were high and regular; and the unobserving would have imagined the firmness with which he regarded, and even analysed, the countenances of his judges, little betokened the hardihood of guilt. Edward Hoskins stood as a sorrowful and heart-stricken man—ashamed of his offences, yet confident that he was not guilty of this particular crime. His suit of solemn black seemed still more dismal beside the smart blue coat and light waistcoat in which his unabashed companion was arrayed. The first prisoner examined was the police-sergeant by whom the prisoners had been taken into custody. The counsel for the crown, who, as usual, scented the blood afar off, lost no opportunity, in his opening speech, of stating the worst, and dwelt particularly on Hoskins's ingratitude to Mrs. Cecil Wallingford; while the counsel for the prisoners seemed equally anxious to foil his brother, and, if possible, make a way for his clients to escape.

The sergeant deposed to his finding Dodder and Hinton close to the burning barn; and the latter, when first he saw him, was on his knees, in the very act of blowing the flame; the other held a quantity of combustibles (which he described), and was laying a train to communicate with the stables. Hoskins, he said, was near the spot, but made no attempt to escape. This statement went so clearly against the prisoners, that the jury looked at each other, as well as to say, "What need we of further witness?" One of the police confirmed all that the other had stated; and at every word they uttered Agnes felt her heart beat slowly, until, at last, she scarcely breathed or lived.

"The case, my lord, against those unhappy men seems so fully made out," said the counsel for the crown, addressing the bench, "that I need hardly trouble the court with the examination of other witnesses; unless, indeed, the jury require it."

"My lord," observed the prisoners' counsel, "I particularly wish that a girl of the name of Jane Hoole be called up; much depends upon her evidence."

"My learned brother has chosen a strange person," replied the senior barrister; "I was anxious to spare the feelings of his clients; but, by all means, let Jane Hoole be brought forward."

All eyes were turned upon the wild fantastic girl who now ascended the witness-box. Her rich golden hair had been curled and arranged with much attention; her pallid cheeks were tinted by that fearful, but beautiful, hue which too truly indicates consumption, and her deep blue eyes were of a dazzling and wandering brightness; her dress was of faded silk, and a wide red sash girdled a figure of light

and elegant proportions. She seemed much terrified, and trembled violently.

"The prisoner, Hinton, intimidates our witness, my lord," observed the counsel; and a shudder passed over those who saw the expression with which he regarded the unfortunate victim of his wickedness.

"Let Henry Hinton stand down," said the judge. After a little time the poor creature seemed at ease, and collected; Agnes, who had been roused by her appearance, thought she was a much more rational being than she had imagined during their former brief meetings.

"You know the prisoners at the bar," commenced the counsel.

"I do, sir."

After a little more questioning, the rod was presented to her, and she was directed to place it on the heads of those who were present at the burning of Wallingford Manor. With a trembling hand she let it descend on the heads of Hinton and Dodder, then held it for a moment or two suspended over Hoskins, and, after some consideration, was about to return it to the officer.

"Were only these two men present?" inquired the counsel, while a thrill and murmur of mingled quality passed through the courthouse.

"Though I am only a poor half-witted creature," said the girl, looking round with an imploring air, "I want to tell the truth, which I will if you let me do it my own way. He was there in body but not in spirit; don't you see the difference? He didn't mean to be there for harm; he was there for good. But let me go on my own way, and then you'll understand me."

She then, in wandering but simple language, stated that Harry Hinton had often employed her to procure materials for various burnings, and that she did as he desired, "for the love that warmed her heart towards him." That he often promised to marry her, but that the fancy he took to Jessy, had, she knew, prevented it; and so she thought, if he was once to be sent beyond seas, she would follow him, and have him all her own. He always promised to give Jessy up; but she found that he had got her back from Scotland, after her sister had sent her there, and resolved to punish him for his infidelity by telling the police, which she had done; and she hoped, now she had told their lordships the truth, they would send Jessy far, far away, and make Harry marry her at once; she would go with him any where—that she would—for she loved him with all her heart.

A great portion of this was unintelligible to both judge and jury; but the witness evidently interested them; and though the counsel frequently interrupted her, saying that what she stated had nothing to do with the transaction, yet they were obliged to let her go on her own way, as the only chance of getting

at the truth. As to Hoskins, "he certainly was," she said, "at Wallingford, but not to burn it." It was in vain that the counsel for the crown declared that hearsay evidence should not be received;—the judge was of opinion that she ought to be permitted to go on; and the counsel for the crown resigned her to the cross-examination of the counsel for the prisoner.

"You have stated, young woman, that Edward Hoskins did not aid and abet in the burning which took place on the night of the twenty-fifth of December."

"I have, sir. I was up in the loft where they met, and when he found out what they were after he prayed and begged them not to go on; and then my Harry made like to give it up—and Hoskins went home, as we thought, for my Harry sent me down to the Manor with the chips for burning, and promised to come after; but, at the Manor, dark as it was, I saw Hoskins, who let himself in with a private key to the out-places, examining and looking about as if to see all safe. And I wondered what kept Harry away, and went back; and on the road I met Dodder, and a little behind I saw Harry—my Harry, talking to the girl I hated; and I made up my mind to tell that minute and bring the police to them: and, meeting one, I gave him a hint, and returned to the out-house, at Wallingford; and there was Hoskins and Harry quarrelling, and one reproached the other—and Edward Hoskins thought to put out the fire—and I was sorry when Harry struck him; and then Paul Dodder went on lighting the fire that Edward tried to put out—and was like one frantic, and Harry and him struggled hard, and came so near the spot where I was crouching, that I ran off to tell Agnes Hoskins of it, and saw the police coming—and she can tell you," continued the girl, turning round to the spot where Agnes had fancied herself perfectly concealed—"there is Mrs. Hoskins. I dare say she remembers what I said."

Edward Hoskins sprang to the side of the dock, and, for a moment forgetting the propriety he had hitherto maintained, shook the bars violently, and, finding that he could not escape to her side, exclaimed, "Support, support her!—will no one look to her!—she is fainting!" But she did not faint—she approached the bar with a blanched cheek, but a step of almost supernatural firmness, and, passing her thin, cold hand through the aperture, rested her clear blue eyes upon the jury; and in a low voice, which, notwithstanding its weakness, was so earnest as to be heard in every corner of the court—

"Forgive, gentlemen," she said, "a wife's presuming to remind you that more than one life hangs upon your verdict; and"—she was interrupted by a scream, so wild and piercing that every eye was again turned to the witness-box, from whence it came.

"There—there—there she is!" exclaimed

Jane Hoole. "She has followed him even here to take him from me. But you will not let her!" She leaped down the steps, and, in an instant, before the officers had time to interpose, she had torn off a cloak and hat, in which the unfortunate *Jessy Grey* had endeavoured to enshroud herself; but which could not deceive her lynx-eyed rival. "Here she is, my lord!—here she is! Agnes Hoskins, I will trust her to you," she continued dragging her forward. Agnes did not see the deceiving and degraded sister. She only beheld the child of her father's old age—the girl she had loved with a mother's tenderness, and cherished with a mother's care. Turning from the dock, she opened her arms, but *Jessy* fell at her feet and hid her face on the earth. It was in vain that order was endeavoured to be restored. Agnes Hoskins and her virtues were known to every individual in the court. Husbands had often pointed her out to their wives as a model of virtue and propriety—fathers had wished for such a daughter, and young men for such a partner. And as she stood struggling with emotion, and caressing the poor lost creature, who twined around her with all the contrite feeling of an humbled sinner, the judge waited patiently till the feelings that had thus agitated every member of the assembly should subside.

"I have made one effort, Agnes, to repair my many crimes," whispered *Jessy* to her sister: "I have no evidence to offer in favour of him; but I believe I can confirm the statement just made by that unhappy girl, as to your Edward's innocence." This information was conveyed to the counsel for the prisoners; and, as the poor changed creature was about to ascend the box, Agnes threw her own cloak over her shoulders, to conceal a form that called a crimson blush to her faded cheek. Her quiet and distinct account of the transaction fully corroborated what the wild girl had sworn to. Unknown to her deceiver, she had witnessed the quarrel which took place between them on that awful night; and had wandered over the country ever since, "seeking rest but finding none"—not daring to pollute her sister's cottage with her presence, and resolved not to visit the author of her misery, lest he might alter the fixed purpose of her soul—that of appearing at her brother-in-law's trial to testify his innocence. She was supported down the steps, and clung to her sister's shoulder during the jury's deliberation. Without leaving the box they returned a verdict of guilty against Hinton and Dodder, and acquitted Edward Hoskins. Agnes might well be excused for forgetting *Jessy's* feelings in the overwhelming gratitude she experienced for the preservation of her husband's life. So completely were her ears closed by a new sensation of joyfulness and hope, that overflowed as it were all her senses, that she hardly understood, when the judge had absolutely pronounced sentence of death

on his wretched companions, the meaning of his words. One of Jane Hoole's frightful shrieks aroused her from those visions of returning happiness which flitted around her.

"Death!—not death—not death, for Harry!" vociferated the maddened creature: "It is transportation—not death!—you won't kill him!" At the same instant Agnes felt the grasp that her sister had so firmly fixed on her arm, relax; she looked upon her—her hands were stretched towards the dock; and, as her gaze rested upon Harry Hinton's face, which was turned towards her, those beautiful eyes grew yet more dim; her livid lips parted over her white and glistening teeth; and, with a frightful convulsion, the ardent, misguided spirit of Jessie Grey passed from its earthly dwelling!

Months and years have gone by—the Moss-pits are quiet and beautiful as ever—but the curate of the parish, a mild and benevolent young man, dwells in the cottage that had once been gladdened by the presence of the excellent Agnes. She had passed with her small household to another land, where we will for a moment follow—it is even in the new world; and there, in a well-built dwelling, on the borders of a green savannah, is the final resting-place of Edward Hoskins and his now numerous family.

The sun is setting behind the dense and magnificent woods that seem to mount even to the heavens; and its parting rays linger, as if loth to part from the richly-cultivated corn and meadow-land that surrounds his house. There, literally under the shadow of their own vine and fig-tree, are this once more happy family assembled.

"And will you never return to England, father?" demanded the first-born, as he carefully examined the contents of a huge chest which had just arrived from Europe.

His mother replied, "Could we be happier there than we are here?"

Her husband thanked her with a look that told of gratitude unspeakable; and when the group had separated, and only Edward and his cherished wife remained to enjoy the deep tranquillity of the balmy twilight, he disturbed the meditation which the question had occasioned, by the utterance of a natural but painful idea. "If our children should ever go to England, Agnes, they will hear a sad story of their father; but they would hear also of their mother's virtue; had you been unkind—had you even been what the world calls just to yourself, I should have been a banned and a blighted man, but you did—"

"Only what every woman, who truly loves her husband, would do," interrupted the unchanging Agnes. "And, behold, the Lord has been not only merciful but bountiful;—treasures bestowed upon us on earth (she pointed to their children who were assembling

for evening worship within the porch) can only be exceeded by the treasures appointed for humble believers in heaven."

From the United Service Journal.

THE WAR OF TERRY ALT.

PUBLIC attention is now so much occupied by the engrossing question of Reform, that the alarming state of the west of Ireland has been quite overlooked by the people of England, or, at least, regarded with a degree of apathy that is unpardonable, when it is considered that three of the principal counties of Connaught were virtually, if not actually, in a state of rebellion. It is true that the term rebellion has been carefully avoided in speaking of the late disturbances, and there are many who would make us believe that they were solely the offspring of a dispute betwixt the tenantry and their landlords. Yet we, who are not capable of drawing such nice distinctions, cannot but think, that when the laws of the realm are set at defiance, the magistracy devoted to destruction, the King's troops openly resisted, and the authority of some unseen power implicitly obeyed—we can scarcely deem rebellion too harsh a term for such a state of affairs.

In England the impression exists, that the insurrection in Clare was caused by the scarcity of food, attendant on the failure of the potato crops, and the inhabitants of Great Britain, hearing that a famine was dreaded in Mayo and part of Galway, naturally concluded that hunger and want had incited the peasants to acts of rapine and cruelty. With this belief, they answered the call upon their charity in the most benevolent manner; thousands of pounds were subscribed in behalf of their famishing fellow-subjects, and it was fondly hoped that, the sufferings of the poor having been alleviated, the country would relapse into a state of peace. But, to the astonishment of every one, such was not the result of their generosity. The poor were fed, yet still were the daily papers disgraced with narratives of murders and outrages committed in Clare, and what had at first appeared to be the mere ebullition of popular feeling, gradually assumed the form of an organized insurrection. The truth is, that the inhabitants of Clare, the south of Galway, and part of Roscommon, have not the plea of famine to adduce in extenuation of the cruelties they have committed; for it is well known to those who have been on the spot, that they possessed abundance of provisions, and that never were the market prices of their staple article of food, the potato, lower than they have been this year. In Mayo, Sligo, and the north-western districts of Galway, especially in Connamara, and other tracts on the borders of the ocean, the reverse was the case;—the potato crops had failed; the country, barren as it is, pro-

duced nothing to counterbalance this deficiency; even the sea had ceased to yield its wonted supply of fish; and the wretched inhabitants had nothing to look forward to but famine, and its usual concomitant, disease. Yet they submitted with resignation to their lot; they raised not their hands against the Government to which they looked for assistance, nor did they infringe the laws that afforded them protection;—they appealed to their countrymen and to the British for assistance in the hour of need, and nobly has the call been answered. Notwithstanding the jobbing, the speculation, and the maladministration, which generally absorb a large portion of the pecuniary gifts made to the country, ample supplies reached the suffering districts, and by the judicious arrangements and indefatigable exertions of a few independent and disinterested gentlemen, who undertook to distribute the funds, the poor have been relieved, and the famine averted, whilst an unusually abundant harvest this year precludes the possibility of the distress recurring in the next.

It is not our object in the following pages to enter into further details relative to the late scarcity in Ireland, but we wish to dispel the illusion that the insurrection is attributable to want, and we trust that we may be enabled to explain the real causes of the disturbances, as well as to describe their results. We have chosen the *United Service Journal* as the medium of conveying our remarks to the public, as we consider that it should receive not only all communications on military subjects, but also all communications from military men, and in the present case so large a portion of the British army is employed in overawing and apprehending the disaffected, that we feel confident we need offer no excuses for giving a short sketch of the late campaign against the Terry Alts. In tracing the origin and progress of Terry Alt's system, we are sensible that we must make some avowals rather humiliating to our national pride, but it is better to acknowledge our faults at once, than to allow others to tax us with them: we have no objection to confess the failings of our countrymen whilst we stand on our native sod, but woe be unto the Saxon who would dare to coincide with us, for we would instantly change our position, and become the warm defender of their errors and their follies. Like the Doctor and his wife in the *Médecin malgré lui*, we will not allow a stranger to interfere in our domestic quarrels, and, in the words of the injured dame, may exclaim—

“Je veux qu'on me batte!”

As our first confession, we must observe, that although the newspapers have been filled with recitals of the outrages perpetrated in Clare, yet that not half those that were committed have been recorded in print. Hitherto it has been supposed that an Irish murder was always used by the printer's devil to fill up

the chasm in a column when no better intelligence was to be had; but, alas! of late, murders have followed in such rapid succession, that it is no longer necessary to buy them at a penny a line; there is no room for the authentic accounts that are transmitted for insertion. But we are digressing. We have to treat of a race of beings who bid fair to vie in posthumous reputation with the Rapparees, Croppies, Peep-o'-day Boys, Carders, Threshers, Whiteboys, Rockites, and other votaries of Liberty in past times, and it is doubtful whether any of the associations above-named, have better claims to a dishonoured memory than the Terry Alts.

As the county of Clare is the land

“That first cradled their fame,”

we must state, for the information of such as may be ignorant of its position, that it is the western county of Ireland: its bold western shores are washed by the surges of the Atlantic Ocean, whilst the waters of the Shannon and Lough Derg insulate it from Limerick and Tipperary. The Bay of Galway forms a large portion of its northern frontier, and the remainder is divided from the county of Galway by a range of hills, misnamed mountains. This tract is peculiarly wild; the bogs and moors on the highlands offer no inducement for the settlement of civilized beings within its bleak region; and this district, although speckled with populous villages, has hitherto been only resorted to by the gentry occasionally during the shooting season. Clare is, therefore, shut out by natural boundaries from the rest of Ireland; and it is rather curious to observe, how the tide of insurrection, checked westward by the ocean, and eastward by the Shannon, poured its stream through these mountains into the plains of Galway and Roscommon.

The secluded position of Clare, whilst it necessarily contributed to keep the peasantry beyond the range of the march of intellect, likewise freed them from the baneful influence of those enemies to Ireland—the agitators. With many of the vices attendant on a state of semi-civilization, the inhabitants of Clare likewise retained many of its virtues; they cherished a strong attachment for those ancient families, whose ancestors had ruled over their forefathers in former days. In the O'Briens they beheld the lineal descendants of the hero of ancient Irish history, Brien Boromh: the Macnamaras, the Sons of the Sea, likewise recalled to their memories a race of ancient princes: the Fitzgeralds, though of Norman extraction, had proved their identity with the soil in many a battle under the banner of the Desmonds, and might be considered as ancient Irish; and many other families in their respective districts were likewise regarded with reverence and affection by a people, whose language and ballads, rich in legendary lore, contributed much to foster the love of

bygone times; but the Agitator came, and the tie which bound landlord and tenant, the link of affection that had connected them for ages, was severed for ever!

As a natural consequence of their ignorance, the people of Clare were completely under the control of the Roman Catholic Clergy; and we have a proof how strangely religion and immorality were blended together in the ideas of the peasantry, when we find that the formula of the illegal oath, administered by the Terry Alts to their proselytes, and enjoining a willing acquiescence in deeds of horror, was headed with the sign of the cross, and commenced with an invocation to the Holy Trinity, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost!"

The influence of the Clergy enabled Mr. O'Connell, in 1828, to gain that seat in Parliament which eventually led to the enactment of the Catholic Relief Bill. To the proceedings of that period, strange as it may appear, must be traced the origin of the discontent which has blazed forth in the west, and it is on that account we recur to an event which must still be fresh in the recollection of every one. The agitators on this occasion had ample opportunities for the exercise of their oratorical powers, and they availed themselves of the moment, by exerting all the force of their vulgar rhetoric, to alienate the peasants from their landlords. They said that the poor had a right to the land, of which they were only tenants; that the gentry were tyrants, and their most decided enemies; and that they ought to form themselves into bodies, and agitate—agitate—agitate—until they obtained their rights. Can it for an instant be asserted, that men of undoubted talent could have uttered these sentiments, and not have felt that they were sowing the seeds of rebellion in a fruitful soil? Was it likely that the subtle poison which they so successfully infused in the minds of the people, could be counteracted by any antidote that their former rulers might offer them, when they were told that agitation and ingratitude would lead to wealth and independence. Impossible; yet we are told that the agitators laboured for the welfare of their country! The extent of their influence may be imagined from the well-known fact, that of the many thousand men who attended the Clare election of 1828, not a single individual was seen drunk or riotous,—the agitators having enjoined them to refrain from drinking, and their commands being scrupulously obeyed.

The peasants returned to their homes, but they were altered men! They had left them with their vices dormant, and the virtues of the Irish character in full activity—they returned to their dwellings moody and discontented, with rebellion in their hearts, and revenge on their lips. They gazed covetously on the mansions of their landlords, for they hoped the day would come when they should

be the proprietors thereof, and then in full possession of their rights they would lead a life of indolence and dissipation. They turned with disgust from their usual labours, for their minds were fraught with brighter fancies than steady industry could tend to realize; and now, instead of calculating the chances of a good and bad harvest, they passed their leisure hours in conning over the political aspect of the times, in reading the speeches of the Dublin agitators, and in devising the best method of asserting their newly discovered rights. The long winter nights afforded them ample time to enter into associations, and form those plans which have since been matured, and there is every reason to believe, from the secrecy and tact displayed in the organization of the confederacy, that there must be others engaged in it than the illiterate peasantry. Whilst, however, the train was silently preparing, the inhabitants of Clare did not neglect their potato crops, and it is necessary to impress this point upon our readers, that they may understand how abundance reigned in Clare during this year.

It is then to the incendiary language used by the agitators at the Clare election, that we must attribute the spirit of discontent that exists in the west; but with their usual disregard of truth they deny such to be the case—"We told them to agitate," they say, "but we meant quietly, peaceably"—and now that they have been obeyed in the literal acceptance of the word, (agitation being generally understood to be a state the reverse of quiet,) they affect to be surprised at the turn affairs have taken. But this affectation cannot impose even on the most unwary. Strange indeed it would be, if the "men of the people" had formed such an incorrect estimate of the Irish character, as to suppose that their countrymen might be taunted with their abject state, and informed that agitation would afford a speedy remedy for their grievances, and that they would allow the exciting words to pass unheeded. They knew the feelings of their auditors better, they were well aware of their inflammability, yet when the explosion took place, they shrunk from the offspring of their discourses, and as if alarmed at the storm they had raised, hastened to disavow and desert their victims. Unhappy Ireland has been visited by many a curse; rebellion, civil war, famine and disease, in turn have laid her waste, but these were open foes; let her beware of her false friends, for the bitterest visitation that Heaven could inflict upon her, is agitation, and its attendant crew of heartless demagogues. Watch but the steps of the agitators! trace their influence! Social feelings and domestic ties disappear before them, peaceful hamlets are converted into nests of discontent and sedition, outrages become of daily occurrence, property is rendered insecure, and every thing tends to that state of political chaos from amidst which

they hope to create a new world under their sole control. Yet the day must come when the curses of their misguided countrymen will ring bitterly in their ears; already is blood upon their heads, yet still do they stalk onwards in their revolutionary career, careless whether they wade through human gore, provided their nefarious wishes be attained.

It will, perhaps, scarcely be credited that the subversion of the present government was believed by the foolish peasantry to be a matter of easy attainment, and ere we bid adieu to the agitators we may be pardoned for mentioning an anecdote illustrative of their speeches with reference to such an event.

At the period when Terryism was at its height, a carriage and four horses drove up to one of the principal shops in Limerick. The ladies in the carriage were daughters of a celebrated Peer, and in addition to the well merited popularity of their father, they had a large O before their names, which ought to have commanded respect from every admirer of the old Milesian dynasties; but it availed them not. An old beggar-woman stood at the door of the shop, and on seeing the "quality" drive up, instantly commenced an appeal to the charity of the young ladies—"Won't your ladyship's honor just give me a sixpence for the honour of God, to buy praties for the seven children I've got at home, the poor craturs—and them starving—and may the Lord increase you." And the practised mendicant repeated her usual string of lies and blessings alternately as she judged expedient. But professional beggars in Ireland are not fit objects of charity, the old woman's suit was therefore rejected, and the carriage drove off. "Aye!" muttered the hag, "there ye go, and the devil go with ye, ye nagurs! its your turn now, but just wait awhile till O'Connell is king and we've got our own agen. Its I will be riding in my carriage-an'-four then, and its yez will be here in my place, bad luck to ye!"

Having stated what we consider to be the primary cause of the insurrection, we must proceed to show what are the grievances the peasantry laboured under, and which they set forth as a colouring for their proceedings; some are exaggerated; others real, but requiring a remedy not easy of attainment, if indeed it can be found. Their alleged causes of complaint may be divided into three heads.

1st. Their rents being too high.

2d. The low price of labour.

3d. The employment of the land in Clare for pasturage instead of potatoes.

These, it must be observed, were their alleged grievances, but whilst they in the first instance advanced these, their real views were deeper; they hoped to expel the gentry from the country, and divide the lands among themselves.

The first is a grievance of which every tenant complains, and it must, therefore, be re-

ceived with caution, the more especially, as, during the insurrection, the landlords who had reduced their rents, did not escape from the attacks of the Terries. In many cases, however, there is just cause for complaint in the heavy rents demanded from the peasantry, who must either pay them or starve. In these cases, the evil may be traced back to the last war. The temporary stimulus caused by the great demand for agricultural produce had given a factitious value to land, which enabled the tenant not only to pay a rent treble the actual value of the land, but even to support himself comfortably on the surplus. The landlords, in like manner, profited by this state of things, but with the improvidence peculiar to the Irish character, they never calculated upon the reaction that might be caused by the termination of hostilities; they not only lived up to their income, but, by their prodigality and profusion, far exceeded the amount of their revenues. It then became necessary to borrow, and the money raised was secured by mortgages on their estates. Thus, say a person possessed an income of 1500*l.* per annum, and that during the war he had found it necessary to borrow 10,000*l.* at 5 per cent interest, 1000*l.* a year would still be left for his expenditure. Since the peace of 1814, the value of land has fallen nearly two thirds, and thus the same proprietor, who, after paying the interest of his debt, had 1000*l.* a year, would now be left with almost nothing. In this position, he finds it impossible to reduce his rents in proportion to the fall in the value of land, and thus his tenants have barely the means of paying for their potato fields without the possibility of attaining any degree of comfort, whereas the tenants of a more provident landlord, on an adjoining estate, are living in comparative cheerfulness and plenty. There are many estates in Galway and Clare in the embarrassed position we have mentioned, where it is impossible for the landlord to reduce the rent, and almost impossible for the tenant to pay it; where such is the case, the peasantry must be miserable. The only apparent remedy for this evil is the enactment of a law, that when an estate is encumbered to the amount of its fee simple, it should be sold for the benefit of the creditors. But this remedy, though easily administered theoretically, would be rather an infringement on established rights, and consequently not practically feasible. If the Terry Alts had been solely composed of persons suffering under the weight of a burthensome rent, there would have been much to say in their favour; but as we know that the ringleaders and most active partizans of the confederacy were farmers in comfortable circumstances, this first grievance of theirs does not carry with it the weight it otherwise would, as we rather consider it to have been put forth as a bait for those who smarted under its influence, and as a cloak for deeper designs.

The second ground of complaint is the low price of labour. The general price of daily labour throughout Clare, Galway, and Roscommon was 8 pence, and in some cases, 6 pence per diem; a small sum, it is true, although, when the nature and price of the provisions on which the peasants subsist are considered, it is not so disproportionate to the price of labour in England as it at first appears. But the peasants cannot obtain work even at this rate—with the exception of the great proprietors who afford occupation to the poorer classes, there is a sad lack of employment for the poor. The middling classes of gentry, who occupy the place of English yeomen, the *squires*, *half sirs*, and *bucks*, have no conception that they ought to expend a portion of their annual incomes in improving their properties, and affording employment to their tenants. The ugly high-roofed house, perched on the summit of an eminence, and looking bleak and unhappy, is quite good enough for them, as it did for their grandfathers. Why should they plant their barren moors, or why embellish their grounds, since to do so would require money, which they can expend much more profitably in horse flesh, in the pleasures of the table, or in betting on the Curragh! and what does it signify, if the walls of their demesnes are full of gaps, and the gates unhinged, or broken up for fire wood, when a few loose stones, piled one above the other, can remedy the one evil, and that a cart placed sideways, or a heap of furze bushes, can close the entrance just as well as the gate did. In one way alone does this class of resident proprietors afford occupation to the poor, and that is, when they are so fortunate as to have obtained a grand jury presentment for repairing or making a road. Say that the sum granted be 30*l.* which is lodged in the hands of the County Treasurer until the undertaker makes oath that he has *bona fide* expended that sum for the purposes intended. We will suppose that the proprietor in question has thirty tenants. These he employs as labourers on the projected road at the rate of sixpence a day—forty day's labour makes 30*l.* Now, not one sixpence of this goes into the hands of the labourers, it is all deducted from their rent, and the proprietor having satisfied his conscience that the money has been *bona fide* expended, makes the stipulated oath, and pockets the cash, thus securing the high rent he exacts for his *conacres*. Our English readers may not understand the meaning of the term *conacre*. We shall try to explain it, as it is a peculiar feature of Irish improvidence, and intimately wound up with the late proceedings in the west, especially as connected with the third demand of the Territories and the turning up of land in Clare.

It is well known that meadow land which has been untilled for many years, is extremely productive when again laid under tillage, and in order to prepare it for the plough, a

process is used in Ireland which has the effect of forcing the ground during two years, but so completely exhausting it that after two crops it becomes quite unproductive. The sod is first peeled off and left in heaps to dry; it is then burned, and the ashes used as manure to the already rich soil. It is from this kind of land that is derived the use of the *conacre*. There is a class of the peasantry in Ireland who living completely from "*hand to mouth*," care not what rent they pay for land, provided they are enabled to secure a provision for themselves and their families for the ensuing year. Now so extremely productive is the first potato crop raised on meadow land, that the fourth part of an acre produces more than one or two acres of ordinary ground, and a peasant is well contented if he can obtain one or two *ridges* of land at an enormous rent. It thus happens that an acre of land, such as we have described, is divided amongst eight or ten people; the value of the land is generally settled by arbitration; the landlord appoints one person, the tenants nominate another, and, if there is a disagreement, have likewise the choice of an umpire. The price of the acre is then settled, varying from six to ten pounds, and it is then divided amongst the candidates according to their wants. Next year the same land lets at a lower price; but after that it remains fallow, and useless to the proprietor for many years. Meanwhile, however, he has extracted from it the amount of its fee simple, and the tenants of it during the former year migrate to some other ground, where they make a similar bargain. The great hardship of this system on the tenants is, that the crop remains in the ground as a security for the payment of the rent; when that is paid, the crop is released, but with the scarcity of work, and the manner in which his wages are set off against the rent, he often finds great difficulty in releasing his little crop. The practice of deducting the wages from rent prevents the circulation of capital—every thing stagnates, and industry becomes paralysed.

The third cause of complaint, namely, that the land in Clare is all pasture instead of arable, may be better understood, after the description of the *conacre*. The peasants viewed with indignation that fine meadow lands, which would support thousands of people on the *conacre* system, were divided into grazing farms, and their views were not profound enough to make them comprehend, that though not planted with potatoes, the lands were equally productive to their owners, and forgetting that every man has a right to do what he pleases with his own property, they resolved to oblige the gentry to till their meadows, and therefore commenced that system of turning up land which seems so unaccountable to persons far from the scene. The real grievance in this case was the non-distribution of a portion of the proceeds of the

sale of their stock in providing work for the peasants, who might then purchase their potatoes in other counties.

If the Terry Alts had been driven into rebellion solely by the operation of the evil system prevalent in Ireland, relative to the comparative position of the tenant and landlord, we should have viewed their case with feelings of compassion; but when we know that many of the insurgents had no grounds for complaint, we feel convinced that the insurrection was projected and matured by some secret agency, as yet undiscovered, for the furtherance of political purposes. The above-mentioned grievances were made use of to enable the conspirators to acquire that extraordinary power over the population of the Western counties, which has completely bound them in slavery to their invisible directors—who, or what they are, even the most active agents in their cause are ignorant. They blindly follow the orders transmitted to them, well knowing that sooner or later, nay, even after the lapse of years, their lives would be forfeited as the penalty of their treachery to the fearful tribunal, which, both in its vengeance and its secrecy, is not an unapt representation of the Vehm, or secret tribunal of former days. Demoralised as they were by the doctrines propagated at the Clare election, the peasantry of Clare eagerly joined in the summons to rebellion, and willingly placed themselves under the direction of a power which professed to be actuated solely by the desire of befriending them. Seldom, indeed, has the standard of insurrection been fruitlessly displayed in Ireland; the want of occupation amongst the lower classes, and the enthusiastic character of the Irish combine to ensure hundreds of followers to a bad cause, as much to enjoy the excitement of the scene as to indulge freely in the gratification of their passions; besides which, they are always well pleased to take the law into their own hands. A very common impression amongst them is, that one law was made for the rich, and another for the poor; and they consider that the laws were meant for their oppression, not for their protection. Little else can indeed be expected from people whose minds are shrouded in superstition, and who think that a murderer will be forgiven in Heaven, if he performs penance at a holy well, and is shriven by his priest.

It was in January, 1831, that the smouldering embers of sedition first burst into a flame, and the outbreak of the insurrection was signalled by the murder of Mr. Blood, a magistrate, who had in no wise done any thing to render himself obnoxious. His murderers have since been apprehended, and executed; the ringleader was his own butler, and his accomplices were members of the confederacy which was then silently forming. Mr. Butler and Mr. Synge, likewise magistrates, were fired at and desperately wounded,

and the servant of the latter was shot at his master's side. From this moment, the insurrection spread all over the county. Rockite notices, bearing the signature of Terry Alt, Mrs. Alt, or Lady Clare, were circulated throughout the county, enjoining some of the gentry to leave their houses before a certain day, or to prepare their coffins; other notices denounced pain of death against those who did not increase their wages and lower their rents. Many of the gentry were ordered to re-establish persons who had been ejected from farms years before, in consequence of their misconduct, whilst others were ordered to break up their pasture ground, and let it at a moderate rent. Then followed a general demand for arms, and from one step the insurgents proceeded to another, until almost every village in Clare had been surrounded by armed bodies of Terries, and the inhabitants all sworn to join the cause, and pay implicit obedience to the will of the directing committee.

The singular name of Terry Alts, adopted by the insurgents, has given rise to many inquiries as to its origin, and an English writer supposes it to be derived from *Terra Alta*, as connected with the practice of turning up the ground in Clare; but ingenious as is the reasoning, we fear that we must overthrow his argument, by accounting for the name in a very simple manner. In a small village in Clare, somewhere near to Corofin, there lived a person named Terence Alt; he had served as a soldier, and received a pension from government. Terence, or as he was called by his familiars, Terry Alt, was a man of undoubted loyalty, and therefore it seems strange that he should have immortalised his name in the cause of rebellion, but he did so very unwittingly. He was a harmless good-natured fellow, and the wags of the village used at times to make a butt of him. This Terry took in very good part, and in a short time he became the scape-goat of the hamlet; if there was a trick played, or a piece of mischief performed, of which the author was unknown, "Sure it's Terry Alt did it," was the universal cry, and poor Terence was made to bear the whole odium of the transaction. In the course of time, Terry Alt became a by-word; it was affixed as a signature to the incendiary notices which were posted on the houses of the gentry, and ere long became the recognised appellation of the insurgents. Meanwhile, Terence Alt, unconscious of his future celebrity, succeeded in procuring a situation in the police, and he now, as a member of that valuable body, is asserting his loyalty by waging active hostilities against his namesakes.

It would be an endless task to recount all the atrocities which signalled the progress of the insurrection; one or two instances illustrative of the intensity of revenge which actuated the Terries, will suffice as samples of

what happened daily in every part of the country, and we will therefore mention a circumstance that occurred under our own observation.

On the borders of the county of Galway, within a mile of a village, occupied by a strong detachment of regular troops, there lived a Protestant farmer named Eason, who was universally respected and liked by the neighbouring inhabitants. He held three hundred acres of meadow land from a landed proprietor who was not a favourite with the peasantry, and this circumstance alone pointed him out as an object of hatred to Capt. Rock, Terry Alt's predecessor. On a winter's night in the year 1829, Eason and his family were alarmed by the appearance at the door of their cottage, of several armed men, whom they rightly conjectured to be part of Capt. Rock's gang. Nor were they long left in suspense, for the leader of the party having ordered Eason to come out of the house, the ruffians placed him on his knees, and with a pistol pointed at his head, compelled him to take an oath that he would give up his land, and cease to work for his employer. This done, the Rockites departed. During many months, the recollection of this awful visit had such an effect upon Eason's mind, that he feared to resume his former occupations, but in course of time his alarm wore off. Capt. Rock had ceased to be heard of, and the farmer considering himself safe from his vengeance, once more continued his usual labours. For some months he was unmolested, but when Terry Alt opened his campaign, the country again became inundated with Rockite warnings and threats of vengeance. Eason received his share of these; at first he disregarded them, but a dreadful murder that was committed within a few doors of his house, on a poor wretch who had disobeyed Terry Alt, convinced him that his life was in danger, and he made preparations for moving into the village, where he would be safe under the protection of the military. Terry Alt was not, however, to be balked of his prey—he heard of Eason's intention, and fixed his doom.

About eight o'clock in the evening preceding the day on which they were to have changed their residence, Eason and his wife were sitting by the fireside in their cottage, amusing themselves with the playfulness of their little daughter, a child of eight years old, whilst Larry, the cowherd, leaned against the door of the cabin, enjoying the delights of idleness after his day's toil. Their son was assistant teacher in the village school, and was attending to his duty. They had no neighbours nearer than a quarter of a mile, and the household, constituted as we have described it, could offer no resistance to an enemy. It was not yet dark, when Larry's reveries were interrupted by the approach of two men, armed with muskets, who advanced

to the door, and inquired if his name were Eason. On his replying in the negative, one of them entered the cottage, and having wished the farmer a good evening, requested him, in the most civil terms, to walk outside for a few moments as he wished to speak to him. Eason willingly assented, and accompanied his visitors about twenty yards down the lane: a couple of shots were then heard by the terrified inmates of the cottage, and when they proceeded in the direction whence the sounds issued, they found the unfortunate Eason lying on the ground, weltering in his blood. He was perfectly dead, and had been shot in the back by the Terries. Early next morning we went to the spot, in company with the civil authorities; but although the wife and the cowherd had both seen the faces of the murderers, they said they could not identify them. The corpse, already decked out for the wake, lay in the cottage; two or three old cronies of the widow were seated around it, uttering their doleful wailings, and the widow herself, at one moment sobbing, and at the next full of gratified importance at being the narrator of the horrid tale, prepared to answer our interrogatories.

But not even the desire which she must undoubtedly have felt to avenge her husband's death could overcome her dread of Terry Alt's vengeance, should she become that hateful being—an informer. "And how would I know them?" she replied to our questions. "Sure it wouldn't be the neighbours that would do the like, an' he that never so much as harmed a fly, let alone a man, in all his born days. An' how would I tell them, seeing that may be their faces were painted?" and then she burst into paroxysms of sobbing, either feigned or natural, and the women joined her. No clue could be found, however, by which to trace the murderers. Larry, in all probability, had been sworn in, and was one of their confederates, and nothing could be elicited from him, for the ties of gratitude, affection, and kindred, are set at nought by the awful insurgent oath.

Now when we state that scarcely a day passed without the perpetration of deeds such as this by the Terry Alts, it may be imagined what a dreadful state the country was in: to apprehend the criminals was impossible; their fearful oath had subjected the whole population to them. No one dared turn informer, and as for the military force being able to apprehend the insurgents, it was out of the question: for not a soldier could move without his destination being known to the Terries. The constabulary force or police was of more service: their intimate knowledge of the country and of the character of the people enabled them to come in contact with the insurgents on many occasions, and the Terries felt them to be such a thorn in their sides, that they marked them out for destruction. The indefatigable activity of Major Warburton,

Mr. Vokes, and their subordinate officers, kept them, however, in constant alarm, and the steady conduct of the police afforded them no hopes of success against them except by assassination.

In the months of March and April, Terry Alt may be said to have held possession of every part of Clare that was not actually occupied by the army and police. Many of the middling gentry had taken refuge with their families in the towns of Ennis and Gort: those gentlemen who resolved to brave the storm, barricaded their houses, bricked up the lower windows, and applied for military protection; whilst others, in the most pusillanimous manner, delivered their arms to the Terries the moment they were asked for, without firing a shot. Amongst these was a magistrate, who surrendered, it was said, nearly twenty stand of arms, together with powder and shot, to a small party of the insurgents, when there were at the time five gentlemen and as many men servants in his house. On the other hand, some of the gentry behaved with the most distinguished gallantry. Major Rosslewin, when called upon to surrender his arms, discharged their contents in the faces of the insurgents, and beat them off. Mr. Butler and Mr. Alexander defended their father's houses with success against the attacks of Terry Alt; and had their example been more generally followed, the rebellion might have been crushed in the onset; but terror seemed to have unmanned the gentry of Clare, and men who would fearlessly have encountered death in the "deadly breach," now shrunk from the attacks of an invisible foe. Their only excuse for acting in a manner so unworthy of the national character was, that they knew not whom to trust in their own household, as their servants were, generally speaking, implicated in the insurrection, and in many cases, deserted them, without ceremony, in obedience to the commands of Terry Alt. We have heard a ludicrous illustration of this state of things from a gentleman, who, having apprehended an attack, assembled seven men, whom he thought he could rely upon, to assist in defending the house: the windows were barricaded, and having armed his allies, he placed them in position so as to command the entrance of the yard. No enemy came, but instead thereof was a notice, denouncing vengeance against the seven men who had assisted him; they, however, attended at muster next night, but on the third evening he found himself supported solely by his body servant: the others had been informed by Terry Alt, that if they presumed to assist Mr. —, their wives and children should be dragged into the high road, and there beheaded: and as Terry was a man of his word, they stayed at home, and left "the master" to his fate. A detachment of soldiers secured him from further molestation.

The county of Clare being virtually in the possession of the Terries, they now pressed

forward into Galway, and the range of hills between Gort and the Shannon afforded them every facility for holding their nightly meetings, and making incursions on the plains below. In these wild tracts, the men of Galway and Clare met to decide on their future operations, and the large but secluded village of Derrybrien being a central spot, became the focus of the insurrection in this part of the country. From thence, in the month of March, two or three thousand men marched to Marble Hill, the seat of Sir John Burke, member for the county, and who was then in England. They seized all his arms, did an immensity of damage to the house and furniture, and proceeded to perform the same outrages at the houses of the neighbouring gentry: they then dispersed long before either the police or the regular troops could be applied to for aid. A story is told, that on this occasion, two of the Terries began to quarrel about the division of spoil hereafter, and each advanced a claim to Marble Hill, when the final expulsion of the gentry and the Sassenachs should take place, and the Irish should "have their own again!" The dispute waxed warm, and at last some of the captains were appealed to for their decision. "Marble Hill," said the legislators, "shall belong to whichever of you is of the oldest family."

From hence the insurrection spread into Roscommon, and it now extends every where to the southward of the high road from Galway to Athlone. At one time it nearly succeeded in establishing itself in the county of Limerick, but the gentry stepped forward to meet it in such a spirited manner, that they drove it back into Clare.

The alarming state of the country rendered it necessary for Government to increase the display of military force, and fresh troops were poured into Clare and Galway, and scattered in small detachments throughout the villages in those counties. Major General Sir Thomas Arbuthnot fixed his head-quarters at Ennis; the 28th and part of the 59th Regiments were stationed on the borders of Galway; the 5th, 74th, 76th, the depots of two or three regiments, were quartered in Clare; the 68th occupied Athlone; and the 8th Hussars, and part of the Carabineers and Enniskillen Dragoons, performed the cavalry duties.

Day and night patrols were constantly moving through the country, and a stranger passing by, might have been justified in supposing himself in an enemy's country. Ennis and Gort presented such active scenes of military life, that it seemed as if they were "*en état de siège*;" and, to add to the singularity of the picture, it was seldom that a peasant was to be seen by day,—those hours being now devoted to rest which should have been employed in labour. The once light-hearted countryman was now converted into a midnight assassin; and it was by sleeping in the day that he recruited his strength, wasted by

nightly marauding and long marches through the country, when acting at the beck of his invisible leaders.

The duties now imposed upon the troops were of the most irksome and fatiguing description, and it may safely be asserted, that the army was as much harassed during the "War of Terry Alt," as it would have been in a regular campaign, and that without the excitement and novelty which cheers the heart and keeps alive the spirit of a soldier. Let a person who has pictured to himself all the delights of a military life, just fancy the position of a young officer, sent with twenty men to occupy some village in the dreary mountains on the coast of Clare. He finds himself in a miserable hamlet, containing twenty or thirty cabins, swarming with wretched-looking beings, who all wish him at the bottom of the sea that lies below him. Around he sees a barren range of hills, destitute of verdure, unadorned by a single tree, and their surface so completely studded with rocks, that it seems past belief that from thence the inhabitants of the village should derive their means of subsistence. A glance at the quarters prepared for his reception is not more consolatory: if he is so fortunate as to be in a village containing a slated house, that will have been selected for his reception; but if the roof that covers him is thatched, then may he and his men nightly expect to be burnt out of their quarters before morning,—a lighted coal quietly introduced into the thatch to windward, effectually does that part of the business. (A threat to set fire to the quarters occupied by the troops, has more than once been made to our knowledge, but we are not aware that it was ever carried into execution.) Once established in his quarters, our young officer's duties commence: he must patrol several miles during the day, and again by night, despite of the rain, which, as every one knows, is not of rare occurrence in the Emerald Isle; he must wade through bogs, and climb over walls, until he thinks he has proceeded far enough, and then wet, tired, and disgusted, return to his miserable home, without having the satisfaction of feeling that he has done any good. He eats his solitary meal, reads a passage or two of some book that he has already learned by heart, and goes to bed in the hopes of obtaining a night's rest, when just as he is fast asleep, dreaming that he is in some gay, delightful part of the world, he is awoken by a policeman, who comes to claim his assistance in apprehending some suspected persons. The policeman has the best information, and away he goes, feeling some degree of excitement at the idea of coming in contact with the Terries; but when he reaches the spot where he expected to fall in with a party of insurgents "*flagrante delicto*," he finds that the best information is a hoax. Society he is a stranger to; he hails the inspecting visit of his field-officer once a fortnight with the greatest de-

light, as it affords him half an hour's conversation; perhaps also he may have an occasional chat with the priest, and if there is a gentleman residing near the village, he will be asked to dinner; but this invitation he can seldom accept, and when he does venture to dine out, he cannot return to his own house without an escort. Such are a few of the delights of campaigning in Ireland during the present war. We shall hereafter have another opportunity of illustrating this subject.

Notwithstanding the exertions of the army and the activity of those officers who had been appointed magistrates, it was a long while before the Terries professed any dislike to the troops; they seemed anxious to conciliate them, in the hopes that they might be seduced from their allegiance, but when they found themselves mistaken in their conjectures, and that the troops were animated with the firmest wish to annihilate the Terries even at the point of the bayonet, they changed their affection into a dislike which is certainly requited by the soldiers. As yet, however, with one or two exceptions, there has been no blood spilt on either side. One night, indeed, Mr. Mountstephen, of the 28th regiment, when leading a patrol through a disturbed part of the country, was fired at by one of the insurgents, who was instantly shot by a soldier; and more recently the murder of Sergeant Robinson, of the 5th regiment, widened the breach between the Terries and his Majesty's troops; but no pitched battle has taken place.

Towards the end of spring, the Marquis of Anglesea resolved on making a tour through the disturbed districts, in order that he might be able to form a better opinion of the state of the country by personal inspection, than he could do by the reports of others. He first proceeded to Ennis, and received deputations from the gentry, bearing addresses professing sentiments of loyalty and obedience to the laws—the populace cheered him, and, to judge by his reception, there was no lack of good feeling in the country. Yet it was at this very moment that the Terry Alts, as if to set him at defiance, attacked a party of five policemen who were marching from one village to another, and after a running fight, which lasted for some time, and occasioned a few casualties amongst the assailants, the unfortunate policemen were overpowered and put to death in the most barbarous manner.

From Ennis the Lord Lieutenant went to Galway, where he was received with enthusiasm by the inhabitants, yet, to show how great is the influence of Terry Alt, we must mention that on the eve of his Excellency's arrival, the walls of the town were placarded with printed notices to the effect, "*that Lord Anglesea had informed the gentry of Clare, that he did not wish the peasants to give up their arms until the landlords had acceded to their demands.*" This atrocious falsehood was no doubt credited by the lower classes, and tend-

ed to keep alive the spirit of discontent; but the loyal inhabitants of Galway, indignant that their town should offer such an insult to their popular Lord Lieutenant, covered the obnoxious hand-bills with others expressive of the pleasure they felt in welcoming their noble visitor, so that the seditious placards were invisible when his Lordship entered the city.

On Lord Anglesea's return to Dublin, he did not deem it expedient to place the disturbed districts under the Insurrection Act, or under martial law, but directed that a special commission should proceed thither for the purpose of trying the Terries who had been already apprehended; meanwhile outrages were still committed with impunity, and the murder of a colour-serjeant of the 5th regiment created a considerable sensation. He had been sent in command of a party of fourteen men, soldiers and police, to apprehend some persons implicated in the late murders, and the better to conceal his movements, he and his men were dressed in dark-coloured great coats, and armed only with pistols. This disguise was not, however, sufficient to impose upon the sagacity of Terry Alt; they were soon discovered, the alarm was given, and flew like wild-fire from hamlet to hamlet; hundreds of men collected, and Robinson, seeing his danger, commenced a retreat—but it was too late—the insurgents opened an irregular fire on his party, which they ineffectually returned with their pistols. Robinson, who appears to have displayed great courage and judgment, received several wounds, and at last fell dead, and the rest of the men, wounded and unwounded, succeeded in reaching the Rev. Mr. Kennedy's house; their ammunition was expended, and they would have fallen a prey to the infuriated passions of the multitude, had not Mr. Kennedy and a Roman Catholic clergyman, (whose name we believe to be O'Shaughnessy,) expostulated with the insurgents and obtained a capitulation, by which the lives of the party were guaranteed on condition that they would surrender their arms. It is not known how many of the Terries were killed and wounded during this skirmish, but it is supposed that several must have been put *hors de combat*.

Lord Anglesea was still unwilling to put the Insurrection Act or Martial Law in force; the law called the Whiteboy Act gave so much power to the magistracy, that it seemed quite sufficient, if properly administered, and, to ensure its execution, the Government appointed several gentlemen to act as stipendiary magistrates. As they were quite unconnected with the disaffected districts, they were not likely to be biassed by party spirit, nor had they to fear the destruction of their property by Terry Alt in requital of their exertions, a fear which may reasonably be supposed to have operated more or less forcibly on most of the county magistrates. Many officers in the army

were invested with magisterial power, so as to enable them to unite civil and military authority in their own person, and to their exertions in aid of the stipendiary magistrates may be attributed the check that was placed on the insurrection. The indefatigable activity of the latter deserves great praise, and Captain Warburton especially is to be thanked for the energy with which he at once struck terror into the Terries, by assuming the offensive, and carrying the war into the enemy's country. He knew Derrybrien to be the resort of the Terries, and having combined a plan of operations with other magistrates and the officers commanding detachments, he resolved to make a sweep through the mountains, in hopes of arresting several suspicious persons against whom he had information. The following letter, which has been lent to us, gives an account of the expedition; it was written by an officer to one of his friends in England.

“May 25th, 1831.

“MY DEAR S.— We commenced our campaign against the Terries on Sunday last. It was short and bloodless, but dreadfully fatiguing. I mentioned in my last letter that I was stationed at the foot of the mountains, connecting Galway with Clare. In the midst of these wilds there is a populous village called Derrybrien, and we received information that many persons implicated in the late dreadful outrages resided at that place or in the vicinity. A plan of attack was therefore concerted with the greatest secrecy, and a concentric movement from Gort, Kilechrist, Loughrea, and various posts in Clare was directed upon the village. Eleven detachments of cavalry and infantry accordingly marched from different points on Sunday night, with orders to arrest every man they met, to capture all the male inhabitants of the villages on their way, and to concentrate at Derrybrien at six o'clock, A.M. We marched at eleven o'clock on Sunday night and commenced ascending the mountains; it was moonlight, and, until we reached the summit of the first range of hills, all went on well, but a dense fog then enveloped us, we lost our way, (not our road, for road there was none,) and for a couple of hours we were floundering in a great bog. We succeeded with much difficulty in extricating ourselves from this quagmire, and continued plunging onwards through a morass and over the most desolate tract of moor and mountain that you can conceive, when at dawn of day the barking of dogs assured us that we were near a village. With infinite valour and discretion I prepared for the attack, surrounded the hamlet, placed sentries at every door, and then proceeded to secure the inmates. It was in truth a curious scene; the people were as wild as the deer, and the women and children little better than savages. One bed served for a whole family, nay, for two or three generations, and they seemed when asleep to *deem all clothing quite superfluous*. We arrested eighteen men, some of whom wore clothes far superior to those of persons in their condition, the remainder of the men were most probably attending

some illegal meeting in the mountains. As soon as we left the village, the women set up a wild howl as a signal of alarm, and we were obliged to admonish them in very ungallant terms to do that difficult thing—hold their tongues. This done, we continued our swampy march. At half-past five o'clock we had reached the mountain overlooking Derrybrien. The hills around were sprinkled with our soldiers, advancing in a circle in extended order; the morning was fine, the scenery wild in the extreme, and the whole scene more like an incident on actual service than any thing we had a right to expect at home. Notwithstanding our good arrangements, we did not succeed in capturing the Derrybriennites, a stupid officer who commanded one of the detachments having entered the village before the appointed hour and given the alarm. 220 Terries were, however, made prisoners, and on the hills, where pursuit was unavailable, there were hundreds looking down upon us and shouting their wild signals of alarm: it reminded me of some of Sir Walter Scott's highland scenes in Rob Roy. I was obliged to march my company with the prisoners, who required a strong escort of hussars and infantry; we went past Marble Hill to Loughrea, where the prisoners were placed in temporary confinement, and then I returned home at half-past seven o'clock on Monday evening. We had marched forty miles, principally 'o'er moor and mountain,' the heat was insupportable, we had no provisions, and you may believe me when I say, that I was rather tired; twenty-one hours on foot is rather harassing work. A similar movement to this was to have taken place in Clare on Monday night, and we hope that many Terries will be identified. There is a fair in Loughrea to-day, the town is full of country people, and it is reported that the Terries intend to attempt a rescue; half a troop of the 8th Hussars have just past my windows on its way there, but I do not believe there will be any thing in it. As soon as the Terries have planted their potatoes we expect the disturbances to increase, and I am convinced some clever people are at the bottom of the business. The Terries have too much method in their madness for a mere rabble; they have plenty of money, and they are reported to have said that before three weeks are over, they would arm themselves at our expense. Even now they have arms in abundance, and if something is not settled soon, why—*nous verrons!* The houses of the gentlemen are all *en état de siège*, but many of the Squireens have behaved most shamefully, and have delivered their arms to the Terries without firing a shot. We have parties out night and day, but they do no good, and if we wish to forward a letter from one military station to another, we are obliged to send four or five men with it. I am quite sick of all this, as I have no desire to transfer my allegiance from the House of Guelph to that of Derrinane. ADDIO."

The expedition to Derrybrien, and others of a similar nature in Clare, enabled the magistrates to identify many suspected persons, and when the special commission commenced

its sittings in Ennis and Galway, the county gaols were full of prisoners. Of these few were acquitted; but the Crown in most cases having declined to prosecute on the capital charge, most of the criminals were sentenced to transportation. Many, when they were led from the dock to the cart which was to bear them far away from their kindred and homes, bitterly lamented their infatuation, and one young man cursed the hour when he first heard of O'Connell. The murderer of Mr. Blood and some of the persons implicated in the murder of Robinson and the Policemen, were tried, convicted, and suffered death; and it is a singular circumstance, that when the latter were executed near the scene of their crime, not a single being attended to witness their exit from this world, except the guards and executioners. In ordinary cases all the county would have assembled to see a man hanged.

The special commission having terminated its sittings, it seemed as if much good were likely to result from the examples it had made. The country for a short time became tranquil; but this calm was not of long duration, and Terrymism recommenced with such violence, that at a meeting of the magistrates and gentry of the county of Galway, which was held at Loughrea in the beginning of July, it was unanimously agreed, that the laws then in force were not sufficient to maintain tranquillity, and the Lord Lieutenant was requested to employ more forcible measures. This request was not granted, and at a second meeting, held fourteen days afterwards, it was reiterated, and backed by the assertion, that more than forty outrages had been committed since the last assembly.

In this state do affairs rest at present—the organization of the Terries is still unbroken. Terry Alt is undiscovered, and the last letters from Ireland speak of the western counties as being in a very turbulent state. We should think, however, that peace will soon be signed between Government and Terry Alt, and that the latter, awakening from his infatuation, may see how much he has erred in following the path of rebellion; if not, if another campaign takes place this winter, we fervently hope that we may be neither a partaker in its fatigues or in its glories. T. A. T.

From the Metropolitan.

LINES WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF LA PEROUSE'S VOYAGES.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LOVED Voyager! whose pages had a zest
More sweet than fiction to my wand'ring
breast,
When, rapt in fancy, many a boyish day
I track'd his wand'ring o'er the watery way,
Roam'd round the Aleutian isles in waking
dreams,
Or pluck'd the *fleur-de-lis* by Jesso's streams—
O 2

Or gladly leap'd on that far Tartar strand,
When Europe's anchor ne'er had bit the sand,
Where scarce a roving wild tribe cross'd the plain,

Or human voice broke nature's silent reign;
But vast and grassy deserts feed the bear,
And sweeping deer-herds dread no hunter's snare.

Such young delight his real records brought,
His truth so touch'd romantic springs of thought,

That all my after-life—his fate and fame,
Entwined romance with La Perouse's name.—

Fair were his ships, expert his gallant crews,—
And glorious was th' emprise of La Perouse,
Humanely glorious! Men will weep for him,
When many a guilty martial fame is dim:
He plough'd the deep to bind no captive's chain—

Pursued no rapine—strew'd no wreck with slain;

And, save that in the deep themselves lie low,
His heroes pluck'd no wreath from human woe.
'Twas his the earth's remotest bounds to scan,
Conciliating with gifts barbaric man—
Enrich the world's contemporaneous mind,
And amplify the picture of mankind.

Far on the vast Pacific—midst those isles,
O'er which the earliest morn of Asia smiles,
He sounded and gave charts to many a shore
And gulf of Ocean new to nautic lore;
Yet he that led discovery o'er the wave,
Still fills himself an undiscover'd grave.
He came not back,—Conjecture's cheek grew pale,

Year after year—in no propitious gale,
His lili'd banner held its homeward way,
And science sadden'd at her martyr's stay.

An age elapsed—no wreck told where or when
The chief went down with all his gallant men,
Or whether by the storm and wild sea flood
He perish'd, or by wilder men of blood—
The shudd'ring Fancy only guess'd his doom,
And Doubt to Sorrow gave but deeper gloom.

An age elapsed—when men were dead or grey,
Whose hearts had mourn'd him in their youthful day;

Fame traced on Mannicolo's shore at last,
The boiling surge had mounted o'er his mast.
The islesmen told of some surviving men,
But Christian eyes beheld them ne'er again.
Sad bourne of all his toils—with all his band—
To sleep, wreck'd, shroudless, on a savage strand.

Yet what is all that fires a hero's scorn
Of death?—the hope to live in hearts unborn:
Life to the brave is not its fleeting breath,
But worth—foretasting fame, that follows death.
That worth had La Perouse—that need he won;

He sleeps—his life's long stormy watch is done.

In the great deep, whose boundaries and space
He measured, Fate ordain'd his resting-place;
But bade his fame, like the Ocean rolling o'er
His relics—visit every earthly shore.

Fair Science on that Ocean's azure robe,
Still writes his name in picturing the globe,
And paints—(what fairer wreath could Glory twine.)

His watery course—a world-encircling line.

From the Quarterly Review.

CROKER'S EDITION OF BOSWELL'S JOHNSON.*

Is the history of Mr. Croker's reputation the year 1831 will ever form a remarkable epoch. Till then, however adequately his talents and acquirements may have been appreciated within the range of personal familiarity, the impression actually received among the nation at large does not, certainly, appear to have been such as is now on all sides acknowledged. Within a few months, the "clever, sharp man of subordinate official details" has raised himself in the House of Commons to the rank of a first-rate parliamentary debater, and been received among their foremost leaders—equally qualified for the station by industry, perspicacity, extent of knowledge, vigour of intellect, courage, and decision—by one of the great conflicting parties in the state. And precisely in the midst of those unparalleled exertions, which have thus astonished friendly and confounded hostile politicians, appears a work which, by *all but* universal consent, lifts the same person into a literary position, not less enviably superior to what he had previously *seemed* to occupy in that earlier field of his distinction. Judging from the casual gossip of contemporary journals, the vulgar notion had been, that he held undoubtedly the pen of a most shrewd dialectician and cutting satirist, but would grapple in vain, if he should be rash enough to make such an attempt, with any of the "weightier matters" either of moral or of critical scrutiny. In these volumes the double question has been put to the test, and the result may teach some of our "public instructors," as well as more important persons, to pause a little on future occasions, ere, perceiving and admitting the existence of genius, they presume to determine the range of its capacity—upon uncertain *data*,—in the exercise, with all due respect be it said, of imperfect powers of discrimination—and even under, perhaps, to a certain extent, the unconscious influence of something like jealousy. Meantime, the mist being once thoroughly dispelled, we entertain no apprehension of seeing it again gather. His hostages have at length been given and accepted, and, as Voltaire says—

"On en vaut mieux quand on est regardé:
L'œil du public est aiguillon de gloire."

That a book overflowing with personal anecdotes and allusions, published by one who, with all his ineffable follies, was a gentleman of birth, station, and unsullied honour, while almost all the individuals concerned in its stories or glanced at in its hints were

* The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. By James Boswell, Esq. A New Edition. Edited and illustrated with numerous Biographical and Historical Notes. By the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. 5 vols. London. 1831.

living, the greater part of them too in much the same circles with its author—that such a book would have need of a diligent and skilful annotator, after a lapse of nearly half a century, was sufficiently obvious. Had the task been much longer deferred, hardly a single individual that had ever moved in the society of Johnson and his worshipping biographer would have remained. Even the generation that had fed in youth upon the table-talk of the great doctor's surviving associates, were beginning to be thinned among us. Mr. Croker's character and position offered, of course, the readiest access to such living sources of information as could still be appealed to; and probably few would have questioned his sagacity in detecting the proper points of inquiry—his prompt and unwearied diligence in following out hints and suggestions; in short, his abundant qualifications for discharging, in regard to such a book, all the editorial functions which were likely to have occurred to the mind of a Malone. But if Mr. Croker had only done in the most satisfactory manner what was thus looked for at his hands, we should have had a far different book before us, and his general reputation would have owed little, if any thing, to the achievement. He has gone a long way, indeed, beyond the usual scope and purpose of anecdotal note-makers. Not satisfied with hunting out whatever facts could be explained as to detail, or added to the already enormous mass, from the dust of forgotten pamphlets, the scattered stores of manuscript correspondence, and the oral communications of persons of all ranks and conditions, from Lord Stowell, Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. D'Israeli, and Mr. Markland, down to the obscurest descendants of Johnson's connexions in early provincial life;—not satisfied with equalling, to all appearance, in this sort of diligence, the utmost exertions of any commentator that ever staked his glory on the rectification of a date, he has brought his own piercing, strong, and liberal understanding, enriched with most multifarious knowledge of books, more especially of literary and political biography, and expanded by as extensive observation of men and manners, as has fallen to the lot of any living person—he has brought, in a word, the whole vigour of his own mental resources to bear upon this, at first sight, sufficiently unostentatious field of labour—and produced, in consequence, a book which, were every correction of detail it contains, every *hiatus* it fills up as to mere matters of fact, every name, every date, even every new anecdote it gives, all obliterated at a stroke, would still keep its place and its worth;—nay, which, if it actually had omitted all and every one of these things, would, perhaps, have done more for Mr. Croker's estimation with the general mob of readers, than it has done, or must do, in its present more complete condition.

The world measures excellence with a narrow eye; and when forced to admit that one thing has been well done by any given individual, will seldom, without extreme reluctance, believe him to have been equally successful in another, even if it were not a higher, way. How flattering to the indolence and the envy, alike characteristic of the present tone of intellect, the off-hand decision, that he who writes a dozen of letters, all to discover whether it was on a Thursday or a Friday that a certain human being dined sixty years ago with a certain club, must be incapable of entering with a liberal and philosophic spirit, into any given question of moral weight, naturally springing up in the course of long and painful study of the details of that individual's life, whether as a man or as an author. It would, we have no doubt, have been more agreeable to the multitude of our *litterati*, if Mr. Croker had not urged pretensions of so many sorts at one and the same time upon their candour. We may flatter ourselves, if we will, that we are genuises, but we all know pretty well whether we really are or are not students. To any real superiority in the intellectual gifts of nature we may oppose the phantoms of our own vanity; but we are forced to acknowledge *labor improbus*, wherever exerted; and many of us are apt to regard with the least satisfaction that part of our neighbour's excellence, which upbraiding conscience tells us we might have rivalled had we pleased. Hence, however, the prevailing fashion—the fruit of laziness, self-love, and jealous spleen—of at least affecting to consider the display of extraordinarily minute and persevering diligence as proof of the absence of comprehensive original faculties. The doctrine is, perhaps, started under merely a vague and distinct half-hope of deceiving the million, as to the points concerning which the heresiarch sees the truth clearly enough himself. But what is said once, in a tone at all pleasing to human weakness, is sure to be lustily re-echoed; and this particular specimen of mystification to which we are alluding appears now to have worked its way so widely into the actual *bona fide* creed of those who make up perhaps nineteen-twentieths of the blind, drowsy mass commonly styled “the reading public,” that we see no reason for retracting the expression of our belief that if Mr. Croker had put forth his philosophical reflections on Johnson's character and genius, without adding a tittle to what the children of Martinus had formerly accumulated as to the *quæsto rezata*, whether J. B. in a given page of Boswell mean John Brown, or James Black, and the like—the popular disposition to give his edition credit for what

“The cant of the hour
Has taught babes to call *power*,”

would have been considerably more on the alert.
Many, again, who think, like ourselves, of

the style in which Mr. Croker has acquitted himself of the higher part of his task, will perhaps wish that he may never in future undertake any such task at all, but exercise his talents in original works alone. Heartily concurring, however, in the hope that many purely original works may hereafter proceed from his pen, we cannot but express, nevertheless, our earnest desire that we may have him from time to time before us in the editorial capacity also. The English library has hitherto been poorer in nothing than in this department. We are inclined to attribute the lamentable neglect into which a vast array of our true classics have already fallen, to no one cause,—not even the infantine rage for what pretends to be novelty—so much as the stupid, perplexing, soul-tantalizing method in which the best existing editions of them have been prepared; and entertain, in fact, considerable doubts whether at this time of day a liberal scholar, uniting strong natural judgment, sound taste, extensive information, and industrious habits, with some spice of the practical tact of the man of business and the world, could in any way whatever render more important service to the literature of his country, or even achieve, in the long run, a more distinguished reputation for himself, than by devoting his time and energies to a series of English editions. Of our great old dramatists we have no editions that can be called tolerable, except those of the late Mr. Gifford; and even their faults are obvious, numerous, and some of them of an offensive description. He has not indeed handed down his venerable favourites burdened, after the manner of their master Shakspeare, with the accumulated rubbish of a sixty years succession of obtuse, purblind, wrangling pedants—some incapable of understanding the plainest of common-sense, expressed in the clearest of English; almost all of them as incapable of comprehending the rapid flashing felicities of a soaring inspiration, as poor Omai was of understanding upon what principle his English friend thought of ascending in a balloon when he might have called a hackney coach at the next corner;—perpetually abusing each other, at the bottom of the page of a godlike poet, about some nonsense of colons or semicolons, and overlaying us with their clumsy officiousness where nobody but one of their own narrow-browed breed could have discovered a difficulty. Such abominations as the Shakspeares of Stevens, Malone, and last, and of course worst of all, the younger Boswell, could never have been re-ushered into the world by Mr. Gifford; but he fell into two or three pervading errors which have rendered even his editions very far inferior to what might have been expected. He could not somehow, with all his strong faculties, raise himself to his poet, so as to imbibe the desirable calmness of contempt for the poet's preceding commentators. He could not be

satisfied with writing his *dela* by the side of the grossest blunder; he too must stop to anatomize, expatiate, vituperate, and exult. On the other hand, he could not—as how many men of even the greatest talents have failed to do?—take home to himself, kind-hearted, feeble in health, and variable in spirits as he was, a sufficiently firm sense of the vast superiority of his own understanding over the understandings of persons with whom he had been constantly in the habits of familiar intercourse. Ruthless and relentless to dead strangers, he certainly seems to have had a most extraordinary measure of tolerant milkiness at the service of living friends, not a bit more brilliant perhaps than the dulllest of his victims; and has accordingly suffered the close, terse shrewdness of his own annotations to be continually mixed up and contrasted with the mawkish commonplace of some of the heaviest prosers of his generation. New editions of Spenser, Milton, and Pope are *now*, indeed, announced;—but how long have the two former continued to groan in fellowship under the merciless incubism of *omne quod exiit* in Todd; while the third, the lightest, the brightest, and most tasteful of English poets, has been dragging with his very airy sparkling couplet a whole Scribleriad of random guesses, mid-day gropings, and misty dreamy *excursus*, forsooth, such as might have been well enough placed in some appendix to Jacob Behmen or Jeremy Bentham? Even Swift and Dryden, though they have found in our own time an editor whom posterity will rank at least as high as either of them for extent and variety of original talents, have, we are constrained to say, been dealt with by him in a fashion by no means favourable to the living popularity of their collective works. Sir Walter Scott's lives of these two great men will always keep their place among the most fascinating of his narratives; but valuable, indeed wonderful, as is the mass of knowledge he has poured out in his notes on their writings, it must be admitted he never seems to have even suspected that if *information* be the first requisite in an annotator, a second, and scarcely, in the case of a voluminous author, a less important one, is *compression*.

We might easily extend our list of poets, dramatists, and others who have been, at best, imperfectly and hastily edited, but what is to be said as to those really great writers who, from the nature of their productions most especially demanding annotation, have never received it at all? On the whole body of our later comedians, from Congreve to Foote, crammed as they of course are, more than any other series of authors in the language, with passages the very soul and spirit of which depend on evanescent allusions, it may we believe be asserted, that not one single scrap of annotation has, down to this time, been bestowed! Very nearly the same thing

may be said of the great comic novelists, dramatists in all but name and form—and more than dramatists will ever again be in power—of the days of George II. But all these omissions are trivial as compared to graver cases still; take, for one example out of at least twenty, Hume's History of England. That book has taken its place as the classical record, and can no more be supplanted by any thing else on the same subject than Macbeth, or the Paradise Lost, or the Dunciad. Yet though new lights as to the details of many of the most important periods have been pouring on the world in floods since Hume wrote, it is only now, at the close of 1831, that any one seems to have opened his eyes to the propriety of condensing the pith and essence of this information at the foot of Hume's beautiful pages. In place of this we have had ever and anon some new "History of England," which, after at best tumbling half seen in the wake of the good ship David for a few years, has sunk for ever, to be replaced by some equally short-lived specimen of book-craft. To drive Hume out of the market is impossible. The nation is no more disposed to welcome a new history than a new constitution; but in the former case, at all events, the application of a firm, though respectful hand, to correct admitted errors, and fill up inconvenient blanks, will be sure of a zealous reception. Admiring as we do, the many graces of thought and diction scattered over Sir James Mackintosh's recent volumes, and the profound learning and, here and there, original and masterly conceptions of Mr. Palgrave, we hope to be pardoned for expressing our opinion that even pens like theirs would have been better employed in annotating and commenting on Hume, than in any thing like an attempt to rewrite the immortal history of Great Britain. With respect to Dr. Lingard and the others who have been labouring with more solemn pretensions in this vain walk, we are sure the best compliment they need look for at the hands of posterity will be the finding room for a few extracts and abridgments from their operose tomes at the end of the permanent and inimitable narrator's paragraphs or chapters.

The present miserable stagnation for which the book market, like most other markets, feels duly obliged to Lord Grey, will hardly, it is to be hoped, endure much longer; and as, when that terminates, the usual reaction, and even a redoubled spring, may be anticipated, we are anxious to avail ourselves of the temporary pause, to urge some of these matters on the consideration of the metropolitan publishers. They must all perceive that this business, owing principally to the application of steam to printing, is about to undergo a complete revolution; and whether that revolution shall end in great good, or in immeasurable evil, to the literature of the country, and the intellectual cultivation of

the people, will as undoubtedly depend in no trivial measure upon them. If they persist in applying the new faculties for feeding an indefinitely extending market, to the forcing of new books, a few good new books may, no doubt, be elicited in the course of their exertions, but the general effect will be to swamp the solid classics of the land amidst a chaos of crude abridgments, and tasteless rifaccimentos. It was a saying of, if we recollect rightly, Bishop Warburton,—"there are two things every man thinks himself fit for—managing a small farm and driving a whiskey." To write a compendious history of any given great man or nation—

Pour diriger et l'esprit et la cœur,
Avec préface et l'avis au lecteur—

would now appear to be an achievement within the reach of any individual, male or female, who has ever been permitted to scribble a page in a magazine, or report a speech in the House of Commons. The booksellers will, however, discover in the course of time, that this particular species of ambition may be indulged somewhat to *their* cost, and sooner or later arrive at the conclusion which we beg leave to recommend to their attention *now*—to wit, that it would be safer and better for themselves, as well as infinitely more conducive to the spread of real information, and the maintenance of manly tastes, were they to direct their thoughts to a more rational system of editing, in conjunction with their daily and hourly expanding means of circulating, the good books that are.

It is also probable, that many of those industrious persons who are now employed in the manufacture of flimsy novelties, might, in the end, be gainers in purse, as well as reputation, by having their field of exertion changed in the manner we have been now suggesting. We know, for instance, few English books of reference which might not be doubled in value, merely by that patient examination of works on similar subjects extant in the German alone, which any man of decent education and industry might accomplish. Even in this department, however, the modern Mecnases must be on their guard, and not be too ready to consider that the best bargain which infers the least immediate outlay. To edit worthily any book, the chief value of which lies elsewhere than in the mere accumulation of facts, will always demand talents very far above those which of late have presumed to trample so audaciously upon the difficult and delicate, though not, perhaps, dignified art, of epitomizing; and if the course we are recommending should be pursued by the booksellers, the fastidiousness of the public will, of necessity, be year after year, visibly on the increase. A few such specimens as that now on our table would, indeed, go far to banish from all that is worth consideration in this department, dull plodding drudgery on

the one hand, and on the other, what is worse, as well as now-a-days a more common thing, smart, impudent, jobbing shallowness.

We have no doubt, that to the early education and mental habits of the *lawyer*, we owe the chief merits, both of this edition of Boswell, and of its editor's late anti-revolutionary stand in the House of Commons. In either exertion we trace the same, perhaps, in these days, unrivalled combination of the patience that *deems* no detail too minute to be below notice, and the intellectual grasp that, clutching no matter how many apparently world-wide details together, can squeeze out of the mass results which hardly any one could have clearly anticipated, and yet in which, when once eliminated, no thinker can hesitate to acquiesce. And it will hardly be denied, that there was no book in the language more worthy of calling the latter at least of these qualifications into play. Though, in many respects, the best of biographers, Boswell was perhaps more utterly devoid of some of the most important requisites for that species of composition, in regard to such a subject as Dr. Johnson, than any other author of his class whose performance has obtained general approbation. Never did any man tell a story with such liveliness and fidelity, and yet contrive to leave so strong an impression that he did not himself understand it. This is, in one view, the main charm of his book. A person accustomed to exercise his mind in critical research, feels, in reading it, as a practised jurymen may be supposed to do, when the individual in the box is giving a clear and satisfactory evidence, obviously unconscious, all the while, of the real gist and bearing of the facts he is narrating. One of the oldest adages in Westminster-hall is, "in a bad case, the most dangerous of witnesses is a child;" and it holds not less true, that, in a good cause, a child is the best. But all jurymen cannot be expected to combine and apply for themselves, with readiness, or to much purpose, a long array of details, dropped threadless and unconnected from the lips of veracious simplicity. Comparatively few, in a difficult case, can turn such evidence to much use, until they have had their *clue* from the summing up; and, if the judge happens to be a Wynford or a Lyndhurst, wielding strong intellectual energies with equal quickness, firmness, and fairness, the most accomplished of the assize will probably be not the least thankful for the benefit of his *Notes*.

If, however, this charming narrative had need of a commentator of a higher cast of mind than belonged to its penman, just as the nine books of Herodotus have gained immeasurably in solid value from the comprehensive *resumé* in the first sections of Thucydides, no one, most assuredly, will wish that the original task of biographizing Dr. Johnson should have fallen to any hands but Boswell's, any more, if we may hazard so lofty

a comparison, than that the immortal stories of Salamis and Marathon should have been reserved for some other spirit, no matter how much more profound, so it were also more ambitious, fastidious, and disposed to generalize, than that of the father of profane history. Who, to put the strongest possible case, would, with his Boswell before him, wish that the author had been too modest to grapple with a theme unquestionably worthy of the greatest talents, and that a humbler and really more just self-appreciation on his part, had devolved the task upon the only associate of Johnson, whom posterity classes in the same intellectual rank with himself, Mr. Burke? Happy indeed for the lovers of wit and wisdom, the students of human character, above all for those who are in any degree capable of sympathising with the struggles, the sorrows, and the triumphs of genius—happy for all such persons, were the day and the hour that first brought the unmeasuring enthusiasm, the omnivorous curiosity, the unblushing, utterly unconscious indelicacy, the ebullient self-love, combined with almost total negation of self-respect, and the perhaps unrivalled *memory*, of the young laird of Auchinleck, into contact with that man whom, of all living men, one would have *a priori* pronounced the least likely to tolerate those innumerable weaknesses, absurdities, and impertinences, which rendered him, in the eyes of general society, at best a walking caricature, and a harmless butt—only wanting a slight tinge of gravity—or perhaps in those days, a coronet might have served the turn—to take rank as the very beautiful of the genus *Bore*.

To that casual introduction at good Mr. Dilly's dinner table, we owe, however, not only a more satisfactory style of record, than any other human being was at all likely to have adopted, but much also of what is most amusing, and even instructive, in the subject matter of the record itself. But for Boswell, Johnson would never have gone to the Hebrides—he would probably have died without having virtually extended his sphere of personal observation beyond Litchfield and London—certainly without having had any opportunity of enlarging his sympathies, by the contemplation of a totally and most picturesquely new system of natural scenery, and human manners. We should have lost the northern tour—the best and most characteristic, except the Lives of the Poets, of all his prose works. But it was not merely by taking his chief to the Ultima Thule, that the most assiduous of henchmen rendered us good service in this way. We owe still more, perhaps to the Scotch optics, which, whether in the Canongate of Edinburgh, or amid the wilds of Sky—

"Ponti profundis clausa recessibus,
Strepens procellis, rupibus obsita"—

or in the Mitre tavern (while Johnson took

his ease in his inn,) or in Mrs. Montague's boudoir, or in the kind brewer's warm dining-room at Streatham, or amidst the sober repose of Dr. Taylor's rectory,—wherever, in short, another touch was to be added to the eternal picture, James Boswell could not help carrying about with himself. It is to this circumstance at least, that the readers of other countries, and distant times, will owe some of their weightiest obligations. Much about Johnson, which would have been passed over as too familiar for special notice, by any Englishman, was quite new, and, being Johnsonian, of grand importance to his Ostade—and of this much not a little is *already* almost as remote from the actual observation of living Englishmen, as it could then have been noteworthy in the eyes of a Scotchman of Boswell's condition. In like manner, in talking with one whom, as being a Scotchman, he always assumed to be grossly ignorant of England, Johnson was naturally led to speak out his views and opinions on a thousand questions, which, under other circumstances, he might never in all probability have thought of stirring—questions nevertheless of lasting interest, and views and opinions, which were it but that they mark what *could* be said in regard to such questions by a man of genius and authority, at that particular time, would gain in historical value by every year that passes over the record. The interfusion of the three nations, as to manners, opinions, feelings, and in a word, *character*, has proceeded at so rapid a pace within the last half century, and is so likely to go on, and to end in all but a complete amalgamation before another period of similar extent shall have expired, that if it were but for having given us, ere it was too late, a complete portrait of the real native uncontaminated Englishman, with all his tastes and prejudices fresh and strong about him,—even if it were possible to consider Boswell's delineation of Samuel Johnson merely as a character in a novel of that period, the world would have owed him, and acknowledged, no trivial obligation.

But what can the best character in any novel ever be, compared to a full-length of the reality of genius? and what specimen of such reality will ever surpass the

"OMNIS VOTIVA VELUTI DEPICTA TABELLÀ
VITA SENIS?—"

—the first, and as yet by far the most complete picture of the whole life and conversation of one of that rare order of beings, the rarest, the most influential of all, whose mere genius entitles and enables them to act as great independent controlling powers upon the general tone of thought and feeling of their kind, and invests the very soil where it can be shown they ever set foot, with a living and sacred charm of interest, years and ages after the loftiest of the contemporaries, that did or did not condescend to notice them,

shall be as much forgotten, even by the heirs of their own blood and honours, as if they had never strutted their hour on the glittering stage? Enlarged and illuminated, as we now have it, by the industrious researches and the sagacious running criticism of Mr. Croker, "Boswell's Johnson" is, without doubt,—excepting, yet hardly excepting, a few immortal monuments of creative genius,—that English book, which, were this island to be sunk to-morrow with all that it inhabits, would be most prized in other days and countries, by the students "of us and of our history." We may easily satisfy ourselves as to this point: what is that Greek or Latin book which the most ardent scholar would not sacrifice, so he could evoke from some sepulchral *palimpsest*, a life of any intellectual giant of antiquity, a first rate luminary, both social and literary, of old Rome or Athens, conceived and executed after this model? Probably every one will answer "Homer:" but who will make three exceptions besides? or at all events, who are the three persons that will agree as to what the three other exceptions ought to be?

Mr. Croker has handled throughout with exquisite skill the character of Boswell himself, especially as elicited in the turn and colouring of particular statements with regard to which we have the means of comparing him with other witnesses. The result is, that while "the lively lady," Mrs. Piozzi, and some others, whom he could never altogether pardon for having poached on his manor, are often satisfactorily vindicated from the charge of wilful misrepresentation, and the biographer himself is shown to have relied, in certain instances,—in the sheer spirit of opposition to them, as it would seem,—on testimony of the most worthless description, especially that of Miss Seward, whose faithless impertinence comes out in a style quite fatal to her reputation (if she ever had any)—in spite of all these things, the result is honourable to Mr. Boswell; and we quote the following passage from the Editor's preface, as a fair summary of his ultimate impressions:—

"It was a strange and fortunate concurrence, that one so prone to talk, and who talked so well, should be brought into such close contact and confidence with one so zealous and so able to record. Dr. Johnson was a man of extraordinary powers, but Mr. Boswell had qualities, in their own way, almost as rare. He united lively manners with indefatigable diligence, and the volatile curiosity of a *man about town* with the drudging patience of a *chronicler*. With a very good opinion of himself, he was quick in discerning, and frank in applauding, the excellence of others. Though proud of his own name and lineage, and ambitious of the countenance of the great, he was yet so cordial an admirer of *merit*, wherever found, that much public ridicule, and something like contempt, were excited by the *modest assurance* with which he pressed his acquaintance on all the *notorieties* of his time, and by the ostenta-

tious (but, in the main, laudable) assiduity with which he attended the exile Paoli and the low-born Johnson! These were amiable, and, for unfortunate inconsistencies. His contemporaries indeed, not without some colour of reason, occasionally complain of him as vain, inquisitive, troublesome, and giddy; but his vanity was inoffensive—his curiosity was commonly directed towards laudable objects—when he meddled, he did so, generally, from good-natured motives—and his giddiness was only an exuberant gaiety, which never failed in the respect and reverence due to literature, morals, and religion: and posterity gratefully acknowledges the taste, temper, and talents with which he selected, enjoyed, and described that polished and intellectual society which still lives in his work, and without his work had perished!

‘Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.’

Such imperfect though interesting sketches as Ben Jonson's visit to Drummond, Selden's Table Talk, Swift's Journal, and Spence's Anecdotes, only tantalize our curiosity and excite our regret that there was no *Boswell* to preserve the conversation and illustrate the life and times of Addison, of Swift himself, of Milton, and, above all, of Shakespeare! We can hardly refrain from indulging ourselves with the imagination of works so instructive and delightful; but that were idle: except as it may tend to increase our obligation to the faithful and fortunate biographer of Dr. Johnson.

“Mr. Boswell's birth and education familiarized him with the highest of his acquaintance, and his good-nature and conviviality with the lowest. He describes society of all classes with the happiest discrimination. Even his fobles assisted his curiosity; he was sometimes laughed at, but always well received; he excited no envy, he imposed no restraint. It was well known that he made notes of every conversation, yet no timidity was alarmed, no delicacy demurred: and we are perhaps indebted to the lighter parts of his character for the patient indulgence with which every body submitted to sit for their pictures.

“Nor were his talents inconsiderable. He had looked a good deal into books, and more into the world. The narrative portion of his works is written with good sense, in an easy and perspicuous style, and without (which seems odd enough) any palpable imitation of Johnson. But in recording conversations he is unrivalled; that he was eminently accurate in substance, we have the evidence of all his contemporaries; but he is also in a high degree characteristic—dramatic. The incidental observations with which he explains or enlivens the dialogue, are terse, appropriate, and picturesque—we not merely hear his company, *see see them!*”—*Preface*, p. xxvii.

We cannot persuade ourselves to think quite so highly of Mr. Boswell as his editor appears to do; but we have already, perhaps, sufficiently intimated our notions on this head, and shall merely take the liberty to add one or two reflections more that have occurred to us,

while reperusing the most readable of books, in regard to Boswell's peculiar qualifications for his task. We have alluded above to his country as a favourable circumstance; and Mr. Croker elegantly and judiciously runs over certain advantages derived from the social position of the man, and the easy good-natured assurance of his manners. Perhaps, however, he owed most of all to his comparatively juvenile standing at the time when the acquaintance began; to the child-like and altogether unrivalled humility, in the midst of a world of froth and petulance, of his personal veneration for the doctor; and, last not least, to his never being, during the doctor's life, an habitual resident in London. The man who, by his own talents, raises himself in any signal and splendid degree above his original position, must in general, if he is to have intimate friends at all, seek them in his new sphere. To say nothing of his being, in most cases, removed from his earlier circles, by physical obstacles, or at least by many intervening barriers of adopted manners, altered and enlarged views, opinions, tastes and objects, and almost inextricable involvement in the thousand perplexities of a different system of social arrangements, he is apt, however strength of understanding, generosity of temper, and the tenderness of old recollections might lift him above attaching serious importance to any external changes, and dispose him to cling on as many points as possible to the connexions of his undistinguished years—however safe in the true inborn nobility of his intellect from all risk, either of imbibing an unmanly admiration for mere worldly greatness, or shrinking from the consciousness of having, in former times, contemplated its sphere from a hopeless distance—he is apt to find his inclinations on this score thwarted by the workings, possibly unconscious, of somewhat ungenial feelings on the part of those who have been surveying, from what was once his level as well as theirs, the unpartaken elevation of his fortune or fame. A touch of something too like envy is apt to mingle with their wonder; nay, many spirits are cast so earthly as to resent his rise only the more, that he seems willing to forget it himself in their presence. They cannot away with what, in spite of its frankest effort to resume the old relations, jealous feebleness keeps whispering is the condescension of the once equal associate.* A half-incredulous confusion of awe and spleen poisons every thing. We cannot fail to discover abundant traces of this in the history of Johnson's intercourse, during his brighter years, not merely, in casual glimpses, with his humble acquaintances of the Litchfield period, but with those (some of them, too, highly, though less illustriously, distinguished persons) with whom he

* “There are minds,” says the Rambler himself, “so impatient of inferiority, that their gratitude is a species of revenge.” No. 87.

had conversed familiarly during the earlier stages of his London career,—those woeful, toilsome years, in which, amidst humiliations which make it impossible to read certain pages of his story without blushing, this masculine but sad genius was laying the difficult foundations of an imperishable name. Alas for the weakness of the strongest! If Goldsmith could not repress a pang at the superior intellectual reputation and authority of Johnson, even this great and good man himself must plead guilty to having, on various occasions, betrayed a pitiable, and, as we now look back to the two persons, an almost incomprehensible uneasiness in the contemplation of David Garrick's *plum* and villa. But, indeed, we know of no eminent *parvenu* whose story is altogether undarkened by indications of the same creeping jealousy. They are rife, not to go farther back, in the memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Robert Burns, and Sir Humphrey Davy; and the base feeling, indulged certainly to a demoniacal rancour, appears to have formed the main inspiration of the biography of Napoleon written by M. de Bourrienne.

But not only was Johnson in this way cut off from the intimacy of his earlier associates, in consequence of the mere splendour of his literary success. Before he attained that success, he himself had served a hard apprenticeship to reserve, and must, when it was achieved, have felt it no easy matter to open himself to the forming of new connexions, such as would ever have seemed to him worthy of the high name of friendship. His life continued one scene of harassing struggles for bread, relieved scarcely by a stray gleam of hope, until he had reached nearly the ripe age of forty. After a much earlier period than that, we have heard it remarked by one of the keenest of observers, few Englishmen ever form a real friendship, unless the strongest of our insular passions, politics, interfere, to melt down once more the hardened crust of their naturally shy and proud dispositions. This is, we hope, far too broad a statement. If, however, it were limited to Englishmen of remarkable talents and corresponding ambition,—still more to mounting spirits stamped with the deeper and darker seal of genius,—there would, perhaps, be little room for dissent. But what shall we say to genius at once energetic, impetuous, ambitious, grave, and haughty; long exercised, in obedience to Nature's own first impulse, in the task of tracing human actions to those remote springs which it is an instinct to keep in concealment; above all, in the habitual analysis, never untinted with shame and remorse, of its own heart's secret places; and thus exercised, too, in the midst of external privations and mean worldly misery, and weary, degrading drudgery; eating the hard-won bread of bitterness, and drinking the waters of sorrow, while fools and knaves are seen revelling in boundless luxuries all around, until the hey-

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day of young blood is long past and gone, and years, that bring soberness even to the gayest temperament, have had leisure to plough their wrinkles also on the brow that even in infancy knew not smoothness? What wonder that the plant which has slowly risen, amidst such an atmosphere of coldness, and emerged late after being buffeted by such discipline of tempests, should have few tendrils ready to uncurl themselves at the first solicitation? What wonder if such a man as Burns should be found writing, in the midst of what the world thought the intoxication of success—

"I never thought mankind capable of any thing very generous; but the stateliness of these patricians, and the servility of my plebeian brethren, (who, perhaps, formerly eyed me askance,) have nearly put me out of conceit with my species. . . . I have formed many intimacies and friendships, but I am afraid they are all of too tender a construction to bear carriage a hundred and fifty miles. . . . People of nice sensibility and generous minds have a certain intrinsic dignity which fires at being trifled with, or even too closely approached."

Johnson, too, long before the clouds began to break from about his path, had undergone an affliction, the impress of which haunted him to his grave, in the loss of his wife—the affectionate partner who never had separated from him in his hours of what he calls "our distress," except when their poverty was such, that she was obliged to seek refuge with some relations in the Tower Hamlets, while he walked the streets with Savage, and often had no bed but a bulk by some brick kiln, or a truss of straw in a glass manufactory. And all this had been the fate of a man, the least of whose *physical* infirmities were, in Pope's words, "those convulsions that attack him sometimes so as to make him a *sad spectacle*;"—of him who, in writing of Collins to Warton, says, "I wrote him a letter which he never answered; I suppose writing is very troublesome to him. The moralists all talk of the uncertainty of fortune and the transitoriness of beauty; but it is yet more dreadful to consider that the powers of the mind are equally liable to change, that understanding may make its appearance and depart, that it may blaze and expire. Poor Collins! I have often been near his state." We shall not trust ourselves to dwell on this last and darkest topic, but leave it, with merely quoting one of the many notes in which Mr. Croker's delicate hand has touched it.

"One of the most curious and important chapters in the history of the human mind is still to be written, that of hereditary insanity. The symptomatic facts by which the disease might be traced are generally either disregarded from ignorance of their real cause and character, or, when observed, carefully suppressed by domestic or professional delicacy. This is natural and even laudable; yet there are several important reasons why the obscurity in

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which such facts are usually buried may be regretted. *Morally*, we should wish to know, as far as may be permitted to us, the nature of our own intellect, its powers and its weaknesses;—*medically*, it might be possible, by early and systematic treatment, to avert or mitigate the disease which, there is reason to suppose, is now often unknown or mistaken;—*legally*, it would be desirable to have any additional means of discriminating between guilt and misfortune, and of ascertaining with more precision the nice bounds which divide moral guilt from what may be called physical errors; and in the highest and most important of all the springs of human thought or action, it would be consolatory and edifying to be able to distinguish with greater certainty rational faith and judicious piety, from the enthusiastic confidence or the gloomy despondence of disordered imaginations. The memory of every man who has lived, not inattentively, in society, will furnish him with instances to which these considerations might have been usefully applied. But in reading the life of Dr. Johnson (who was conscious of the disease and of its cause, and of whose blood there remains no one whose feelings can now be offended), they should be kept constantly in view; not merely as a subject of general interest, but as elucidating and explaining many of the errors, peculiarities, and weaknesses of that extraordinary man."—vol. i. p. 3, 4.

Johnson, from the beginning to the end of his career, was distinguished for the kindness of his heart, the tenderness of his compassion, and the generosity with which, out of never abundant and generally sorely straitened means, he was ready to relieve the more urgent wants of his weaker fellow mortals. But whatever may have been the cause or causes—as to which point, however, we have sufficiently hinted our opinion—it certainly does not appear that he lived, during the period of established fame, in habits of warm, thorough, intimate friendship with any one of the great contemporaries that delighted in his company, and with whom he also delighted to eat, drink, and talk. In their highly intellectual and exciting society, he displayed even among them unrivalled talents for conversation, and escaped from those darker thoughts that continued to haunt his solitary hours. But we have strong doubts whether he ever unbosomed himself to any one of them with real brotherly confidence. In so far as we can presume to judge, his feelings towards Mr. Thrale was one of more affectionate attachment than belonged to any other of his later connexions; but there appears no reason to suppose that that good kind man could ever have been at all qualified to hold with Johnson any thing like that sort of communion, which alone could have elevated respectful gratitude into what must be the sublimest as well as most beautiful of human sentiments, the friendship of genius. Thrale was but a worthy citizen—having nothing in common with Johnson, on almost any of those subjects that filled a large space in the great author's upper mind;—and, must it be added?

—the obligations under which his munificence laid Johnson were perhaps too constant to be considered without some painful flings of that proud pulse.

In Boswell, if there was little to command respect, except indeed his position as a man of long descent and fair fortune—which was never, probably, throughout their intercourse, without its own effect on the doctor's mind, and which, no doubt, had originally a great share in Johnson's acceptance of him—there was, on the other hand, almost every thing that could have been imagined most likely to soothe and disarm the habitual demon of distrust. His youth, being accompanied with most perfect good nature, threw into the sage's feelings towards him a something of paternal gentleness and protection. All ideas of jealousy, rivalry, envy, were out of the question—there was no pretension of any sort that could even for a moment be suspected of thrusting itself out—every motion, gesture, and accent proclaimed the profoundest humility of the undoubting worshipper; and, as we have already hinted, Boswell rarely lived in London more than a few weeks on end; so that the object of this homage and adoration had never time to get heartily sick of its fulsome profusion, before the fond disciple had carried his veneration, as well as other less palatable foibles, far out of the reach of rising fastidiousness.

A curious chapter in the history of the human mind would be that of the *friendships of genius*; but perhaps it would bring out few instances in which, after all, something of this kind of paternal feeling did not mingle. As to Dr. Johnson, the result certainly was, that he opened himself to Boswell on more important subjects, and in a more purely serious spirit, than, as far as we have any means of seeing, to any other of his circle of admirers. Another hand might, perhaps, have been found to record the play of his wit, knowledge, sagacity, and strong English humour, as elicited amidst the contending gladiators of the Turk's Head; but what could have atoned for those quiet *têtes-à-têtes* in which Johnson discoursed to Boswell of man and society, of this world and of the world to come, gravely, solemnly, in the total absence of temptation to sophistry or false brilliancy, and, above all, under the feeling of which, on these occasions, the influence is unfailingly obvious, that he was addressing an affectionate and well-disposed, but weak and unsteady nature, soon to be removed five hundred miles from his chair, and with which he might never again be brought into contact on this side of eternity. Of as much of the *emotions of genius* as it ever will reveal, the true and proper confidants are the world and posterity; but wisdom may be said to cry aloud in vain in general maxims, when we consider its efficacy where it has been distinctly applied to individual cases and circumstances, by the master himself, man to man, and friend to friend.

The *Boswellian* style of biography was quite new; and while the book was devoured with universal eagerness, many of the manlier order of minds no doubt thought what Lord Thurlow expressed to the author himself; "I have read it?—Yes, d—n you, every word—but *I could not help it*;"—were ashamed of themselves, in short, for having condescended to be amused with such a world of details, so many of them, taken separately, mean and insignificant. The example, however, once set, the curiosity of the public having been so gratified as to a single illustrious man, and their satisfaction made so apparent in the boundless popularity of the performance, the evil, if evil it were, was done and could not be repaired. From that time a new spirit animated all this department of composition; and to the influence of Boswell we owe probably three-fourths of what is *de facto* most entertaining, as well as no inconsiderable portion of whatever is most instructive, in all the books of memoirs that have subsequently appeared. The garrulous gentleman has often been reproached with having departed so widely from the model of his master, in the *Lives of the Poets*; yet if we compare the *Life of Savage*, the only one where Johnson had large access to materials of the minuter cast, with any other of the series, we shall see abundant evidence that the Doctor himself had a lively feeling of the value of petty details, in giving characteristic, graphic, vigorous effect to such delineations, so much so, that, in Mr. Croker's language, the piece we have named, "like Murillo's Beggar, gives pleasure as a work of art, though the original could only have excited disgust." But the true answer is, that Dr. Johnson read, as it was written, Boswell's *Journal of the Tour to the Hebrides*, and well knowing not only that that journal was meant for publication, but that its author designed to depict the whole of his life, in as far as he could get at the materials, in precisely the same style, did not only not exert his authority for the suppression of what he read, but continued from time to time, to furnish Boswell with anecdotes and hints respecting the earlier parts of his career. This conduct on Dr. Johnson's part was clearly to sanction Boswell's design, as to all that has subjected it to grave criticism; if serious blame is to lie any where, it must attach not to the frivolous painter, but the solemn original, of the elaborate portraiture. Nay, the little specimen of autobiography which the Doctor has left, is completely Boswellian in the minuteness of its details, and a world more entertaining than any page in Boswell, from the contrast which the massive strength of its language every now and then presents to the humble nature of the matters it records: *c. g.*

"This Whitsuntide (1719), I and my brother were sent to pass some time at Birmingham; I believe a fortnight. Why such boys

were sent to trouble other homes, I cannot tell. My mother had some opinion that much improvement was to be had by changing the mode of life. My uncle Harrison was a widower; and his house was kept by Sally Ford, a young woman of such sweetness of temper, that I used to say she had no fault. We lived most at uncle Ford's, being much caressed by my aunt, a good-natured, coarse woman, easy of converse, but willing to find something to censure in the absent. My uncle Harrison did not much like us, nor did we like him. *He was a very mean and vulgar man, drunk every night, but drunk with little drink; very peevish, very proud, very ostentatious, but, luckily, not rich.*" (What a complete portrait does this one sentence present!) "At my aunt Ford's I ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton, that she used to talk of it. My mother, who had lived in a narrow sphere, and was then affected by little things, told me seriously that it would be hardly ever forgotten. Her mind, I think, was afterwards very much enlarged, or *greater evils wore out the care of less.*"—vol. i. p. 6.

Again,

"We went in the stage-coach, and returned in the waggon, as my mother said, because my cough was violent. The hope of saving a few shillings was no slight motive; for she, not having been accustomed to money, was afraid of such expenses as now seem very small. She sowed two guineas in her petticoat, lest she should be robbed."

"We were troublesome to the passengers; but to suffer such inconveniences in the stage-coach was common in those days to persons in much higher rank. She bought me a small silver cup and spoon, marked SAM. J., lest, if they had been marked S. J., (Sarah being her name,) they should, upon her death, have been taken from me. She bought me a speckled linen frock, which I knew afterwards by the name of my London frock. The cup was one of the last pieces of plate which dear Tetty sold in our distress. I have now the spoon. She bought at the same time two tea-spoons, and *till my manhood she had no more.*"—vol. i. pp. 16, 17.

That Johnson could never have persisted in writing the life of himself, or of any other person, in this fashion, is probable. He stopped soon, impressed, no doubt, with the conviction that to bestow such an infinity of pains and space upon a single human individual, no matter how distinguished, was a thing below him. Had Titian, however, seen a masterpiece of Teniers, he would not have altered his own style in consequence, but he would have enjoyed the piece, probably, as much as those who could neither comprehend nor enjoy things of a higher order, and no doubt encouraged the microscopic genius of a tamer soil to proceed as nature had prompted him to begin.

Voltaire, indeed, has said, "no man that ever lived deserved a quarto to himself;" and one illustrious writer of our own time has lately protested against the copious style of biography, with reference especially to poets,

in language which, were it but for the beauty of it, our readers would thank us for transcribing. Commenting on some cruel details in Dr. Currie's Life of Burns, Mr. Wordsworth, in his letter to Mr. James Gray,* thus expresses himself:—

"Your feelings, I trust, go along with mine; and, rising from this individual case to a general view of the subject, you will probably agree with me in opinion that biography, though differing in some essentials from works of fiction, is nevertheless, like them, an *art*—an art, the laws of which are determined by the imperfections of our nature, and the constitution of society. Truth is not here, as in the sciences, and in natural philosophy, to be sought without scruple, and promulgated for its own sake, upon the mere chance of its being serviceable; but only for obviously justifying purposes, moral or intellectual.

"Silence is a privilege of the grave, a right of the departed; let him, therefore, who infringes that right, by speaking publicly of, for, or against those who cannot speak for themselves, take heed that he opens not his mouth without a sufficient sanction. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is a rule in which these sentiments have been pushed to an extreme that proves how deeply humanity is interested in maintaining them. And it was wise to announce the precept thus absolutely; both because there exist in that same nature, by which it has been dictated, so many temptations to disregard it,—and because there are powers and influences, within and without us, that will prevent its being literally fulfilled—to the suppression of profitable truth. Penalties of law, conventions of manners, and personal fear, protect the reputation of the living; and something of this protection is extended to the recently dead,—who survive, to a certain degree, in their kindred and friends. Few are so insensible as not to feel this, and not to be actuated by the feeling. But only to philosophy enlightened by the affections does it belong justly to estimate the claims of the deceased on the one hand, and of the present age and future generations, on the other; and to strike a balance between them.—Such philosophy runs a risk of becoming extinct among us, if the coarse intrusions into the recesses, the gross breaches upon the sanctities, of domestic life, to which we have lately been more and more accustomed, are to be regarded as indications of a vigorous state of public feeling—favourable to the maintenance of the liberties of our country. Intelligent lovers of freedom are from necessity bold and hardy lovers of truth; but, according to the measure in which their love is intelligent, is it attended with a finer discrimination, and a more sensitive delicacy. The wise and good (and all others being lovers of license rather than of liberty are in fact slaves) respect, as one of the noblest characteristics of Englishmen, that jealousy of familiar approach, which, while it contributes to the maintenance of private dignity, is one of the most efficacious guardians of rational public freedom.

"The general obligation upon which I have

insisted, is especially binding upon those who undertake the biography of authors. Assuredly, there is no cause why the lives of that class of men should be pried into with the same diligent curiosity, and laid open with the same disregard of reserve, which may sometimes be expedient in composing the history of men who have borne an active part in the world. Such thorough knowledge of the good and bad qualities of these latter as can only be obtained by a scrutiny of their private lives, conduces to explain not only their own public conduct, but that of those with whom they have acted. Nothing of this applies to authors, considered merely as authors. Our business is with their books,—to understand and to enjoy them. And of poets, more especially it is true—that if their works be good they contain within themselves all that is necessary to their being comprehended and relished. It should seem that the ancients thought in this manner; for of the eminent Greek and Roman poets, few and scanty memorials were, I believe, ever prepared; and fewer still are preserved. It is delightful to read what, in the happy exercise of his own genius, Horace chooses to communicate of himself and his friends; but I confess I am not so much a lover of knowledge, independent of its quality, as to make it likely that it would much rejoice me, were I to hear that records of the Sabine poet and his contemporaries, composed upon the Boswellian plan, had been unearthed among the ruins of Herculaneum. You will interpret what I am writing, liberally. With respect to the light which such a discovery might throw upon Roman manners, there would be reasons to desire it; but I should dread to disfigure the beautiful ideal of the memories of those illustrious persons with incongruous features, and to sully the imaginative purity of their classical works with gross and trivial recollections. The least weighty objection to heterogeneous details is, that they are mainly superfluous, and therefore an incumbrance."

We have marked by *italics* that part of the above passage in which we find it most difficult to believe that this wise, no less than eloquent man has expressed the settled and deliberate conviction of his mind. It is admitted that it may be expedient to submit to a minute scrutiny the private life of persons who have "borne an active part in the world," and asserted that "nothing of this applies to authors, merely as authors." Now, that "nothing of this applies" to some, or to many, or even to the case of most authors, may possibly be true (though we do not think so); but on what principle it should be said of authors, who, though not bearing what is familiarly called "an active part in the world," have, as exerting their talents on practical questions, bringing understandings of remarkable strength to bear, in permanent shapes, on subjects of moral and political interest, and consequently filling a part above all others, both active and influential, in determining the opinions, sentiments, and actual conduct of those of their fellow mortals who are immediately concerned in the great movements of

* Longman and Co. London. 1816.

public affairs, as well as of all who have to sit in judgment, whether at the time, or ages afterwards, on these prominent actors of the busy stage of life—on what principle Mr. Wordsworth should conceive that “*nothing of this applies*” to such authors as the moralist or the poet, who, by his single pen, exercises, perhaps, wider and more lasting sway over the tone of thought and feeling throughout whole nations, than a regiment of kings and ministers put together;—this indeed is what we cannot pretend to understand. It is scarcely possible to put the question seriously—but where is the mere statesman of the last age who at this moment, even if Boswell had never written, would have filled so large a space in the contemplation of any considerable section of mankind, as Dr. Johnson himself—or the details of whose private life, had they been preserved with Boswellian fidelity, would have found one reader for fifty that are continually poring over the pages before us? If we measure either the importance or the interest of personal details, by the extent to which the individual recorded has influenced the intellect, the feelings, the character of his countrymen, and consequently in fact the fortunes of the nation itself, we shall assuredly place those connected with the man who, by exertions in whatever walk of literature—no matter at what a distance from the gaudy surface of external pomps and vanities these may have been conducted, no matter in how mean a hovel he may have wielded his quill—has achieved any thing at all approaching to the authority of a Johnson, far, and infinitely far above all that the prying diligence of either friend or foe could ever have accumulated concerning the private sayings and doings of the most eminent so called “public man” of the same generation. It is in vain, on questions of this kind, to oppose the suggestions of a refined meditative delicacy, such as breathes throughout the whole of the “*Letter*” we have quoted, to the broad instinctive impetus and determined taste of the species at large. Neither does it seem to us that Mr. Wordsworth is over happy in the cases he selects, or in the logic with which he applies them. It is by no means true, for example, but lamentably the reverse, that all the details which Horace gives us about the private proceedings of himself and his associates, are “*delightful*,” too many of them are loathsome and disgusting; but if the greater part be, as all must acknowledge, “*delightful*,” upon what principle are we to decide that it would have been otherwise than delightful to have had a great deal more of the like quality? Mr. Wordsworth is enchanted with the *Iter ad Brundisium*, would he have regretted the circumstance had the poet, “*in the happy exercise of his own genius*,” left us half a dozen more such *itineræ*? or would he have been seriously displeased had either “*rhetor comes Heliodorus*” or “*Fonteius—ad unguem*

factus homo,” in the exercise of such ability as heaven had pleased to bestow, indited an account of the actual progress, bearing to Horace’s the same sort of relation that Boswell’s Hebridean Journal does to the Doctor’s own immortal “*Tour*.”

Surely the lamentable circumstance is, not that the Boswellian style should have been applied to the history of one great man, but that there should be so few even of the greatest men whose lives could be so dealt with without serious injury to their fame. “*There never*,” says Mr. Croker, “*has existed any human being, all the details of whose life, all the motives of whose actions, all the thoughts of whose mind have been so unreservedly brought before the public; even his prayers, his most secret meditations, and his most scrupulous self-reproaches, have been laid before the world.*” They have all been sifted, too, and commented on, it may now be added, with as deliberate an exercise of studious acuteness as ever frightened a conscious imagination. All that curiosity could glean, or enthusiasm garner, philosophic penetration has bolted to the bran. “*There are, perhaps*,” Mr. Croker says elsewhere, “*not many men who have practised such self-examination as to know themselves as well as every reader knows Dr. Johnson.*” And what is the result?—that in spite of innumerable oddities, and of many laughable, and some few condemnable weaknesses, when we desire to call up the notion of a human being thoroughly, as far as our fallen clay admits the predication, of such qualities, good and wise; in the whole of his mind lofty, of his temper generous, in the midst of misery incapable of *shabbiness*, every inch a *man*,—the name of Samuel Johnson springs to every lip. Whatever our habits of self-examination may have been, we certainly know him better than we are ever likely to do most of our own friends, and feel that, in one instance at least, the adage about heroes and their valets-de-chambre does not hold. The character is before us bare, and thought it stands erect, sincere, great; the thoughts habitually turned on great things, and yet the observation of the world equally keen and broad; the sympathy with human passions, interests, and occupations almost boundless; and the charity for frailty, and feebleness, and sin, most Christian.

It is, indeed, sad to consider how few, even of the first, could, after such a process of dissection, lay claim to this high, pervading nobility. If we want a foil for Johnson in his own “*order*,” we have but to pick and choose among the few of recent times who have descended to the grave after having commanded any thing like the same measure of public attention. On all sides, with hardly an exception, what “*follies of the wise*!”—what jealousies, what meannesses, what intrigues, what petty ambitions, what degrading indulgences, what shameful subserviencies and

panderings to the worser parts of that common nature which genius is sent down among us the appointed instrument of heaven to rebuke, charm, and elevate! What a worship of worldly idols, what hankering after toys, what a want of sense, even in the midst of the most brilliant energy of the finest understandings, to comprehend the worth of their own place and destiny; what a maze of small vanity, and fierce self-love and malice; how little, either of moral repose, or even of intellectual pride! And what apologies are we called on to accept as quittance, when compared with those which, had he fallen as short of the right stature as the most gifted and worst of these, might have been advanced for him? Who had stronger passions, who more besetting temptations, who more painful physical infirmities, or a darker enemy to struggle against in the very spring of his essence; who, with such exquisite sensibilities, had to withstand such abject penury, such chilling scorn, on the one hand; or, doubly dangerous for contrast, a more lavish excess of assentation, after the world had been pleased to smile? Truly, it is enough to make the most compassionate heart swell, when we are gravely desired, in judging of more than one career that we could mention, to take such and such sorrows, and grievances, and blandishments, and allurements, into our account—and remember, as who can forget? through what a sea of troubles this forlorn giant worked his way,—how Syrens, and Circes, and Calypsos assailed him in vain,—how safely he steered his heavy laden and labouring bark between the Scylla of disgust, and the Charybdis of luxury, and with what calm self-possession he occupied the harbour he at last had found—"totus teres atque rotundus;"—a proud melancholy, ambitious spirit; yet neither to be shattered by affronts, nor bruised down by the tedious anguish of neglect, nor sapped by adulations. We happen to have at our elbow, as we write, a certain "Correspondance Générale, et avec le Roi de Prusse," in twenty-one volumes, 8vo. and Mr. Moore's two recent quartos; but we should be sorry to trust ourselves in a detailed comparison of either Voltaire or Byron with "yours, *impransus*, Samuel Johnson."

* The following story, introduced in Mr. Croker's edition, was, we believe, originally given in that vast mine of curious and interesting research, "Nichols's Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century:"—"Soon after Savage's Life was published, Mr. Harte, author of the 'Life of Gustavus Adolphus,' dined with Edward Cave, and occasionally praised it. Soon after meeting him, Cave said, 'You made a man very happy to-day.' 'How could that be?' says Harte, 'nobody was there but ourselves.' Cave answered, by reminding him that a plate of victuals was sent behind a screen, which was to Johnson, dressed so shabbily, that he did not choose to appear; but, on hearing the conversation, he was highly delighted with the encomiums on his book."—vol. i. p. 139.

Our readers probably remember that "*Rasselas*" and "*Candide*" came out exactly at the same time—if we recollect aright, in the same week; and that Dr. Johnson, on perusing Voltaire's piece, said, if the French novel had appeared ever so little before the English, or *vice versa*, it would have been impossible for the author that published second to have passed with the world for other than the plagiarist of the first. Perhaps the coincidence of plan is not more extraordinary than the equal perfection, in two wholly different styles, of the execution. The two great masters of the age meet on the same field, each armed *cap-a-pee* in the strength and splendour of his faculties and acquirements; and, looking merely to the display of talent, it might be difficult to strike the balance. But if we consider the impression left as to the moral and intellectual character of the authors respectively, and remember also the different circumstances under which they had conceived and laboured, how clear is the triumph! The one man, in the gloom of sorrow and penury, tasks his strength for a rapid effort, that he may have the means to discharge the expenses of a dear parent's funeral; the other, surrounded by the blaze of universal fame, and in the midst of every luxury that wealth could bring to embellish a romantic retirement, sits down deliberately to indulge his spleen, ready to kick the world to pieces, simply because his self-love has been galled by the outbreathing insolence of a despot, to whom, during twenty years, he had prostrated himself in the dirtiest abasement of flatteries. How soothing and elevating to turn from the bitter revelry of his cynicism to the solemn sadness of the rival work—its grave compassion for the vanities of mankind—its sympathy with our toils and perils—its indignation even at vice constantly softening into a humble and hopeful charity—its melancholy but majestic aspirations after the good and the great, philosophy sublimed by faith.

How close, even in minutiae, is the parallel—how wide, where they come nearest, the interval! Compare these two passages:

"Il y avait dans le voisinage un derviche très fameux, qui passait pour le meilleur philosophe de la Turquie. Ils allèrent le consulter. Pangloss porta la parole, et lui dit: Maître, nous venons vous prier de vous dire pourquoi un aussi étrange animal que l'homme a été formé?"

"De quoi te mêles-tu, dit le derviche? est-ce là ton affaire? Mais, mon révérend père, dit Candide, il y a horriblement du mal sur la terre. Qu'importe, dit le derviche, qu'il y ait du mal ou du bien? Quand sa hauteesse envoya un vaisseau en Egypte, s'embarassa-t-elle si les souris qui sont dans le vaisseau sont à leur aise ou non? Que faut-il donc faire? dit Pangloss. Te taire, dit le derviche. Je me flattai, dit Pangloss, de raisonner un peu avec vous des effets et des causes, du meilleur des mondes possibles, de l'origine du mal, de la nature de l'âme et de l'harmonie préétablie,

Le derviche à ces mots leur ferma la porte au nez."

"As they walked along the banks of the Nile, delighted with the beams of the moon quivering on the water, they saw, at a small distance, an old man, whom the prince had often heard in the assembly of the sages. 'Yonder,' said he, 'is one whose years have calmed his passions, but not clouded his reason; let us inquire what are his sentiments of his own state, that we may know whether youth alone is to struggle with vexation, and whether any better hope remains for the latter part of life.'

Here the sage approached and saluted them. The old man was cheerful and talkative, and the way seemed short in his company. 'Sir,' said the princess, 'an evening's walk must give to a man of learning, like you, pleasures which ignorance and youth can hardly conceive. Every thing must supply you with contemplation, and renew the consciousness of your own dignity.'

"'Lady,' answered he, 'let the gay and the vigorous expect pleasure in their excursions, it is enough that age can obtain ease. To me the world has lost its novelty; and I but see what I remember to have seen in happier days. I rest against a tree, and consider that in the same shade I once disputed on the annual overflow of the Nile with a friend who is now silent in the grave.'

"'You may at least recreate yourself,' said Imlac, 'with the recollection of an honourable and useful life, and enjoy the praise which all agree to give you.'

"'Praise,' said the sage with a sigh, 'is to an old man an empty sound. I have neither mother to be delighted with the reputation of her son, nor wife to partake the honours of her husband. I have outlived my friends and my rivals. Nothing is now of much importance, for I cannot extend my interest beyond myself. Youth is delighted with applause, because it is considered as the earnest of some future good, and because the prospect of life is far extended; but to me, who am now declining to decrepitude, there is little to be feared from

* ["There resided in the neighbourhood a celebrated dervish, who had the reputation of being the greatest philosopher in Turkey. Him they went to consult. Pangloss took the word, and said to him: 'Father, we have come to request you to inform us for what purpose so strange an animal as man was created.'

"'Why do you trouble yourself about that matter?' replied the dervish. 'What is it to you?' 'But, reverend father,' said Candide, 'there is an immense deal of evil abroad in the earth.' 'Of what consequence is it,' answered the dervish, 'whether there be evil or good? When his Highness despatches a vessel to Egypt, does he trouble himself whether the rats which may happen to be on board are at their ease or not?' 'What must be done then?' said Pangloss. 'Be silent,' replied the dervish. 'I had hoped,' answered Pangloss, 'to have reasoned a little with you on the subject of causes and effects, the best possible of worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and the pre-established order of things.' The dervish, at these words, closed the door in his face."—*EDM. MUR.*]

the malevolence of men, and yet less to be hoped from their affection or esteem. My mind is burdened with no heavy crime, and therefore I compose myself to tranquillity; endeavour to abstract my thoughts from hopes and cares, which, though reason knows them to be vain, still try to keep their old possession of the heart; expect, with humility, that hour which Nature cannot long delay; and hope to possess, in a better state, that happiness which here I cannot find, and that virtue which here I have not attained."

The same thought is elsewhere still more splendidly given.

"Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the current of his fate?
Inquirer, cease—petitions yet remain
Which Heaven may hear—nor deem religion vain.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice:

Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
Implore His aid, on His decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For Love which scarce collective man can fill;
For Patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For Faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat.
These goods for man, the laws of Heaven ordain,

These goods He grants who grants the power to gain;

With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind.
And makes the happiness she does not find."

We confess ourselves enthusiastic about Dr. Johnson; but, perhaps, after all, it may be worth while for some of those who smile at all the wisdom of our ancestors, and *inter alia* at him and his works, to consider whether, without calling for any assent to the abstract truth of his doctrines, the effect of them on the man himself as a man will not bear a comparison with the fruit of the other *sapientia*, as developed in any personal history they may choose to place by the side of his. His political creed, of course, appears a sort of thing that requires only to be mentioned to be laughed at—ininitely more absurd even than any thing that now-a-days passes under the same unhonoured name—a dreamy congeries of dark prejudice and childish *sentiment*, altogether unworthy of a moment's serious consideration from a person imbued with the sound rational systems of a more enlightened age. His Christianity, on the other hand, even his warmest admirers will admit, was tinged with weak and rueful superstition. Yet take him with all his follies and Gothic ignorances on his head,—set beside him the brightest liberal that ever sneered at authority in things human or divine,—and we are willing

to "set up our rest" with the Churchman and the Tory.

Johnson's lamentations over the decay of the feeling of loyalty in England, which, indeed, he thought had received its death-wound in the change of dynasty, have often been quoted to be derided; so have his gloomy diatribes (especially that in *Boswell's* Hebridean journal) as to the altered source of constitutional danger—no longer on the side of royal encroachment, but on that of popular aggression.* The time is, perhaps, not far off when both of these questions may be put to the proof—possibly together. In the mean time, let it be remembered that if Boswell smiled at his great friend's *extraneous* opinions on these domestic topics, the same Boswell received with still greater incredulity his suspicions that at the same period (1773) there was something rotten in the state of the French monarchy.

"I mentioned," says Boswell, describing the visit to Slains Castle "the happiness, of the French in their subordination, by the reciprocal benevolence and attachment between the great and those in lower rank. Mr. Boyd gave us an instance of their gentlemanly spirit. An old Chevalier de Malthe, of ancient noblesse, but in low circumstances, was in a coffee-house at Paris, where was Julien, the great manufacturer at the Gobelins, of the fine tapestry so much distinguished both for the figures and the colours. The chevalier's carriage was very old. Says Julien, with a plebeian insolence, 'I think, sir, you had better have your carriage new painted.' The chevalier looked at him with indignant contempt and answered, 'Well, sir, you may take it home and dye it!' All the coffee-house rejoiced at Julien's confusion."

Mr. Croker's note on "reciprocal benevolence and attachment" is, "What a commentary on this opinion has the French revolution

written!" This is brief, but pithy. The feeling on which Boswell chiefly relied for the safeguard of the old system in that country, was precisely that which, as at the touch of a poisoned wand, most suddenly and fatally gave place to its *opposite*—and one which will, most probably, never again exert any considerable influence on the conduct of that nation.

We must not, however, allow ourselves to be betrayed into polemics. To return to Johnson—whether the old system of opinions as to church and state was, in the main, right or wrong, there can be no doubt that the doctor was, in his day, their most effective champion and guardian. He did not live to stretch out his mighty hand by the side of Burke, as he assuredly would have done, in opposition to the deeds of the French liberals, in their hour of triumph, or the doctrines which their admirers took that opportunity to preach with such hopeful vigour here among ourselves. But the double heaven had been at work ere then; and it is impossible to forget what a "power in Europe" Voltaire was all through the period of Johnson's exertions, and how ably he and his encyclopedists were seconded in some parts of their *assault general* by English writers, who must have possessed an almost despotic influence in this country, and who, it can scarcely be doubted, would have exerted their sway with sufficient boldness and decision, had there been no such person as "the great Cham of literature."

So Smollet, who had, however, a profound respect for Johnson, was the first to call him; and Horace Walpole, and a hundred more, thought the joke too good to be dropped.—"Surly Sam," and "Ursa Major," and a long catalogue of less dignified soubriquets, still linger also in the public ear. Rough and surly, however, as he was on occasion, there was never any man, placed in the same species of literary eminence, whose actions, wherever he had it in his power to serve a fellow-creature, were more completely swayed by the spirit of human kindness, or who, in spite of the haughty tone of his critical opinions, did so much to serve in his generation the weaker, or less fortunate, brethren of the pen. His paternal condescension, in particular, in advising inferior authors, and in correcting their works, indolent as he was, and disgusting above all other drudgeries as that labour is, will ever fill one of the brightest pages in his story.

His roughness of manner, his grotesque appearance, his huge, unwieldy, awkward bulk, and other circumstances that we need not recall, had, of course, their share in producing an effect, which Mr. Croker dwells on at some length, and with some apparent wonder, namely, his limited intercourse, great acknowledged *lion* of the day as he was, with the upper world of fashion. We are not, however, inclined to acquiesce in the expla-

* "We stopped at Cupar, and drank tea. We talked of Parliament; and I said, I supposed very few of the members knew much of what was going on, as indeed very few gentlemen know much of their own private affairs. Johnson. 'Why, sir, if a man is not of a sluggish mind, he may be his own steward. If he will look into his affairs, he will soon learn. So it is as to public affairs. There must always be a certain number of men of business in Parliament,' Boswell. 'But consider, sir, what is the House of Commons? Is not a great part of it chosen by Peers? Do you think, sir, they ought to have such an influence?' Johnson. 'Yes, sir. Influence must ever be in proportion to property; and it is right it should.' Boswell. 'But is there not reason to fear that the common people may be oppressed?' Johnson. 'No, sir. Our great fear is, from want of power in government. Such a storm of vulgar force has broken in,' Boswell. 'It has only roared,' Johnson. 'Sir, it has roared till the judges in Westminster Hall have been afraid to pronounce sentence in opposition to the popular cry. You are frightened by what is no longer dangerous, like Presbyterians by Popery.' He then repeated a passage, I think in Butler's Remains, which ends, 'And would ery fire! fire! in Noah's flood.'"—vol. ii. p. 292.

nation which such circumstances may seem to furnish, but to attribute the actual result, mainly and essentially, to Johnson's own scorn of those subserviences, at the cost of which most plebeian lions, whether of the smooth or the rough breed (for there are plenty of both) have been fain to purchase the protracted tolerance of circles that originally welcome them under the influence of mere curiosity. He had "looked deep into the hearts of men;" and, though on principle the sturdiest of all the supporters of the monarchy and the aristocracy, perceived as clearly as any of their assailants, that political distinctions draw social lines, and that these rarely seem to be forgotten by the *porphyrogeniti*, except when they are in quest of amusement, or some equally selfish object. In the collision of masculine intellects he delighted; he was fully alive to the charms of feminine grace; but to be the show appendage of luxury came not within the range of his ambition. Keeping aloof from regions in which infantine wonder, and admiration on trust, and the gaze of soft eyes, and the blandishments of refined haughtiness, would have been ready and eager, yet as surely interspersed with indications of that sense of absolute inapproachable superiority which his spirit could not have endured, he also abstained from lowering, by any of his writings, the public sense of respect for external distinctions. He considered the gradation of ranks as an institution necessary for the good of all; and, neither envying nor despising others, was contented with that place of his own to which no man could dispute his title. One consequence of this abstinence may be noticed in a single word—he has left us none of those bitter pictures of high life, of which we have had so many from persons who appear to have thought little in this world worthy of their acceptance, except such crumbs of its favour as flattery might conciliate from caprice.

We shall, perhaps, be thought to have indulged in a graver strain, in some of these observations, than was exactly called for by the appearance of a narrative so familiar as Boswell's, with certain notes and interpolations, which after all, do not essentially interfere with the general impression left by the author himself. It may be so; and we shall endeavour, in selecting some specimens of the *cura Crokeriana*, to keep as much as possible out of the way of temptation to more trespasses of the like kind. The liveliness of the editor's manner, the clearness of his mental optics, and the delicate nicety of truth with which his language reflects his thoughts, would render the business of selection a difficult one, even were there much less of novelty, and diverting novelty, in the information thus elegantly conveyed. His excellencies are various, and different readers will admire different things the most highly. All, however, will agree with us, that the following is a good spe-

cimen of that instinctive tact which, being accompanied with intrepid industry, furnishes the most solidly valuable qualification of the annotator.

Of Michael Johnson, the Doctor's father, we have this account in Boswell's text—

"He was a citizen so creditable as to be made one of the magistrates of Litchfield; and, being a man of good sense, and skill in his trade, he acquired a reasonable share of wealth, of which, however, he afterwards lost the greatest part, by engaging unsuccessfully in a manufacture of parchment."—vol. i. p. 7.

Now see how Mr. Croker finds, in this casual hint, the clue for penetrating one of Johnson's hitherto most unintelligible prejudices:—

"Johnson, in his Dictionary, defines "excise, a hateful tax, levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but by *scratches* hired by those to whom excise is paid;" and in the Idler (No. 65) he calls a *Commissioner of excise* "one of the lowest of all human beings." This violence of language seems so little reasonable, that the editor was induced to suspect some cause of *personal animosity*; this mention of the trade in parchment (an *exciseable* article) afforded a clue, which has led to the confirmation of that suspicion. In the records of the Excise Board is to be found the following letter, addressed to the supervisor of excise at Litchfield:—"July 25th, 1725.—The Commissioners received yours of the 22d instant; and since the justices would not give judgment against Mr. Michael Johnson, the *tanner*, notwithstanding the facts were fairly against him, the Board directs, that the next time he offends, you do not lay an information against him, but send an affidavit of the fact, that he may be prosecuted in the Exchequer." It does not appear whether he offended again, but here is a sufficient cause of his son's animosity against commissioners of excise, and of the allusion in the Dictionary to the *special jurisdiction* under which that revenue is administered. The reluctance of the justices to convict will appear not unnatural, when it is recollected, that Mr. Johnson was, *this very year*, chief magistrate of the city."—vol. i. pp. 7, 8, note.

Mr. Croker's close scrutiny as to *dates* brings out, perpetually, most satisfactory results. Take, for example, the story given by Boswell, on the authority of Miss Adye, of Litchfield, of Johnson, when not quite three years old, participating in the public enthusiasm about Dr. Sacheverel, and insisting on being carried, on his father's back, to the cathedral, to hear him preach. What says our editor?—

"The gossiping anecdotes of the Litchfield ladies are all apocryphal. Sacheverel, by his sentence pronounced in Feb., 1710, was interdicted for three years from preaching; so that he could not have preached at Litchfield while Johnson was under three years of age. But what decides the falsehood of Miss Adye's story is, that Sacheverel's triumphal progress

through the midland counties was in 1710; and it appears by the books of the corporation of Litchfield, that he was received in that town and complimented by the attendance of the corporation, 'and a present of three dozen of wine,' on the 16th June, 1710: when the '*infant Hercules of Toryism*' was just *nine months old.*'—vol. i. p. 12.

On Friday the 17th of April, 1775, Johnson dines at the club, and Boswell records as follows:—

"Patriotism having become one of our topics, Johnson suddenly uttered in a strong determined tone, an apophthegm, at which many will start: '*Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.*'"—vol. iii. p. 223.

The editor's note is a short one—

"This remarkable *sortie*, which has very much amused the world, will hereafter be still more amusing, when it is known, that it appears by the books of the club, that at the moment it was uttered *Mr. Fox was in the chair.*"—vol. iii. p. 223.

It is difficult to understand how such a Secretary of the Admiralty as Mr. Croker was could ever have found time for pursuing out his own notions of editorial duty throughout such a book as Boswell's—but so it is. We could fill a dozen of our pages with instances not less remarkable than the three we have quoted. We shall now extract some notes of another class.

When Boswell tells us (sub anno 1737) that his hero "abstained entirely from fermented liquors, a practice to which he rigidly conformed, for many years together, at different periods of his life,"—Mr. Croker writes thus:—

"At this time his abstinence from wine may, perhaps, be attributed to poverty, but in his subsequent life he was restrained from that indulgence by, as it appears, moral, or rather medical considerations. He probably found by experience that wine, though it dissipated for a moment, yet eventually aggravated the hereditary disease under which he suffered; and perhaps it may have been owing to a long course of abstinence that his mental health seems to have been better in the latter than in the earlier portion of his life. He says, in his *Prayers and Meditations*, p. 73, 'By abstinence from wine and suppers I obtained sudden and great relief, and had freedom of mind restored to me; which I have wanted for all this year, without being able to find any means of obtaining it.' Selden had the same notion: for being consulted by a person of quality, whose imagination was strangely disturbed, he advised him 'not to disorder himself with eating or drinking; to eat very little supper, and say his prayers duly when he went to bed; and I (Selden) made but little question but he would be well in three or four days.' *Table Talk*, p. 17. 'These remarks are important, because *depression of spirits* is too often treated on a contrary system, from ignorance of, or inattention to, what may be its real cause.'—vol. i. p. 74.

We are at a loss, with this note before us,

to understand Mr. Croker's criticism, at p. 333 of the same volume, on the following passage:—

"I always (says Boswell) remembered a remark made to me by a Turkish lady, educated in France: '*Ma foi, monsieur, notre bonheur depend de la façon que notre sang circule.*'"

"Mr. Boswell (says his editor) no doubt fancied these words had some meaning, or he would hardly have quoted them; but what that meaning is, the editor cannot guess."

Dr. Johnson is commended for struggling against *melancholy*, by avoiding strong drinks at night, and yet Mr. Croker does not understand how human happiness should be talked of as in any way dependent on '*la façon que notre sang circule.*' Disordered digestion is accompanied still more infallibly by irregularity of pulse than by troubled spirits.

Boswell says,—

"His '*Vanity of Human Wishes*' has less of common life, but more of a philosophic dignity, than his '*London.*' More readers, therefore, will be delighted with the pointed spirit of '*London,*' than with the profound reflection of '*The Vanity of Human Wishes.*' Garrick, for instance, observed in his sprightly manner, with more vivacity than regard to just discrimination, as is usual with wits, 'When Johnson lived much with the Herveys, and saw a good deal of what was passing in life, he wrote his '*London,*' which is lively and easy: when he became more retired, he gave us his '*Vanity of Human Wishes,*' which is as hard as Greek. Had he gone on to imitate another satire, it would have been as hard as Hebrew.'—vol. i. p. 168.

Mr. Croker thus comments:—

"Garrick's criticism, (if it deserves the name) and his facts are both unfounded. '*The Vanity of Human Wishes,*' is in a graver and higher tone than the *London*, but not harder to be understood. On the contrary, some classical allusions, inconsistent with modern manners, obscure passages of the latter; while all the illustrations, sentiments, and expressions of the former are, though wonderfully noble and dignified, yet perfectly intelligible, and almost familiar. Moreover, when Johnson wrote *London*, he was not living the gay and fashionable life which Mr. Garrick is represented as mentioning. Alas! he was starving in obscure lodgings on eightpence, and sometimes even fourpence a day; and there is in *London* nothing to show any intimacy with the great or fashionable world."—vol. i. p. 168.

He throws in, also, the following scrap from Mrs. Piozzi:—

"When Dr. Johnson, one day, read his own satire, in which the life of a scholar is painted, with the various obstructions thrown in his way to fortune and to fame, he burst into a passion of tears."—vol. i. p. 168.

When, in answer to those critics who censured the style of the Rambler as '*involved, turgid, and abounding with hard words,*' and especially to Murphy's apt quotation from Dryden, viz. '*if so many foreign words are*

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poured in upon us, it looks as if they were designed not to assist the natives, but to conquer them"—when Boswell flies up at this, and asserts that 'there is not the proportion of one hard word to each paper,' Mr. Croker thus mediates:—

"Mr. Boswell's zeal carries him too far: Johnson's style, especially in the Rambler, is frequently turgid, even to ridicule; but he has been too often censured with a malicious flippancy, which Boswell may be excused for resenting; and even graver critics have sometimes treated him with inconsiderate injustice. For instance, the Rev. Dr. Burrowes, (now Dean of Cork), in an 'Essay on the Style of Dr. Johnson,' published in the first volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, (1787,) observes:—'Johnson says that he has rarely admitted any word not authorized by former writers; but where are we to seek authorities for 'resuscitation, orbity, volant, fatuity, divaricate, asinine, narcotic, vulnerary, empireumatic, papilionaceous,' and innumerable others of the same stamp, which abound in and disgrace his pages?—for 'obtund, disruption, sensory, or panoply,' all occurring in the short compass of a single essay in the Rambler;—or for 'cremation, horticulture, germination, and decussation,' within a few pages in his life of Browne? They may be found, perhaps, in the works of former writers, but they make no part of the English language. They are the illegitimate offspring of learning by vanity.' It is wonderful, that, instead of asking where these words were to be found, Dr. Burrowes did not think of referring to Johnson's own dictionary. He would have found good authorities for almost every one of them; for instance, for *resuscitation*, Milton and Bacon are quoted; for *volant*, Milton and Phillips; for *fatuity*, Arbuthnot; for *asinine*, Milton; for *narcotic* and *vulnerary*, Browne; for *germination*, Bacon; and so on. But although these authorities, which Dr. Burrowes might have found in the dictionary, are a sufficient answer to his question, let it be also observed, that many of these words were in use in more familiar authors than Johnson chose to quote, and that the majority of them are now become familiar, which is a sufficient proof that the English language has not considered them as *illegitimate*."—vol. i. p. 195.

Again, when Boswell quotes, as conclusive on this topic, Johnson's own dictum in the Idler,—"He that thinks with more extent than another, will want words of a larger meaning," the editor observes,—

"This is a truism in the disguise of a sophism. 'He that thinks with more extent will,' no doubt, 'want words of a larger meaning,' but the words themselves may be plain and simple; the number of syllables, and *ore-rotundity* (if one may venture to use the expression) of the sound of a word can never add much, and may, in some cases, do injury to the meaning. What words were ever written of a larger meaning than the following, which, however, are the most simple and elementary that can be found—*God said, Let there be light, and there was light!* If we were to convert the proposition in

the Idler, and say, that 'he who thinks feebly needs bigger words to cover his inanity,' we should be nearer the truth. But it must be admitted (as Mr. Boswell soon after observes) that Johnson (though he, in some of his works, pushed his peculiarities to an absurd extent) has been on the whole a benefactor to our language; he has introduced more dignity into our style, more regularity into our grammatical construction, and given a fuller and more sonorous sound to the march of our sentences and the cadence of our periods."—vol. i. p. 196.

It might have been added, that Johnson's style was getting more and more simple as he advanced; he himself, taking up the Rambler by accident, towards the close of his life, was heard to confess that the language seemed too artificial; and the later of the Lives of the Poets are in fact very plain and unambitious specimens of English prose.

We cannot, however, think Mr. Croker equally happy in all his criticisms, and are indeed sometimes extremely puzzled to comprehend what the difficulty he confesses to have found can be. For example, in talking of the Preface to the Dictionary, Boswell says,

"One of its excellencies has always struck me with peculiar admiration; I mean the perspicuity with which he has expressed abstract scientific notions. As an instance of this, I shall quote the following sentence: 'When the radical idea branches out into parallel ramifications, how can a consecutive series be formed of senses in their own nature collateral?'"—vol. i. p. 277.

Mr. Croker's note is,—

"Mr. Boswell's apprehension was much clearer than, or his ideas of perspicuity very different from those of the editor, who is not ashamed to confess that he does not understand this *perspicuous* passage. There seems, moreover, to be something like a contradiction in the terms: how can *parallels* be said to *branch out*?"

Now, with great deference, we think the doctor's meaning plain enough. When many different senses are affixed to the same word, and we have no direct evidence as to the dates of their respective receptions into general use,—when in short we are unable to *prove* which of the oblique senses of a given vocable was adopted first, which second, which third, and so on, there opens a field of most complex and difficult conjecture; and it is, in fact, exactly in this exquisitely refined and laborious department, that Dr. Johnson's most serious errors and negligences, as a lexicographer, are now universally recognised.

On occasion of some discussion between Johnson and Boswell, about the political purity of Mr. Burke, Mr. Croker gives this note,—

"Mr. Green, the anonymous author of the 'Diary of a Lover of Literature,' (printed at Ipswich,) states, under the date of 13th June, 1796, that a friend whom he designates by the

initial M (and whom I believe to be my able and obliging friend Sir James Mackintosh) talking to him of the relative ability of Burke and Gibbon, said, 'Gibbon might have been cut out of a corner of Burke's mind without his missing it.' I fancy, now that enthusiasm has cooled, Sir James would be inclined to allow Gibbon a larger share of mind, though his intellectual powers can never be compared with Burke's.—vol. iii. p. 223.

We cannot help thinking that the right honourable Editor, in this passage, lets out something of the prejudices of the Irishman, and more of those of the 'public man.' A hundred years hence, what will be the relative positions, in the eye of the world, of the certainly splendid genius that dictated the 'Reflections,' and the great author of the 'Decline and Fall?' who will then talk about 'cutting out of a corner?'

At vol. i. p. 451, we read,—

"JOHNSON.—Pity is not natural to man.—Children are always cruel. Savages are always cruel. Pity is acquired and improved by the cultivation of reason. We may have uneasy sensations from seeing a creature in distress, without pity; for we have not pity unless we wish to relieve them. When I am on my way to dine with a friend, and, finding it late, have bid the coachman make haste, if I happen to attend when he whips his horses, I may feel unpleasantly that the animals are put to pain, but I do not wish him to desist. No, Sir, I wish him to drive on."

On which Mr. Croker says,—

"Johnson's antithesis between pity and cruelty is not exact, and the argument (such as it is) drawn from it is therefore inconclusive. Pity is as natural to man as any other emotion of the mind. The Bishop of Ferns* observes, that children are said to be *cruel*, when it would be more just to say that they are *ignorant*—they do not know that they give pain. Nor are savages cruel in the sense here used, for cruelty's sake; they use cruel means to attain an object, because they know no other mode of accomplishing the object; and so far is pity from being acquired solely by the cultivation of reason, that reason is one of the checks upon the pity natural to mankind."—vol. i. p. 451.

We are surprised that neither the doctor nor his commentators should have called to mind Aristotle's definition of pity, which gives in a few words the whole *rationale* of the matter. 'Pity is a painful feeling excited by the contemplation of some distress, the like of which we know *may* befall ourselves.' Children and savages have lively fancy, but little imagination: men are hard, generally, in proportion to their want of this last quality; and Plato does not hesitate to give as the measure of *genius*, the extent of *sympathy*.

* In such a book as this, a designation like 'the Bishop of Ferns' seems out of place. Why not save future editors the trouble of saying 'Dr. Elrington?'

At the same dinner, by the by, where this question of pity was started, Dr. Johnson is introduced as thus handling "a writer of deserved eminence:—"

"Why, Sir, he is a man of good parts, but, being originally poor, he has got a love of mean company and low jocularities; a very bad thing, Sir. To laugh is good, and to talk is good. But you ought no more to think it enough if you laugh, than you are to think it enough if you talk. You may laugh in as many ways as you talk; and surely *every* way of talking that is practised cannot be esteemed."—vol. i. p. 402.

Mr. Croker's note is—

"It is not easy to say who was here meant. Murphy, who was born poor, was distinguished for elegance of manners and conversation; and Fielding, who could not have been spoken of as alive in 1763, was born to better prospects, though he kept low company; and had it been Goldsmith, Boswell would probably have had no scruple in naming him."

Will he allow us to suggest the name of *Smollett*? The conversation occurs July 20, 1763: Dr. Smollett had left London for Italy, in bad health, the month before, and might naturally be talked of. No one who recollects his own description of his Sunday dinners, in Humphry Clinker, the race for the pair of new boots between the fat bookseller and his poor translator, &c. &c., will dispute that the Novelist's tastes as to social diversion would appear low to the Rambler; and Boswell, being (as the Hebridean Tour shows) a personal friend of the Smollett family, would have been likely to suppress the "eminent writer's" name, even if he had not been an eminent Scotchman.

Since we are at such small matters,—Mr. Croker sometimes "goes on refining." When Johnson and Boswell, e. g. visit Calder, or (according to the pronunciation) *Caedor* Castle in Invernesshire, the Editor discovers in Shakspeare's adherence to the latter spelling, which he seems to consider peculiar to Shakspeare, a "strong, though minute instance of the general knowledge" of the author of Macbeth. Can Mr. Croker have forgotten that Shakspeare, in that first of Tragedies, versifies numberless speeches, and two or three whole scenes, almost *literatim*, from Hollinshed? If he turns to the old chronicler, he will find him uniformly writing *Caedor*. But enough of these notelings upon notes. Here is something better:—

"JOHNSON.—Wise married women don't trouble themselves about infidelity in their husbands." BOSWELL.—To be sure there is a great difference between the offence of infidelity in a man and that of his wife. JOHNSON.—The difference is boundless. The man imposes no bastards upon his wife."—vol. iv. p. 280.

Mr. Croker's note on this passage is a capital compression of all that has been best said on the subject.

"This seems too narrow an illustration of a 'boundless difference.' The introduction of a bastard into a family, though a great injustice and a great crime, is only one consequence (and that an occasional and accidental one) of a greater crime and a more afflicting injustice. The precaution of Julia, alluded to *ante*, vol. iii. p. 390, did not render her innocent. In a moral and in a religious view, the guilt is no doubt equal in man or woman: but have not both Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell overlooked a social view of this subject? which is perhaps the true reason of the greater indulgence which is generally afforded to the infidelity of the man—I mean the effect on the personal character of the different sexes. The crime does not seem to alter or debase the qualities of the man, in any essential degree; but when the superior purity and delicacy of the woman is once contaminated, it is destroyed—*facilis decensus Jæterni*—she generally falls into utter degradation, and thence, probably, it is that society makes a distinction conformable to its own interests—it connives at the offence of men, because men are not much deteriorated as members of general society by the offence; and it is severe against the offence of women, because women, as members of society, are utterly degraded by it. This view of the subject will be illustrated by a converse proposition—for instance: The world thinks not the worse, nay rather the better, of a woman for wanting courage; but such a defect in a man is wholly unpardonable, because as Johnson wisely and wittily said, 'he who has not the virtue of courage, has no security for any other virtue.' Society, therefore, requires chastity from women, as it does courage from men. The Editor, in suggesting this merely worldly consideration, hopes not to be misunderstood as offering any defence of a breach, on the part of a man, of divine and human laws; he by no means goes so far as Dr. Johnson does in the text, but he has thought it right to suggest a difference on a most important subject, which had been overlooked by that great moralist, or is, at least, not stated by Mr. Boswell."

One excellent point of Mr. Croker's editorship is the embodying of Boswell's Journal of the Tour to the Hebrides in the Life of Johnson: we only wonder how the two pieces, so obviously parts of the same design, and executed so entirely in the same style, should have been kept distinct so many years after all petty difficulties arising from questions of copyright had ceased. Assuredly they will never again be separated; and as surely, the long series of notes, furnished to Mr. Croker by Sir Walter Scott, on the Hebridean part, containing, as they do, the cream of that great writer's own observations during his tour to the Western Isles, and so much curious traditional matter, that he found lingering in the wilderness, concerning the sayings and doings of the "Sassenagh More," (big Englishman), and his inimitable Cicerone, will never be divorced from the text which they so admirably illustrate, and indeed, invest with a new interest throughout. To us the expedition of 1773 appears by far the most entertaining episode

Museum.—Vol. XX.

of the doctor's life; and every thing about it seems in harmony with the genial moment, so beautifully described, in which he first conceived the notion of his own account of his wanderings. "I sat down on a bank, such as a writer of romance might have delighted to feign. I had, indeed, no trees to whisper over my head, but a clear rivulet streamed at my feet. The day was calm, the air soft, and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude. Before me, and on either side, were high hills, which, by hindering the eye from ranging, forced the mind to find entertainment for itself. Whether I spent the hour well, I know not; for here I first conceived the thought of this narration."

We shall string together a few of Sir Walter Scott's contributions to this part of the undertaking; and begin with his note on that page of Boswell where "Mr. Nairne" is mentioned as accompanying Johnson from Edinburgh to Fife.

"Mr. William Nairne, afterwards Sir William, and a judge of the Court of Session, by the title, made classical by Shakspeare, of Lord Dunsinann. He was a man of scrupulous integrity. When sheriff depute of Perthshire, he found, upon reflection, that he had decided a poor man's case erroneously; and, as the only remedy, supplied the litigant privately with money to carry the suit to the supreme court, where his judgment was reversed."

"Monday, 6th Sept.—Dr. Johnson being fatigued with his journey, retired early to his chamber, where he composed the following ode, addressed to Mrs. Thrale:—

'Permeo terras, ubi nuda rupes
Saxeas miscet nebulis ruinas,
Torva ubi ridens steriles coloni
Rura labores, &c.'

"Note. About fourteen years since, I landed at Sky, with a party of friends, and had the curiosity to ask what was the first idea on every one's mind at landing. All answered separately that it was this ode."

Saturday, 18th Sept.—The Lady Macleod, complaining of the inconveniences of Dunvegan castle, and wishing that the family residence should be removed to the valley below, says to Boswell,

"It is very well for you, who have a fine place, and every thing easy, to talk thus, and think of chaining honest folks to a rock. You would not live upon it yourself." BOSWELL—"Yes, madam, I would live upon it, were I Laird of Macleod, and should be unhappy if I were not upon it." JOHNSON (with a strong voice and most determined manner)—"Madam, rather than quit the old rock, Boswell would live in the pit; he would make his bed in the dungeon."

"On Boswell's observing that it would be easy to improve the accommodations of the old chateau, so as to render it tolerably comfortable, Sir Walter adds,—

"Something has been done, partly in the
No. 116.—Q

way of accommodation and ornament, partly in improvements yet more estimable, under the direction of the present beneficent Lady of Macleod. She has completely acquired the language of her husband's clan, in order to qualify herself to be their effectual benefactress. She has erected schools, which she superintends herself to introduce among them the benefits, knowledge, and comforts of more civilized society; and a young and beautiful English woman has done more for the enlarged happiness of this primitive people than had been achieved for ages before."

At the same place they are shown a Latin inscription by Macleod's parish minister, in which the chief is styled "*Gentissimæ phylarchus*." On this Mr. Croker says:

"The minister seems to have been no contemptible Latinist. Is not *Phylarchus* a very happy term to express the paternal and kindly authority of the head of a clan?"

The editor does not seem to be aware, that *Phylarchus* (*φύλαρχος*), literally *chief of a tribe*, is the established phraseology of Buchanan and all who ever wrote in Latin about these Celtic reguli. The minister's mis-spelling has misled him.

We cannot leave *Dunregan* without advertising to a most interesting fragment of autobiography by Johnson's Macleod, furnished to Mr. Croker by his son, the present chief, and which, besides throwing great light on Dr. Johnson's Hebridean proceedings, deserves to be attentively considered in a still more serious point of view. This phylarch

"of the Hebrid Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main."

thus touchingly records his own behaviour—how unlike that of most of his brethren—at an epoch which will ever be miserably memorable in the history of those remote regions.

"In the year 1771, a strange passion for emigrating to America seized many of the middling and poorer sort of Highlanders. The change of manners in their chieftains, since 1745, produced effects which were evidently the proximate cause of this unnatural dereliction of their own, and appetite for a foreign country. The laws which deprived the Highlanders of their arms and garb would certainly have destroyed the feudal military powers of the chieftains; but the fond attachment of the people to their patriarchs would have yielded to no laws. They were themselves the destroyers of that pleasing influence. Sucked into the vortex of the nation, and allured to the capital, they degenerated from patriarchs and chieftains to landlords; and they became as anxious for increase of rent as the new-made lairds—the *novi homines*—the mercantile purchasers of the Lowlands. Many tenants, whose fathers for generations, had enjoyed their little spots, were removed for higher bidders. Those who agreed, at any price, for their ancient *lares*, were forced to pay an increased rent, without being taught any new method to increase their produce. In the Hebrides, especially, this change was not

gradual, but sudden,—and sudden and baleful were its effects. The people, freed by the laws from the power of the chieftains, and loosened by the chieftains themselves from the bonds of affection, turned their eyes and their hearts to new scenes. America seemed to open its arms to receive every discontented Briton. To those possessed of very small sums of money, it offered large possessions of uncultivated but excellent land, in a preferable climate;—to the poor, it held out high wages for labour;—to all, it promised property and independence. Many artful emissaries, who had an interest in the transportation or settlement of emigrants, industriously displayed these temptations; and the desire of leaving their country, for the new land of promise, became furious and epidemic. Like all other popular furies, it infected not only those who had reason to complain of their situation or injuries, but those who were most favoured and most comfortably settled. In the beginning of 1772, my grandfather, who had always been a most beneficent and beloved chieftain, but whose necessities had lately induced him to raise his rents, became much alarmed by this new spirit which had reached his clan. Aged and infirm, he was unable to apply the remedy in person;—he devolved the task on me, and gave me for an assistant our nearest male relation, Colonel Macleod, of Talisker. The duty imposed on us was difficult: the estate was loaded with debt, incumbered with a numerous issue from himself and my father, and charged with some jointures. His tenants had lost, in that severe winter, above a third of their cattle, which constituted their substance; their spirits were soured by their losses, and the late augmentations of rent; and their ideas of America were inflamed by the strongest representations, and the example of their neighbouring clans. My friend and I were empowered to grant such deductions in the rents as might seem necessary and reasonable; but we found it terrible to decide between the justice to creditors, the necessities of an ancient family which we ourselves represented, and the claims and distresses of an impoverished tenantry. To God I owe, and I trust will ever pay, the most fervent thanks that this terrible task enabled us to lay the foundation of circumstances, (though then unlooked for) that I hope will prove the means not only of the rescue, but of the aggrandizement of our family. I was young, and had the warmth of the liberal passions natural to that age; I called the people of the different districts of our estate together; I laid before them the situation of our family—its debts, its burthens, its distress; I acknowledged the hardships under which they laboured; I described and reminded them of the manner in which they and their ancestors had lived with mine; I combated their passion for America by a real account of the dangers and hardships they might encounter there; I besought them to love their young chieftain, and to renew with him the ancient manners; I promised to live among them; I threw myself upon them; I recalled to their remembrance an ancestor who had also found his estate in ruin, and whose memory was held in the highest veneration; I desired every district to point out some of their oldest and most respected men, to settle with me every

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claim; and I promised to do every thing for their relief which in reason I could. My worthy relation ably seconded me, and our labour was not in vain. We gave considerable abatements in the rents, few emigrated, and the clan conceived the most lively attachment to me, which they most effectually manifested."—vol. ii. Appendix, pp. 557—559.

We must not, at present, enter into the painful subject to which this beautiful *extract* tempts us. To return to the text—

"Tuesday, 5th October. BOSWELL.—I could now sing a verse of the song *Hatyn foam'eri*, made in honour of Allan, the famous captain of Clanranald, who fell at Sherrif-muir; whose servant, who lay on the field watching his master's dead body, being asked next day who that was, answered, 'He was a man yesterday.'"

Sir Walter Scott's note is—

"*Hatyn foam*. A very popular air in the Hebrides, written to the praise and glory of Allan of Muidartach, or Allen of Muidart, a chief of the Clanranald family. The following is a translation of it by a fair friend of mine:

Come, here's a pledge to young and old,
We quaff the blood-red wine;
A health to Allan Muidart bold,
The dearest love of mine.

Along, along, then haste along,
For here no more I'll stay;
I'll braid and bind my tresses long,
And o'er the hills away.

When waves blow gurly off the strand,
And none the bark may steer;
The grasp of Allan's strong right hand
Compels her home to veer.

Along, along, &c.

And when to old Kilpedar came
Such troops of damsels gay;
Say, came they there for Allan's fame,
Or came they there to pray?

Along, along, &c."—vol. ii. pp. 516, 517.

We presume, if Sir W. Scott had been writing his note *now*, he would have had a melancholy satisfaction in giving the name of the accomplished authoress of these elegant verses. They are popular in Scotland, and were written by Margaret (born Maclean Clephane,) Marchioness of Northampton—lost to society and literature, too early, in 1830.

"Sunday, 17th October.—Being informed that there was nothing worthy of observation in Ulva, we took boat, and proceeded to Inchken-neth."

SCOTT.—"Inch Kenneth is a most beautiful little islet of the most verdant green, while all the neighbouring shores are as black as heath and moss can make them. The ruins of the huts, in which Dr. Johnson was received by Sir Allan M'Lean, were still to be seen, and some tatters of the paper-hangings were on the walls. Sir George Onesiphorus Paul was at Inch Kenneth with the same party of which I was a member. He seemed to me to suspect many of the Highland tales which he heard, but he showed most incredulity on the subject

of Johnson's having been entertained in the wretched huts of which we saw the ruins. He took me aside, and conjured me to tell him the truth of the matter. 'This Sir Allen,' said he, 'was he a *regular baronet*, or was his title such a traditional one as you find in Ireland?' I assured my excellent acquaintance that, for my own part, 'I would have paid more respect to a knight of Kerry, or knight of Glynn; yet Sir Allan M'Lean was a *regular baronet* by patent;' and, having given him this information, I took the liberty of asking him, in return, whether he would not in conscience, prefer the worst cell in the jail at Gloucester, (which he had been very active in overlooking while the building was going on,) to those exposed hovels where Johnson had been entertained by rank and beauty. He looked round the little islet, and allowed Sir Allan had some advantage in exercising ground; but in other respects, he thought the compulsory tenants of Gloucester had greatly the advantage. Such was his opinion of a place, concerning which Johnson has recorded that 'it wanted little which palaces could afford.'

"Friday, 22d October.—We bade adieu to Lochbuv, and to our very kind conductor, Sir Allan M'Lean."

SCOTT.—"Sir Allan M'Lean, like many Highland chiefs, was embarrassed in his private affairs, and exposed to unpleasant solicitations from attorneys, called in Scotland *writers* (which, indeed, was the chief motive of his retiring to Inch Kenneth). Upon one occasion he made a visit to a friend, then residing at Carron lodge, on the banks of the Carron, where the banks of that river are studded with pretty villas; Sir Allan, admiring the landscape, asked his friend whom that handsome seat belonged to. 'M——, the writer to the signet,' was the reply. 'Umph!' said Sir Allan, but not with an accent of assent, 'I mean that other house.' 'Oh! that belongs to a very honest fellow, Jamie ——, also a writer to the signet.' 'Umph!' said the Highland chief of M'Lean, with more emphasis than before. 'And yon smaller house?' 'That belongs to a Stirling man: I forget his name, but I am sure he is a writer, too, for ——' Sir Allan, who had recoiled a quarter of a circle backward at every response, now wheeled the circle entire, and turned his back on the landscape, saying, 'My good friend, I must own, you have a pretty situation here, but d—n your neighbourhood.'

"Friday, 29th October. Glasgow.—The professors of the University being informed of our arrival," &c.

SCOTT.—"Mr. Boswell has chosen to omit, that Johnson and Adam Smith met at Glasgow; but I have been assured by Professor John Miller that they did so, and that Smith, leaving the party in which he had met Johnson, happened to come to another company where Miller was. Knowing that Smith had been in Johnson's society, they were anxious to know what had passed, and the more so, as Dr. Smith's temper seemed much ruffled. At first, Smith would only answer, 'He's a brute, he's a brute;' but on closer examination, it appeared that Johnson no sooner saw Smith than he attacked him for some point of his famous letter

on the death of Hume. Smith vindicated the truth of his statement. 'What did Johnson say?' was the universal inquiry. 'Why, he said,' replied Smith, with the deepest impression of resentment, 'he said, *you lie!*' 'And what did you reply?' 'I said, you are a son of a —!' On such terms did these two great moralists meet and part, and such was the classical dialogue between two great teachers of philosophy.

We must take leave to express our strongest suspicion of this story.

"Saturday, 6th November. *Auchinleck*.—It would certainly be very unbecoming in me to exhibit my honoured father and my respected friend, as intellectual gladiators, for the entertainment of the public; and therefore I suppress what would, I dare say, make an interesting scene in this dramatic sketch, this account of the transit of Johnson over the Caledonian hemisphere."—*Boswell*.

"Old Lord Auchinleck was an able lawyer, a good scholar, after the manner of Scotland, and highly valued his own advantages as a man of good estate and ancient family, and, moreover, he was a strict Presbyterian and whig of the old Scottish cast. This did not prevent his being a terribly proud aristocrat; and great was the contempt he entertained and expressed for his son James, for the nature of his friendships and the character of the personages of whom he was *engoué* one after another. 'There's nae hope for Jamie, mon,' he said to a friend. 'Jamie is gaen clean gyte.—What do you think, mon? He's done wi' Paoli—he's off wi' the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican; and whose tail do you think he has pinned himself to now, mon?' Here the old judge summoned up a sneer of most sovereign contempt. 'A dominie mon—an auld dominie; he kept a schule, and caud it an academy.' Probably if this had been reported to Johnson, he would have felt it more galling, for he never much liked to think of that period of his life; it would have aggravated his dislike of Lord Auchinleck's whiggery and Presbyterianism. These the old lord carried to such an unusual height, that once when a countryman came in to state some justice business, and being required to make his oath, declined to do so before his lordship, because he was not a *coronanted* magistrate. 'Is that a' your objection, mon?' said the judge; 'come your ways in here, and we'll baith of us tak the solemn league and covenant together.' The oath was accordingly agreed and sworn to by both, and I dare say it was the last time it ever received such homage. It may be surmised how far Lord Auchinleck, such as he is here described, was likely to suit a high tory and Episcopalian like Johnson. As they approached Auchinleck, Boswell conjured Johnson by all the ties of regard, and in requital of the services he had rendered him upon his tour, that he would spare two subjects in tenderness to his father's prejudices; the first related to Sir John Pringle, president of the royal society, about whom there was then some dispute current; the second concerned the general question of whig and tory. Sir John Pringle, as Boswell says, escaped, but the controversy between tory and

covenanter raged with great fury, and ended in Johnson's pressing upon the old judge the question, what good Cromwell, of whom he had said something derogatory, had ever done to his country; when, after being much tortured, Lord Auchinleck at last spoke out, 'God, doctor! he gart kings ken that they had a *lith* in their neck.' He taught kings they had a *joint* between his father and the philosopher, and availing himself of the judge's sense of hospitality, which was punctilious, reduced the debate to more order.—*Walter Scott*.—vol. iii. pp. 78, 79.

It is much to be regretted that some notes on the Hebridean tour, which Lord Stowell (who accompanied Johnson as far as Edinburgh,) had dictated to Mr. Croker, and which the latter transmitted by post to Sir Walter Scott, that he might have them before him while writing his own observations, should have, by some (in the days of Sir Francis Freeling unexampled) accident, never reached their destination, nor to this hour been recovered. Various fragments, however, of the venerable peer's information are embodied in the editor's own notes; and we shall conclude with one specimen:—

"The Editor asked Lord Stowell in what estimation he found Boswell amongst his countrymen. 'Generally liked as a good-natured, jolly fellow,' replied his Lordship. 'But was he respected?' 'Why, I think he had about the proportion of *respect* that you might guess would be shown to a *jolly fellow*.' His Lordship evidently thought that there was more regard than *respect*."

Respect indeed! Mr. Croker informs us (vol. ii. p. 71) that at Garrick's Shakspeare Jubilee at Stratford-upon-Avon, Mr. Boswell, "lest he should not be sufficiently distinguished, wore the words *CORSICA BOSWELL*, in large letters, round his hat;" and where the biographer makes solemn mention (vol. iv. p. 317) of his "esteemed friend Mr. Akerman, the keeper of Newgate," we have the following note:—

"Why Mr. Boswell should call the keeper of Newgate his '*esteemed friend*,' has puzzled many readers; but besides his natural desire to make the acquaintance of every body who was eminent or remarkable, or even *notorious*, his strange propensity for witnessing executions probably brought him into more immediate intercourse with the keeper of Newgate."

On the whole, in spite of a few trivial mistakes and inadvertencies, easy to be corrected hereafter, we may safely pronounce this "*Boswell*" the best edition of an English book that has appeared in our time. It is set forth, as might be supposed, with all the luxury of modern *embellishment*. The engravings are exquisitely beautiful; and one wholly new thing in this way, viz. a Boswell, after a dashing early drawing of Lawrence (much in the style of a sketch by 'H. B.') is, to our fancy, more satisfactory, in the case of such a person,

than the most elaborate portrait, done under the fear of the proprietors, could ever have been. We ought not to omit, that a really good index has now, for the first time, been given with a book that, above almost any other, wanted such an appendage. Boswell's Life of Johnson is, we suspect, about the richest dictionary of wit and wisdom any language can boast, and its treasures may now be referred to with *infinitely* greater ease than heretofore.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

EXTRACTS FROM NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.

NORTH.

The Philosophy of the Human Mind, I am credibly informed, James, is in its infancy—

SHEPHERD.

Aiblins, Sir, in its second childhood—witness Phrenology.

NORTH.

You have a very fine forehead, James.

SHEPHERD.

Mind, sir, that I was no sayin' that Phrenology was fause. On the contrar, I think there's a great deal o' truth in what they say about the shape and size o' the head—but—

TICKLER.

That with the exception of some half dozen or so, such as Combe and the Scotts, the Edinburgh Phrenologists are the Flower of our Scottish Fools—

NORTH.

See their Journal—*passim*.

SHEPHERD.

That wou'dna be fair, sir—to judge o' a periodical wark, by merely passin' the shop window where it may be lyin' exposed like a dead ool, wi' wings extended on a barn door—

NORTH.

Passim and *en passant* have not the same meaning, James, though I could mention one ingenious modern Athenian who appears to think so.

SHEPHERD.

Words that have the same soun' ought to have the same sense—though, I admit, that's no aye the case—for itherwise langage misleads. For example, only yestreen at a party, a pert, prim, pompous prater, wi' a peeriewee-rie expression about the een, asked me what I thoct, in this stormy state o' the atmosphere, would become o' the Peers? I answered, simply aneuch, that if wrapped up in fresh straw, and laid in a dry place, safe frae the damp, they would keep till Christmas. The cretur, after haen said something, he supposed, insupportably severe on me for the use o' feegurative language on sic a terrible topic, began to what he ca'd "impune ma opinion," and to grow unco foul-mouthed on the

Duke of Wellington. I thoct o' Soughton-ha'; but that painfu' suspicion was soon removed frae ma mind, for I fand that he was speakin' o' the Peers in Parliament, and me o' jargonells.

NORTH.

Timothy, is not James very pleasant:

TICKLER.

Very.

SHEPHERD.

These's a doctrine o' the association o' Ideas. Thomas Broon, who kent as muckle about poetry as that poker, and wrote it about as weel as that shovel, and criticeessed it about as weel as thae tango, pretended to inform mankind at large hoo ae idea took place o' anither, for he was what is ca'd a great metaphysician. The mind, he said—for I hae read his lectures—had nae power—frae which I conelude that, according to him, its aye passive—a doctrine I beg leave maist positievely to contradict, as contrar to the hail tenor o' ma ain experience. The human mind is never, by ony chance, ae single moment passive—but at a' times, day and nicht—

NORTH.

"Sleep hath her separate world, as wide as dreams!"

SHEPHERD.

Tuts. What for are you aye quottin that conceited cretur Wudsworth? Canna ye follow his example and quott yourself?

NORTH.

I should despise doing that, James—I leave it to my brethren of mankind.

SHEPHERD.

Day and nicht is the mind active; and indeed sleep is but the intensest state of wakefulness.

TICKLER.

Especially when through the whole house is heard a snore that might waken the dead.

SHEPHERD.

Just sae. It's a lee to say there can be sic a state as sleep without a snore. In a dwawm or fent man nor woman snores none—for that is temporary death. But sleep is not death—nor yet death's brither, though it has been ca'd sae by ane who shou'd hae kent better—but it is the activity o' spiritual life.

TICKLER.

Come, James, let us hear you on dreams.

SHEPHERD.

No—till after sooper—when we shall discuss Dreams and Ghosts. Suffice it for the present to confine mysell to ae sentence, and to ask you baith this question—what pheelosopher has ever yet explained the behaviour o' ideas, even in their soberest condition, much less when they are at their wildest, and wi' a birr and a bum break through a' established laws, like "burnished flees in pride o' May," as Thompson says, through sae mony

speeders' wabs, carryin' them awa' wi' them on their tails up alaf into the empyrean in amang the motes of the sun?

NORTH.

None.

SHEPHERD.

The Sowle has nae power!!! Has na't??? Hae Ideas, then, nae power either? And what are Ideas, Sirs? Just the Sowle herself, and naething but the Sowle. Or, if you wou'd rather hae't sae, the Evolutions and Revolutions, and Transpositions, and Transfigurations, and Transmigrations, and Transmogrifications o' the Sowle, the only primal and perpetual mobile in creation—

NORTH AND TICKLER.

Hear! Hear! Hear!

SHEPHERD.

What gies ae idea the lead o' a' the rest? And what inspires a' the rest to let him tak the lead—whether like a great big ram loupin' through a gap in the hedge, and followed by scores o' silly sheep—or like a mitchy coal black stallion, wi' lang flecin' main and tail, galloping in front o' a thousand bonny meers, a' thundrin' after the desert-born—or like the despot red-deer, carrying his antlers up the mountain afore sae mony hundred handsome hinds, bellin' sae fiercely that the very far-off echoes are frichtened to answer him, and dee fently awa amang the cliffs o' Ben-y-Glo?—But the discussion's gettin' owre deep, sir, for Mr. Tickler—let's adapt ourselves to the capacities o' our hearers—for o' a' conversation that is, if not the sole, the sovereign charm.

TICKLER.

An old saying, Hogg—throw not pearls before swine.

SHEPHERD.

It aye strikes a cauld damp through me, Mr. North, to hear a man, for whom ane entertains ony sort o' regard, wi' an air o' pomposity gien vent to an auncient adage that had served its time afore the Flood, just as if it were an apophthegm kittled by himsell on the varra spat. And the case is warst ava, when the perpetrawtor, as the noo, happens to be in his ain way an original. Southside, you sometimes speak, sir, like a Sumph.

TICKLER.

James, what is a Sumph?

SHEPHERD.

A Sumph, Timothy, is a chiel to whom Natur has denied ony considerable share o' understaunin', without hae'n chose to mak him just altogether an indisputable idiot.

NORTH.

Hem! I've got a nasty cold.

SHEPHERD.

His puir pawrents haena the comfort o' being able, without frequent misgivings, to consider him a natural-born fule, for you see

he can be taucht the letters o' the alphabet, and even to read wee bits o' short words, no in write but in print, sae that he may in a limited sense be even something of a scholar.

NORTH.

A booby of promise.

SHEPHERD.

Just sae, sir—I've ken't sumphs no that ill spellers. But then, you see, sir, about some sax or seven years auld, the mind of the sumphie is seen to be stationary, and generally about twal it begins slawly to retrograwd—sae that at about twenty, and at that age, if you please, sir, we shall consider him, he has vera little mair sense nor a sockin' babby.

NORTH.

Tickler—eyes right—attend to the Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

Nevertheless, he is in possession of knowledge ayont the reach o' Betty Foy's son and heir, so rationally celebrated by Mr. Wudaworth in his Excursion—

NORTH.

Lyrical Ballads.

SHEPHERD.

I mean Bauldy Foy's excursion for the doctor.

NORTH.

! Well?

SHEPHERD.

Kens sun frae moon, cock frae hen, and richt weel man frae woman; for it is a curious fact, that your sumph is as amatory as Solomon himsell, and ye generally find him mair-ried and standin' at the door of his house like a schoolmaster.

NORTH.

Like a schoolmaster—How?

SHEPHERD.

The green before his house owerflows wi' weans, a' his progeny; and his wife, a comely body, wi' twins on her breast, is aib-lins, with a pleased face, seen smiling over his shoulder.

NORTH.

O fortunati nimum? sua si bona norint
Sumphiculi!

SHEPHERD.

I doubt sir, if you hae ony authority for the formation o' that diminutive. Let's hae gude Latin, or nane.

NORTH.

Mine is always good—but in Maga often miserably marred by the printing, to the horror of Priscian's ghost.

SHEPHERD.

Sumphs are aye fattish—wi' roon' legs like women—generally wi' red and white complexion—though I've kent them black-aviced, and no ill-lookin', were it no for a want o' something you canna at first sight

weel tell what, till you find by degrees that it's a want o' every thing—a want o' expression, a want o' air, a want o' manner, a want o' smeddum, a want o' vigour, a want o' senae, a want o' feelin'—in short, a want o' sowle—a deficit which nae painstakin' in education can ever supply—and then, oholoos! but they're doure, doure, doure—obstinater than either pigs or cuddies, and waur to drive along the high road o' life. For, by tyin' a string to the hint leg o' a grumphy, and keepin' jerk jerkin' him back, you can wile him forrits by fits and starts, and the maist contumacious cuddy you can transplant at last, by pour, pourin' upon his hurdies the oil o' hazel; but neither by priggin' nor prayin', by reason nor by rung, when the fit's on him, frae his position may mortal man howp to move a sumpsh.

NORTH.

Too true. I can answer for the animal.

SHEPHERD.

Sometimes he'll stau for hours in the rain, though he has gotten the rheumatics, rather than come into the house, just because his wife has sent out ane o' the weans to ca' in its father at a sulky juncture—and in the tantrums he'll pretend no to hear the dinner-bell, though ever so hungry; and if a country squire, which he often is, hides himsell somewhere among the shrubs in the policy.

NORTH.

Covering himself with laurel.

SHEPHERD.

Then, oh! but the sumpsh is selfish—selfish. What a rage he flees intil at beggars! His charity never gangs farther than sayin' he's sorry he happens no to hae a bawbee in his pocket. When ane o' his weans at tea-time asks for a lump o' sugar, he either refuses it or selects the weeist bit in the bowl—but takes care to steal a gay big piece for himsell, for he's awfu' fond o' sweet things, and docks his butter and bread deep into the carvey. He is often in the press—

NORTH.

What! an author?

SHEPHERD.

In the dining-room press, stealin' jam, and often lickin' wi' his tongue the thin paper on the tops o' jeeley cans—and sometimes observed by the lad or lass comin' in to mend the fire, in a great hurry secretin' tarts in his pooches o' his breeks, or leavin' them in his alarm o' detection half eaten on the shelve, and ready to accuse the mice o' the rubbery.

NORTH.

What are his politics?

SHEPHERD.

You surely needna ask that, sir. He belongs to the Cheese-paring and Candle-end Saveall School—is a follower o' Josey Hume—and's aye ready to vote for retrenchment.

NORTH.

His religion?

SHEPHERD.

Consists solely in fear o' the deevil, whom in childhood the sumpsh saw in a woodcut—and never since went to bed without sayin his prayers, to escape a charge o' hornin.

NORTH.

Is all this, James, a description of an individual, or of a genus?

SHEPHERD.

A genus, I jalouse, is but a generic name for a number o' individuals having in common certain characteristics; so that, describe the genus and you hae before you the individual—describe the individual and behold the genus. True that there's nae genus consisting but o' ae individual—but the reason o' that is that there never was an individual stannin' in nature exclusively by himsell—if there was, then he would undoubtedly be likewise his ain genus. And pray, why not?

TICKLER.

What is the meaning of all this botheration about sumpshs?

SHEPHERD.

Botheration about sumpshs? In answer to some stuff of Southside's, I said, he spoke like a sumpsh. Mr. Tickler then asked me to describe a sumpsh—and this sketch is at his service. 'Tis the merest outline; but I have pented him to the life in a novelle. Soon as the Reform Bill is feenally settled, Mr. Blackwood is to publish, in three volumes, "The Sumpsh; by the Shepherd." He'll hae a prodigious rin.

NORTH.

(Pouring out for the Shepherd a glass of sparkling champagne.)

Quick, James—quick—ere the ethereal particles escape to heaven.

SHEPHERD.

You're no passin' aff soddy upon me! Soddy's ma abhorrence—it's sae like thin soap-suds.

NORTH.

Fair play's a jewel, my dear Shepherd.

"From the vine-cover'd hills and gay regions of France"—

SHEPHERD.

"See the star o' liberty rise."

That beats ony gooseberry—and drinks prime wi' pine. Another glass. And anither. Noo put aside the Langehanks—and after a' this daffin let's set in for serious drinkin', thinkin', lookin', and speakin'—like three philosophers as we are—and still let our theme be—Human life.

NORTH.

James, I am sick of life. With me "the wine of life is on the lees."

SHEPHERD.

Then drink the dreg, and be thankfu. As lang's there's anither drap, however drumly,

in the bottom of the bottle, dinna despair. But what for are you sick o' life? You're no a verra auld man yet—and although ye was, why mayna an auld man be gaen happy? That's a' ye can expeck noo—but wha's happy—think ye—perfectly happy—on this side o' the grave? No ane! I left yestreen wee Jamie—God bless him—greetin' as his heart wou'd break for the death o' a bit wee doggie that he used to keep playin' wi' on the knowe mony an hour when he ought to hae been at his byeuick—and when he lifted up his bonny blue een a' fu' o' tears to the skies, after he had seen me bury the puir tyke in the garden, I'ee warrant he thoct there was a sair change for the waur in the afternoon licht—for never did callant lo'e colley as he lo'ed Luath—and to be sure he on his side was no ungratefu'—for Luath keepit lickin' his haun' till the verra last gasp, though he dee'd of that cruel distemper. Fill your glass, sir.

NORTH.

I have been subject to fits of blackest melancholy since I was a child, James.

SHEPHERD.

An' think ye, sir, that naeboddy has been subject to fits of blackest melancholy since they were a bairn' but yoursell? Wi' some it's constitutional, and that's a hopeless case; for it rins, or rather stagnates in the bluid, and meesery has been bequeathed from father to son, doon mony dismal generations—nor has ceased till some childless suicide, by a maist ruefu' catastrophe, has closed the clemmax, by the unblesst extinction o' the race. But you, my dear sir, are come o' a cheerfu' kind, and mirth laughed in the ha's o' a' your ancestors. Cheer up, sir—cheer up—fill your glass wi' Madeiry—an' nae mair folly about fits—for you're gettin' fatter and fatter every year, and what you ca' despair 's but the dumps.

NORTH.

O, si præteritos referat mihi Jupiter annos!

SHEPHERD.

Ay—passion gives vent to mony an impious prayer! The mair I meditat on ony season o' my life, the mair fearfu' grows the thoct o' leevin' ower again, and my sowle recoils alike frae the bliss, and frae the meesery, as if baith alike had been sae intense that it were impossible they co'd be re-endured!

NORTH.

James, I regard you with much affection.

SHEPHERD.

I ken you do, sir—and I repay't threefauld; but I canna thole to hear you talkin' nonsense. What for are ye no drinkin' your Madeiry.

NORTH.

How pregnant with pathos to an aged man are those two short lines of Wordsworth—about poor Ruth!

“Ere she had wept, ere she had mourn'd,
A young and happy child.”

SHEPHERD.

They are beautifu' where they staun', and true: but fawse in the abstrack, for the youngest and happiest child has often wept and mourned, even when its mither has been tryin' to rock it asleep in its craddle. Think o' the teethin, sir, and a' the cholic-pains incident to babyhood!

NORTH.

“You speak to me who never had a child.”

SHEPHERD.

I'm no sae sure o' that, sir. Few men hae leev'd till threescore and ten without being fathers; but that's no the pint; the pint is the pleasures and pains o' childhood, and hoo nicely are they balanced to us poor sons of a day! I ken naething o' your childhood, sir, nor o' Mr. Tickler's, except that in very early life you maun hae been twa stirrin' gentlemen—

TICKLER.

I have heard my mother say that I was a remarkably mild child till about—

SHEPHERD.

Six—when it cost your father an income for taws to skelp out o' you the innate ferocity that began to break upon you like a rash along wi' the measles—

TICKLER.

It is somewhat singular, James, that I never have had measles—nor small-pox—nor hoop-ing-cough—nor scarlet-fever—nor—

SHEPHERD.

There's a braw time comin', for these are compliments nane escape; and I should na be surpris'd to see you at next Noctes wi' them a' fawre—a' spotted and blotched, as red as an Indian, or a tile-roof, and crawin' like a cock, in a fearsome manner—to which add the Asiatic cholera, and then, ma man, I wou'dna be in your shoorn, for the free gift o' the best o' the Duke's store-farms, wi' a' the plenishin'—for the fifth comin' on the other fowre, lang as you are, wou'd cut you off like a cucumber.

NORTH.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!

SHEPHERD.

That's Gray—and Gray was the best poet that ever belanged to a college—but—

NORTH.

All great (except one) and most good poets have belanged to colleges.

SHEPHERD.

Humph. But a line comes soon after that is the key to that stanza—

“My weary soul they seem to soothe!”

Gray was na an auld man—far frae it—when he wrott that beautifu' Odd—but he was fu' o' sensibility and genius—and after a lapse o'

years, when he beheld again the bits o' bright and bauld leevin' images glancin' athwart the green—a' the Eton College callants in full cry—his heart amais't dee'd within him at the sicht and the soun'—for his pulse, as he pat his finger to his wrist, beat fent and intermittent, in comparison, and nae wunner that he shou'd fa' intil a dooble delusion about their happiness and his ain meesery. And sae the poem's colour'd throughout wi' a pensive spirit o' regret, in some places wi' the gloom o' melancholy, and in ane or twa amais't black wi' despair. It's a fine picture o' passion, sir, and true to nature in every touch. Yet frae beginnin' to end, in the eye o' reason and faith, and religion, it's a' ae lee. Fawse, surely, a' thae forebodings o' a fatal futurity! For love, joy, and bliss are not banished frae this life; and in writin' that verra poem, manna the state o' Gray's sowle hae been itself divine?

NORTH.

Tickler?

TICKLER.

Good.

SHEPHERD.

What are many o' the pleasures o' memory, sirs, but the pains o' the past spiritualized?

NORTH.

Tickler?

TICKLER.

True.

SHEPHERD.

A' human feelin's seem somehow or ither to partake o' the same character, when the objects that awake them have withdrawn far, far, awa' intil the dim distance, or disappear'd for ever in the dust.

TICKLER.

North?

NORTH.

The Philosophy of Nature.

SHEPHERD.

And that Tam Cammel maun hae felt, when he wrote that glorious line,

"And teach impassion'd souls the joy of grief!"

NORTH.

The joy of grief! That is a joy known but to the happy, James. The soul that can dream of past sorrows till they touch it with a pensive delight can be suffering under no severe trouble—

SHEPHERD.

Perhaps no, sir. But may that no aften happen too, when the heart is amais't dead to a' pleasure in the present, and loves but to converse wi' phantoms? I've seen pale still faces o' widow-women—ane sic is afore me the noo, whase husband was killed in the wars lang lang ago in a forgotten battle—she leaves on a sma' pension in a laigh and lonely house—that bespeak constant communion wi' the dead, and yet nae want either o' meek and mournfu' sympathy wi' the leevin', provided

only ye shaw them, by the considerate gentleness o' your manner, when you chance to ca' on them on a week-day, or meet them at the kirk on Sabbath, that you ken something o' their history, and hae a Christian feelin' for their uncomplainin' affliction. Surely sir, at times, when some tender gleam o' memory glides like moonlight across their path, and reveals in the hush some ineffable eemage o' what was lovely and beloved o' yore, when they were, as they thoct, perfectly happy, although the heart kens weel that 'tis but an eemage, and nae mair—yet still it maun be blest, and let the tears drap as they will on the faded cheek, I shou'd say the puir desolate cretur did in that strange fit o' passion suffer the joy o' grief.

NORTH.

You will forgive me, James, when I confess, that though I enjoyed just now the sound of your voice, which seemed to me more than usually pleasant, with a trembling tone of the pathetic, I did not catch the sense of your speech.

SHEPHERD.

I was no makin' a speech, sir—only utterin' a sort o' sentiment that has already evaporated clean out o' mind, or passed awa' like an uncertain shadow.

NORTH.

Misery is selfish, James—and I have lost almost all sympathy with my fellow-creatures, alike in their joys and their sorrows.

SHEPHERD.

Come, come, sir—cheer up, cheer up. It's naething but the blue devils.

NORTH.

All dead—one after another—the friends in whom lay the light and might of my life—and memory's self is faithless now to the "old familiar faces." Eyes—brows—lips—smiles—voices—all—all forgotten! Pitiable, indeed, is old age, when love itself grows feeble in the heart, and yet the dotard is still conscious that he is day by day letting some sacred remembrance slip for ever from him that he once cherished devoutly in his heart's core, and feels that mental decay alone is fast delivering them all up to oblivion!

SHEPHERD.

Sittin' wi' rheumy een, mumblin' wi' his mouth on his breist, and no kennin' frae ither weans his grand-children, who are come to visit him wi' their mother, his ain bricht and beautifu' daughter, wha seems to him a stranger passin' along the street.

NORTH.

What said you, James?

SHEPHERD.

Naething, sir, naething. I was na speakin' o' you—but o' anither man.

NORTH.

They who knew me—and loved me—and

honoured me—and admired me—for why fear to use that word, now to me charmless!—all dust! What are a thousand kind acquaintances, James, to him who has buried all the few friends of his soul—all the few—one—two—three—but powerful as a whole army to guard the holiest recesses of life!

TICKLER.

(Stretching himself out to an incredible extent.)

Alas! 'twas but a dream!

SHEPHERD.

Was ye dreamin', sir, o' bein' hanged?

TICKLER.

(Recovering his first position.)

Eh!

NORTH.

"So started up in his own shape The Fiend." We have been talking, Timothy, of Shakspeare's Seven Ages.

TICKLER.

Shakspeare's Seven Ages!

SHEPHERD.

No Seven Ages—but rather seven characters. Ye dinna mean to manteeen, that every man, afore he dees, maun be a sodger and a justice o' the peace?

TICKLER.

Shepherd versus Shakspeare—Yarrow versus Avon.

SHEPHERD.

I see no reason why me, or ony ither man o' genius, michtna write just as weel's Shakspeare. Arena we a' mortal? Mony glorious glints he has, and surpassin' sun-bursts—but oh! sirs, his plays are desperate fu' o' trash—like some o' ma earlier poems—

TICKLER.

The Queen's Wake is a faultless production.

SHEPHERD.

It's nae sic thing. But its nearly about as perfect as ony work o' human genius; whereas Shakspeare's best plays, sic as Hamlet, Lear, and Othello, are but strang daubs—

TICKLER.

James—

SHEPHERD.

'Arena they no, Mr. North?

NORTH.

Rather so, my dear Shepherd. But what of his Seven Ages?

SHEPHERD.

Nothing—accept that they're very poor. What's the first?

NORTH.

"At first the infant,
Muling and puking in the nurse's arms!"

SHEPHERD.

An that's a' that Shakspeare had to say about man an infant! I prefer the pictur o' young Hector, frichten'd at his father's crest

—though, I dinna doot that Asteeanax was gien to mewlin' and pukin' in his nurse's arms, too, like ither weans afore they're speaned, for milk certainly curdles and gets sour on their stammachs—

NORTH.

Why, James, in the Ninth Book of the Iliad, old Phœnix, who was private tutor to Achilles when a younker, reminds that hero how he used to disgorge the wine on his vest.

SHEPHERD.

Wha's vest? Phœnix's, or that o' the callant Achilles himself?

NORTH.

Phœnix's.

SHEPHERD.

I hae naething to say about that—for the propriety or impropriety o' the allusion 'll depend altogether on the place and time it is introduced, although I must just say, that there's nae settin' bou'n's to the natural drivell o' dotage in a fond auld man. But Shakspeare, frae a' the attributes, and character, and conduct o' infants, had to choose them he thoct best suited for a general picture o' that age, and the nasty coof chose mewlin' and pukin'—

TICKLER.

I remember once seeing a natural actor in a barn, who personated the melancholy Jaques to admiration, suiting the action to the words, and at "puking"—

SHEPHERD.

Throwin' up on the stage! It's a lee-like story.

TICKLER.

He merely made a face and a gulp, as if disordered in his stomach.

SHEPHERD.

That was a' right;—sae did John Kemble.

NORTH.

What would Mr. James Ballantine say were he to hear that assertion?

SHEPHERD.

I dinna care what he wou'd say, though I grant he's a capital theatrical critic, and writes a hantle better on the play-bill than on the Bill o' Reform.

NORTH.

Unsay these words this instant, James, for there was a tacit agreement that we were to have no politics.

SHEPHERD.

"What's writ is writ," quoth Byron.—
"What's said is said," quoth Hogg. I'll eat in my words for nae man—but back again to John Kemble actin' the baby. He pronounced the word "mewlin'," wi' a sort o' a mew like that o' a wean or a kitlin, shuein' his arms up and down as if nursin'; and if that was richt, then I manteeen that it was incumbent on him, in common consistency, to have gien us the "pukin'" too, or, at a' events, the sort o' face

and gulp the play-actor made in the barn—for what reason in the nature of things, or the art o' actin', could there possibly be for stoppin' short at the "mewin'?"

NORTH.

But, my dear James, the question is not about John Kemble, but William Shakspeare.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, then, the verra first squeak or skirl o' a new born wean in the house, that, though little louder nor that o' a rotten, fills the entire tenement frae grun'-work to riggin', was far better for the purposes o' poetry than the mewlin' and pukin'—for besides being ony thing but disgustfu', though sometimes, I alloo, as alarmin' as unexpected, it is the sound the young Roscius utters on his first appearance on any stage; and on that latter account, if on no ither, shoud' hae been selected by Shakspeare.

NORTH.

Ingenious, James.

SHEPHERD.

Or the moment when it is first pitten, trig as a bit burdie, intill its father's arms.

TICKLER.

A man child—the imp.

SHEPHERD.

Though noo sax feet fowre, your were then, yoursell, Tickler, but a span lang—little mair nor the length o' your present nose.

TICKLER.

'Twas a snub.

SHEPHERD.

As weel tell me that a pawrot, when it chips the shell, has a strecht neb.

TICKLER.

Or that a hog does not show the cloven foot till he has learned to grunt.

SHEPHERD.

Neither he does—for he grunts the instant he's farrow'd—like ony Christian—sae you're out again, there, and that envenomed shaft o' satire fa's to the grun'.

NORTH.

No bad blood, gents!

SHEPHERD.

Weel, then—or, when yet unchristened, it lies awake in the credde—and as its wee dim een meet yours, as you're lookin' doon to kias't, there comes strangely over its bit fair face a something joyfu', that love construes intil a smile.

TICKLER.

"Beautiful exceedingly." Hem.

SHEPHERD.

Or, for the first time o' its life in lang claes, held up in the hush o' the kirk, to be baptized—while—

TICKLER.

The moment the water touches its face, it falls into a fit of fear and rage—

SHEPHERD.

Sune stilled, ye callous carle, in the bosom o' ane o' the bonny lassies sittin' on a furm in the trance, a' dressed in white, wha wi' mony a silent hushaby, lulls the lamb, noo ane o' the flock, into haly sleep.

TICKLER.

Your hand, my dear James.

SHEPHERD.

There. Tak a gude grupp, sir, for, in spite o' that sneering, you've a real gude heart.

NORTH.

This is the second or third time, my dear James, that we have been cheated by some chance or other out of your Seven Ages.—I feel the influence of the Genius Loci, and long for some literary conversation. How quickly, James, is the character of a book known to—

SHEPHERD.

Veterans like us in the fields o' literature. It's just the same to the experienced wi' the character o' a man or a woman. In five minutes the likes o' you and me see through their faces intil their hearts. Twa three words, if they shoud' be but about the weather, the sound o' the vice itsel', a certain look about the een, their way o' walkin', the mainner they draw in a chair, ony the meekest trifle in short, maks us aquented wi' the inner man, in ilka sax alike, as weel as if we had kent them for a thousan' years. An' is't no preceesely ane and the same thing wi' byenks? Open a poem at ony pairt, and let the ee rin doon the line o' prent atween the margins, and you hae na glanced along a page till ye ken whether or no the owther be a free and accepted mason among the Muses. No that you may hae seen ony verra uncommon eemage, or extraordinary thoct, for the lad in that particular passage may hae been haudin' the even tenor o' his way along an easy level; but still you fin' as if your feet werena on the beaten road, but on the bonny greensward, wi' here and there a pretty unpresuming wildflower, primrose, daisy, or violet, and that you're gettin' in among the mazes o' the pleasant sheep-paths on the braes.

NORTH.

Or the sumph is seen in a single sentence—

SHEPHERD.

And the amiable man o' mediocrity is apparent at the full pint o' the first paragraph.

TICKLER.

A compendious canon in criticism.

SHEPHERD.

And ane that I never kent err. No but that ye may hate a man or woman at first sight, and afterwards come to regard him wi' muckle amity, and gang mad for her in verra infatuation—but then in a' sic cases they hae been inconsistent and contradictory characters;

fierce fallows ae day, sulky chieis anither—on a third, to your astonishment, free and familiar—on a fourth flatterin'—freely on a fifth—comical and wutty beyond a' endurance on a sixth—on the seventh, for that's the Sabbath, serious and solemn, as is fittin' a' mortal beings to be on the haly day o' rest—and on Monday night, they break and burst out on ye diamonds o' the first water, some ouch, and some polished, as ye get glorious thegither in the feast o' reason and the flow o' sowle, owre a barrel o' eisters and a gallon o' Glenlivet.

NORTH.

Heads of chapters for the Natural History of Friendship.

SHEPHERD.

Sic too is sometimes the origin and growth o' Love. The first time ye saw her, cockettin' perhaps wi' some insignificant puppy, and either seemin' no to ken that you're in the room, or gien' you occasionally a supercilious glance frae the curled tail o' her ee, as if she thoct you had mistaken the parlour for the 'servants'-ha', ye pairtly pity, pairtly despise, and rather hate, and think her mair nor ordinary ugly; neist time ye foregather, she's sittin' on a bunker by her lane, and drappin' doon aside her, you attempt to talk, but she looks strecht-forrit, as if expectin the door to open, and seems stane deaf, at least on ae side o' the head, only she's no sulky, and about her mouth ye see a sort o' a struggle to haud in a smile, that makes her look, though—somewhat prim, certainly—rather bonnie; on the third meetin', at a freen's house, you sit aside her at dinner, and try to fin' out the things she likes best, nor mind a rebuff or twa, till ye get first a sole on her plate, and syne a veal cutlet, and after that the breist o' a chicken, and feenally, an apple-tart wi' coostard; and sae muckle the better, if afore that a jeely and a bit blumange, takin' tent to ask her to drink wine wi' you, and even facetiously pretendin' to gie her a caulker, wi' an expression that shows you're thinkin' o' far ither dew atween the openin' o' her lips, that noo, for the first time, can be fairly said to lauch along wi' the light that seems safter and safter in her heaven-blue een; the mornin' after, of coorse you gie her a ca', and you fin' her at the work-table, in a gauze gown, and braided hair, wi' her wee foot on a stool, peepin' out like a moose—tak her on the whole, as she sits, as lovely-lookin' a lassie as a Shepherd may see on a summer's day—and what's your delight, when layin' aside her work, a purple silk purse interwoven wi' gold, she rises a' at once like some bright bird frae the grun', and comes floatin' towards ye with an outstretched arm, terminating in a haun' o' which the back and the fingers are white as the driven snaw! And as for the pawm—if a sweet shock o' electricity gangs na to your heart as you touch it, then either are your nerves non-conductors,

or you're a chiel chisel'd out o' the whinstane rock. Your fifth meetin', we shall say, is a' by chance, though in a lane a mile ayont the scoburbs, that was ance the avenue to a ha' noo dilapidated, and that is shaded in its solitariness wi' a hummin' arch o' umbrawgeous auld lime-trees. Hoo sweet the unexpected recognition! For there was nae tryst—for, believe me, there was nae tryst—I was takin' a poetical dauner awa' frae the smoky city's stir, and she, like an angel o' charity, was returnin' frae a poor widow's hovel, where she had been drappin', as if frae heaven, her weekly alms. The sixth time you see her—for you hae kept count o' every ane, and they're a' written on your heart—is on the Saturday night in the house o' her ain parents, nane at hame but themselfe—a family party—and the front-door locked again' a' intruders, that may ring the bell as they like; for entrance is there nane, except through the key-hole to the domestic fairies. What'n a wife, thinks your heart, would be sich a dochter! What'n a mother to the weans! The sweet thoct, but half supprest, accompanies her, as she moves about through the room, in footsteps Finear himsell could hardly hear; and showerin' aroun' her the cheerfu' beauty o' her innocence,

"Sic as virtue ever wears

When gay good nature dresses her in smiles!"

Hark! at a look frae her father the virgin sings! An auld Scottish sang—and then a hymn—but whilk is the maist haly it wou'd be hard to tell, for if the hymn be fu' o' a humble and a contrite heart, sae is the sang o' a heart overflowing wi' ruth and pity, and in its ain happiness tenderly alive to a' human grief! The seventh meetin's at the kirk on the Sabbath—and we sit together in the same pew, having walked a' by our lanes across the silent braes; and never never in this world can love be love, until the twa mortal creatures, wha' may hae pledged their troth in voiceless promises, hae assurance gi'en them, as they join in prayer within the House o' God, that it is hallowed by Religion.

NORTH.

My dear James! happy for ever be your hearth.

SHEPHERD.

Bless you, sir.

NORTH.

"And thus I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!"

TICKLER.

And call you that, James, literary conversation!

SHEPHERD.

Hoots—I'm no sure, gentlemen, if an age is the better o' bein' especially characterised by an inclination for literatur.

NORTH.

Nor am I. Among the pleasures and pur-

suits of our ordinary life, there are none which take stronger hold on minds of intelligence and sensibility, than those of literature; nor is it possible to look without pleasure and approbation upon the application of a young ingenious mind to such avocations. Yet a suspicion will often steal in among such reflections that there is some secret peril lurking in this path of flowers, which may make it necessary for the mind, in the midst of its delights, to be jealous of its safety.

SHEPHERD.

You're nae gaun to thraw cauld water, sir, on Poetry?

NORTH.

Hear me out, my dear James. Literature brings back to the mind, in a kind of softened reflection, those emotions which belong in nature to the agitating scenes of reality. From the storms of society—from the agony of forlorn hope—from the might of heroism,—from the transport of all passions—there is brought to us, in our own still seclusion, the image of life; our intelligence and sensibility are awakened, and with delight and admiration, with a shadowy representation to ourselves of that which has been absolutely acted, we consider the imaginary world.

SHEPHERD.

Nae harm sure in that, sir.

NORTH.

Love, and hope, and fear, and sorrow, shadowy resemblances of great passions, pass through our hearts; and in the secret haunts of imagination we indulge in contemplating for our mere pleasure that which has consumed the strength and whole being of our kind. We sever ourselves for a moment from the world to become sympathizing and applauding spectators of that very drama in which our own part awaits us. We turn the dread reality of existence into a show for indolent delight.

SHEPHERD.

That's beautifu' language, sir.

NORTH.

Indeed we can scarcely describe, James, the pleasures which our imagination seeks in works of literature, without indicating the twofold and various tendency of its pleasures. As the image of our condition warms our heart towards our kind, as it enlarges our conception of our own, or their nature, it tends, by raising our minds, to fit us more nobly for the discharge of its duties. But as it gives us without reality the emotions we need,—as it indulges the sensibility which it is flattering to ourselves to feel,—as it separates for our gratification the grandeur of heroic strength from its endurance,—and gives us the consciousness of all that is good in our own nature, without the pain or peril which puts its strength to the proof,—it tends to soothe and beguile us with illusory complacency in our own virtue,—to sever our spirits from that hard

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and fearful strife, in which alone we ought to think that we can rightly know ourselves—and therewithal it tends in the effect to sever us from our kind, to whom it seems, nevertheless, to unite us in our dreams and visions.

SHEPHERD.

Listenin' to you, sir, is like lookin' into a well; at first ye think it clear, but no verra deep; but ye let drop in a pebble, and what a length o' time ere the air bells come up to the surface frae the profound!

NORTH.

To the young mind, therefore, James, the indulgence in the pleasures which imagination finds in the silent companionship of books, may be regarded as often very dangerous. It is unconsciously training itself to a separation from men during the very years which should train it to the performance of the work in which it must mingle with them. It is learning to withdraw itself from men, to retire into itself, to love and prefer itself, to be its own delight and its own world. And yet a course meanwhile awaits it, in which the greater part of time, strength, thought, desire, must be given up to avocations which demand it from itself to others; in which it must forego its own delight, or rather must find its delight in service which abstracts it from itself wholly, and chains it to this weary world.

SHEPHERD.

True as holy writ.

NORTH.

Life allows only lowly virtue. Its discipline requires of us the humblest pleasures and the humblest service; and only from these by degrees does it permit us to ascend to great emotions and high duties. It is a perpetual denial to ambition, and requital of humility.

SHEPHERD.

For mony a lang year did I feel that, sir. An' I'll continue to feel't to the hour I close my een on sun, moon, and stars.

NORTH.

But imagination is ambitious, and not humble. It leaps at once to the highest, and forms us to overlook the humble possibilities, and to scorn the lowly service of earth. Not measuring ourselves with reality, we grow giants in imagination: but the dreamed giant has vanished with the first sun-ray that strikes on our eyes and awakes us.

SHEPHERD.

Yet wha will say that the pleasures o' imagination are to be withheld frae youth?

NORTH.

They cannot be withheld, James, for the spirit is full of imagination, and has power within itself for its own delusion. But bad education may withhold from imagination the nobler objects of its delight, and leave it fettered to life, a spirit of power, struggling and consuming itself in vain efforts.

SHEPHERD.

What, then, in plain words, is the bonafidey truth o' the soobjeck?

No. 116.—R

NORTH.

I conceive that it is the habitual indulgence that is injurious, and not the knowledge by imagination of its greatest objects; and I should conceive that if we are to do any thing with reference to imagination, it should be, as the years of youth rise upon the mind, to connect its pleasure with the severest action of intellect, by never offering to the mind in books the unrestrained wild delight of imagination; but indulging to it the consciousness of that faculty only in the midst of true and philosophical knowledge.

SHEPHERD.

In science, art, history, men, and nature. Eh?

NORTH.

The pleasures of literature are thought to make the mind effeminate, which they do, inasmuch as the cultivation of letters is at variance with the service of life. The service of life strengthens the mind, by calling upon it always to labour for a present or definite purpose,—to submit its desires, its pleasures, rigidly to an object. It does not deny pleasure—it yields it; but only in subordination or subservience to a purpose. It requires and teaches it to frame its whole action by its will, and to become master of itself. And whether the purposes of life are good and honourable, or debasing, it has this effect of strengthening the mind for action. It is the part of imagination to raise the mind, and to nourish its sensibility; but it must not be allowed to unnerve and disorder its force of action.

SHEPHERD.

You're beginning to tawk like the Pedlar in the Excursion.

NORTH.

I do not know that you could pay me a higher compliment, James.

SHEPHERD.

Darkenin' counsel wi' the multiplication of vain words. A' the great moral philosophical writers that I hae read, baith in prose and in verse, are in expression simple, and say, in fact, far mair than they seem to do; whereas Wordsworth, amais't aye, and no unfrequently yoursell, are too gorgeous in your apparel, and say, in fact, less than you seem to do, though its but seldom you dinna baith utter, even amang your vapidest verbosity, a gey hantle o' invaluable truth.

NORTH.

Look, James, at the Lord Chancellor—

SHEPHERD.

I do. An' in that mane o' his, he looks like a lion-ape—at ance ludicrous and fearsome—a strange mixture o' the meanest and the mightiest o' a' beasts. Hairy Broom—

TICKLER.

The Besom of Destruction.

SHEPHERD.

Soopin' the Court o' Chancery like a strang

wun the chaff frae a barn-floor. See that he does na' scatter in the air the wheat that o' richt belongs to the suitors. Auld Eldon used to lay't up carefully in heaps, that it might be carried awa' afterwards by the richt owners, aften difficult to be determined—

TICKLER.

In the decision of a judge, James, what the world demands now—is despatch.

SHEPHERD.

The idea o' the balance, tremblin' to a hair, is noo obsolete! Yet it was an idea, sir, o' the finest grandeur, and I've gazed on't personified in a pictur, till I hae sworn a seelent oath in a' cases o' diffeculty to ca' on my conscience wi' the same nicest adjustment to look along the beam ere she decided that it had settled intil the unwaverin' and everlastin' richt.

NORTH.

Brougham is a great orator, as orators go, James, spher or—

SHEPHERD.

What?

NORTH.

And some of his speeches in the House of Commons, in favour of the mitigation of our penal code, were noble in eloquence and in argument. He boldly denounced the doctrine of the justice of capital punishments in cases of forgery, the doctrine of its expediency even in a country that had grown great and glorious by commerce.

SHEPHERD.

I hae nae doots on baith.

TICKLER.

And I have none either. Fauntleroy performed an appropriate part in the character of Swing. Yet, so cheap is pity, that the most vulgar pauper can afford to pipe his eye for the fate of the unfeeling forger, who has wasted on unsatiate prostitutes the pittances of widows and orphans, forgetting their faces and their hands held up to Heaven in resignation by their cold hearths, in the mournful sight, forsooth, of the white cheeks and closed eyes of a cowardly and hypocritical convict, quivering, not in remorse for his crime, but in terror of its punishment, on the scaffold that has shook to the tread of many a wretch, unpitied, because poor—and unpitied for, because no—Banker.

NORTH.

Let us, at another time, argue this great question. But hark! the thunderous voice of the great Commoner subdued down to the timid tone of the Lord Chancellor, who, on the very same petition being presented by the Duke of Sussex, which, in former times, called for Henry Brougham's indignant denunciations of cruelty and injustice, lately opened his mouth and emitted nothing but wind, like a barn-door fowl agape in the pip!

NORTH.

Come, my dear James, before going to supper—give us a song.

SHEPHERD.

I'm no in vice, sir. But I'll recite you some verses I made ae gloomy afternoon last week—ca'd "The Monitors."

NORTH.

Better than any song, I venture to predict, from the very title.

SHEPHERD (recites.)

THE MONITORS.

The lift looks cauldrie i' the west,
The wan leaf wavers frae the tree,
The wind touts on the mountain's breast
A dirge o' wanesome note to me.
It tells me that the days o' glee,
When summer's thrilling sweets entwined,
An' love was blinkin' in the ee,
Are a' gane by an' far behind;

That winter wi' his joyless air,
An' grizzely hue, is hasting nigh,
An' that auld age, an' carkin' care,
In my last stage afore me lie.
Yon chill and cheerless winter sky,
Troth but 'tis eeriesome to see,
For ah! it points me to descry
The downfa's o' futuritye.

I daurna look unto the east,
For there my morning shone sae sweet;
An' when I turn me to the west,
The gloaming's like to gar me greet;
The deadly hues o' snaw and sleet
Tell of a dreary onward path;
Yon new moon on her cradle sheet,
Looks like the Hainault scythe of death.

Kind Monitors! ye tell a tale
That oft has been my daily thought;
Yet, when it came, could nought avail,
For sad experience, dearly bought,
Tells me it was not what I ought,
But what was in my power to do,
That me behooved. An' I hae fought
Against a world wi' courage true.

Yes—I hae fought an' won the day,
Come weal, come woe, I carena by,
I am a king! My regal sway
Stretches o'er Scotia's mountains high,
And o'er the fairy vales that lie
Beneath the glimpses o' the moon,
Or round the ledges of the sky,
In twilight's everlasting noon.

Who would not choose the high renown,
'Mang Scotia's swains the chief to be,
Than be a king, an' wear a crown,
Mid perils, pain, an' treachery?
Hurra! The day's my own—I'm free
Of statesmen's guile, an' flattery's train;
I'll blaw my reed of game an' glee,
The Shepherd is himself again!

"But, Bard—ye dianna mind your life
Is waning down to winter snell—
That round your hearth young sprouts are rife,
An' mae to care for than yourself."

Yes, that I do—that hearth could tell
How aft the tear-drop blinds my ee;
What can I do, by spur or spell,
An' by my faith it done shall be.

And I link—through poortith's eiry breach,
Should Want approach wi' threatening brand,
I'll leave them canty sangs will reach
From John o' Groats to Solway strand.
Then what are houses, goud, or land,
To sic an heirship left in fee?
An' I think mair o' auld Scotland,
Than to be fear'd for mine or me.

True, she has been a stepdame dour,
Grudging the hard-earn'd sma' propine,
On a' my efforts looking sour,
An' seem'd i' secret to repine.
Blest be Buccleuch an' a' his line,
For ever blessed may they be;
A little hame I can ca' mine
He hear'd amid the wild for me.

Goodwife—without a' sturt or strife,
Bring ben the siller bowl wi' care;
Ye are the best an' bonniest wife,
That ever fell to poet's share;
An' I'll send o'er for Frank—a pair
O' right good-heartit chieles are we—
We'll drink your health—an' what is mair,
We'll drink our Laird's wi' three times three.

To the young Shepherd, too, we'll take
A rousing glass wi' right good-will;
An' the young ladies o' the Lake,
We'll drink in an'—an awfu' swill!
Then a' the tints o' this world's ill
Will vanish like the morning dew,
An' we'll be blithe an' blither still—
Kind winter Monitors, adieu!

This world has mony ups an' downs,
Atween the cradle an' the grave,
O' blithsome haun's an' broken crowns,
An' douks in chill misfortune's wawe;
All these determined to outbrave,
O'er fancy's wilds I'll wing anew,
As lang as I can lilt a stave,—
Kind winter Monitors, adieu!

NORTH.

Yes—it makes a man proud of his country,
my dear James, to hear from living lips such
noble strains as these—as full of piety as of
poetry—and flowing fresh from the holiest
fount of inspiration—gratitude to the Giver of
all Mercies.

TICKLER.

That's the kind of composition I like, my
dear Shepherd, rich and racy, bold, vigorous,
and free, at once high and humble—such a
strain as, under other circumstances, might
have been sung by some high-souled cove-
nanter on the mountain-side.

"Warm from the heart and faithful to its fires!"

NORTH.

James, do you love me?

SHEPHERD.

That I do, mine honoured Christopher—for
your ain sake—for the sake o' Geordy Bucha-
nan—and for the sake o' auld Scotland.

NORTH.

And do ye forgive me all my——

SHEPHERD.

What? Gie me the lend o' the crutch till Christmas, and if I dinna floor a' the fules that ever said a single syllable again your public character—as for your preevat, there detraction's self's a dumble—may I be droon'd neist time I tak Yarrow Ford!

NORTH.

I should feel, my dearest James, defenceless, and what is perhaps worse, offenceless, without——

SHEPHERD.

What? And me brandishin' roun' about my head like a flail, till it becam' invisible to the naked ee, and its existence was kent but by the crood o' Cockneys sprawlin' afore my path.

NORTH.

It shall be yours, James, during the Recess.

SHEPHERD.

An' for fear o' its breakin' in my hauns, I shall hae't whupt wi' twine——

NORTH.

'Tis a bit of tough timber—and when it snaps, you may be expecting to hear that the Caledonia has sprung her mainmast, and flung all her guns overboard.

SHEPHERD.

I fear, sir, we're likely to hae troubled times.

NORTH.

My mind is naturally hopeful——

SHEPHERD.

I dinna think it, sir. Your frame o' body's sanguine aneuch, and you've still a red spat on ilka cheek, like an unwithered rose; but you're sowle's far owre sage to be sanguine—You're o' a melancholy temperament, my dear freen', like maist ither men o' genius—and there's aye a still sad look, bricht though their flashes may be, in the een o' an auld prophet. You're a seer, Mr. North, and the second sight seldom shows ony ither vision than o' bluid or tears.

NORTH.

The spirit of the land will have settled down into tranquillity by about Candlemas—and then we shall see carried a salutary and satisfactory measure of reform, the principle, if not the details of which, I shall lay before you, James, at our next Noctes.

TICKLER.

Think of a Prime Minister of England brow-beaten and bearded in his own house by a deputation of pawnbrokers headed by a tailor!

NORTH.

And think of a Chancellor of the Exchequer exulting in the honour conferred upon him in a vote of thanks by a ragged rabble of radicals, collected to swear by all the filth on their fingers, that, unless government did as they desired, they would pay no more taxes!

SHEPHERD.

And anither wee bit cretur o' a lordie, that can hardly speak abune his brath, tellin' the same seditious scrow o' seconrels, that their cause and his would soon triumph owre "the whusper o' a faction." That's ae way o' strengthenin' the Peerage.

NORTH.

All will be right again, James, I repeat it, about Candlemas. What pure delight and strong, James, in the study of Literature, Poetry, and Philosophy! And with what a sense of hollowness at the heart of other things do we turn from such meditations to the stir and noise of the passing politics of the day!

SHEPHERD.

It's like fa'in frae heaven to earth—frae a throne in the blue sky, among the braided clouds, doon upon a heap o' glaur—frae the empyrean on a midden.

NORTH.

And why? Because selfish interests, often most mistaken, prevail over the principles of eternal truth, which are shoved aside or despised, or forgotten, or perverted, or desecrated, while people, possessed by the paltriest passions, proclaim themselves patriots, and liberty loathes to hear her name shouted by the basest of slaves.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna froon sae fiercely, sir. I canna thole that face.

NORTH.

Now it is Parga—Parga—Parga! Now the Poles—the Poles—the Poles!

SHEPHERD.

Noo daft about the glorious Three Days—and noo routin, like a field o' disturbed stirks for Reform.

NORTH.

Speak to them about their hobby of the year before, and they have no recollection of ever having bestridden his back.

SHEPHERD.

They're superficial shallow brawlers, sir, just like the common-place burns without ony character, that hae nae banks and nae scenery, and, as it woud seem, nae soorce; but that every wat day contrive to get up a desperate brattle among the loose stanes, carryin' awa' perhaps some wee wooden brig, and neirst mornin, sae entirely dried up that you mistak the disconsolate channel for an unco coorse road, and pity the pair cattle.

NORTH.

But Poetry, which is the light of Passion and Imagination; and Philosophy, which is the resolution of the prismatic colours——

SHEPHERD.

Stap that eemage lest you spoil't—are holy and eternal—and only in holiness and in truth can they be worshipped.

From Friendship's Offering.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN A CATHEDRAL.

How loud, amid these silent aisles,
My quiet footstep falls—
Where words, like ancient chronicles,
Are scattered o'er the walls:
A thousand phantoms seem to rise
Beneath my lightest tread,
And echoes bring me back replies
From homes that hold the dead!

Death's harvest of a thousand years
Have here been gathered in—
The vintage where the wine was tears,
The labourer was Sin:
The loftiest passions and the least
Lie sleeping side by side,
And love hath reared its staff of rest
Beside the grave of pride!

Alike o'er each, alike o'er all,
Their lone memorials wave;
The banner on the sculptured wall,
The thistle o'er the grave—
Each, herald-like, proclaims the style
And bearings of its dead;
But hangs one moral, all the while,
Above each slumbering head.

And the breeze, like an ancient bard, comes by,
And touches the solemn chords
Of the harp which death has hung on high,
And fancy weaves the words;
Songs that have one unvaried tone,
Though they sing of many an age;
And tales, to which each graven stone
Is but the title-page.

The warrior here hath sheathed his sword,
The poet crushed his lyre,
The miser left his counted hoard,
The chemist quench'd his fire;
The maiden never more steals forth
To hear her lover's lute;
And all the trumpets of the earth
In the soldier's ear are mute.

Here the pilgrim of the hoary head
Has flung his crutch aside,
And the young man gained the bridal-bed
Where Death is the young man's bride;
The mother is here whom a weary track
Led sorrowing to the tomb,
And the babe whose path from heaven, back,
Was but its mother's womb.

The moonlight sits, with her sad sweet smile,
O'er the heedless painter's rest;
And the organ rings through the vaulted aisle,
But it stirs not the minstrel's breast;
The mariner has no wish to roam
From his safe and silent shore,
And the weeping in the mourner's home
Is hushed for evermore.

My heart is as an infant's still,
Though mine eyes are dim with tears;
I have this hour no fear of ill,
No grief for vanished years!—
Once more, for this wild world I set
My solitary bark;
But, like those sleepers, I shall yet
Go up into the ark!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE TEMPER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By a Member in Five Parliaments.

IF, not being a Member, you have from time to time attended the debates of the House of Commons; if from the gallery, or the more snug retreats beneath it, you have looked along the narrow and dingy room, with its lounging, whispering, inattentive audience; nay, if you have listened to the best of the orators and the ablest of the reasoners whom the assembly possesses, but in moments when they were not excited to any extraordinary display; and if you have attempted to listen to the common and motley herd of debaters, it is ten to one but that you have formed a very moderate opinion of the talents and knowledge of the Representative body. And yet, supposing accident, interest, or money were to send you to that Assembly as one of its members, it is more than a hundred to one but that, ere you had well been one month old in your seat, you would find your sentiments of the collective wisdom had undergone an astonishing alteration for the better. Canning was accustomed to say that the taste of the House of Commons was better than that of the individual within it whose taste might be considered the best. Certainly there is an astonishing quickness, delicacy, and in the long run, soundness of judgment in the opinion of the House. As correct taste is the great prevailing character of the assembly, so correct taste is the best qualification for a fair repute that any aspirant can possess. This is unfortunate, perhaps, but it is true. The tone of the House is pre-eminently that of gentlemen, and has the corresponding faults and merits. It shows great favour to inexperience; it shows great indignation at presumption; appearance, manner, chasteness of elocution, grace of expression, have there a greater weight than in any other public assembly in England (the House of Lords scarcely excepted); and the respect paid to character even without talent is far more constant and far more courteous than that which talent without character can ever obtain.

You often hear men out of the House say—"Oh, so and so cannot have much weight in Parliament, he declaims too much." Now it is utterly wrong to suppose that the House is averse to declamation. With a full and excited House declamation is incomparably more successful than reasoning; it is only in a thin House, on a question of business, that the correct taste we have referred to revolts instantly at all unnecessary ornament or unseasonable warmth.

"Remember," said an old and highly distinguished member to a young debutant of promise, "the character of the House is this: it is an assembly of men who have seen much;

who have read sparingly. Address them not as deep thinkers, not as keen inquirers, not as ingenious speculators, not as ardent politicians; address them as men of the world." And here is one great reason why success in general is the work of years. To please men of the world, you must be a man of the world yourself, and this the young politician from Oxford on his travels must live longer in order to become. Intense study masters all other knowledge, but long experience only gives knowledge of the world.

It is too much the fashion for men out of the House to say—"Great information is sure of success!" Great information, if of the highest and most varied order, requires the nicest, the rarest skill in its management. Nothing the House so little forgives as a display of superiority greater than the occasion demands. Nothing it so despises as refined and new truths; it has a great dislike to philosophy; a great leaning to a bold commonplace ingeniously put; to a well-graced truism which a man of large information would be too apt to disdain. You are far more easily pardoned for falling below, than for soaring beyond the intellect of the House. When Mrs. Siddons was reading in her finest manner one of the finest passages in Milton to a delighted audience above, the footman below yawned forth—"What, the old woman's at it again!" The feeling, almost the words, of the footman are applied to the man once felt to be too great for ordinary usage. The very perfection of what a statesman's speech *ought* theoretically to be on a great occasion was Sir James Mackintosh's on the second reading of the Reform Bill—luminous, elaborate, thoughtful, but thoroughly ineffective. A series of such speeches, and the cholera morbus would not clear the house more completely.

The favourite tone of parliamentary oratory is essentially conversational: the House has a great love for the extempore, a great abhorrence of the prepared. Yet this is a school-boy feeling, and a preference of the smart and clever to the profound and legislative. Information deeply hoarded, lucidly arranged, and carefully and logically bodied forth, may not show so much readiness in the speaker as a sharp personal repartee; but it is infinitely more creditable to the talents of the speaker, infinitely more honourable to the character of a deliberative assembly, and above all, infinitely more useful to the country. There is a great feeling in favour of a man who speaks not his own opinions only but that of some particular class. Thus, when Hunt came into the House "the Representative of the unrepresented," there was a decided inclination to hear him, not only as the orator, but also as the organ, of the mob. With a better education and a little more ability, he might have obtained, for that reason, a very remarkable station in the House. But he is vapidity itself. Never was there so miserable a twad-

dlar. Yet from the mere habit of making men laugh; from the mere habit of relieving a grave and dry discussion with a cock-and-a-bull story about the Times newspaper, or his early life, or his wife's maidservant, or his driving about London bridge in a one-horse chaise, he is looked upon as a sort of relief from wisdom; and what is despised as buffoonery is welcomed as change.

One of the most remarkable things that excite the surprise of a new member, is the great difference between a reputation in the House and a reputation out of it. Many men receive the closest attention, nay, the most respectful deference in the House, who have managed to be utterly unappreciated and even obscure in the country. A new member is surprised to hear the compliments lavished on Mr. Baring, the respect paid to Mr. Wynne, the praises accorded to Mr. Atwood. He would be yet more surprised if he heard the speakers for the first time, and before he himself was imbued with the spirit of the House. But it is not the one speech, it is the general character of many speeches that obtain for such members the ear of the House; a knowledge of detail, a shrewd astuteness of reply, a particular tact, or a particular appearance of sincerity—all these often evinced, insensibly create a reputation with which the public, judging only by single speeches, often ill-delivered, and therefore ill reported, are thoroughly unable to sympathise. But the most remarkable instance of this difference between distinction in Parliament and celebrity in the country, is Sir Robert Peel. Indubitably and confessedly no man so thoroughly moulds and plays with the House. He rises—every one is hushed. He begins "Mr. Speaker," and in his first sentence you perceive you are surrendering your attention to a master among the rulers. And, in truth, it is scarcely possible to conceive so finished, so consummate a debater. His elocution is incomparably clear and distinct; his tones of persuasion, of candid avowal, or serious expostulation, would be surprisingly effective even on the stage. His method of reply, his art of winding into the weak parts of his adversaries' argument, of bringing detail to work against a principle, and a principle against a detail; his habit of stating a truth on which he affects to ground his case, and then of spinning from the truth the most disguised, the most ingenious of sophisms, are all the very perfection of parliamentary adroitness, and out of Parliament could never have been acquired. And Peel is one of the few men in the House of Commons who have taken great pains with themselves. If not all, at least most of what you admire in him is the result of amazing practice and earnest study. His action, his tones of voice, his smile, the wave of his hand, are as thoroughly the fruit of preparation as those of any actor even in France, where acting is a science as well as an art. He is never the-

atrical, but always dramatic. He is to the House what Young is to the Stage!

We have implied that few members of the House take much pains with the arts of their profession. The fact is, that partly from the conversational tone of the House, partly from the dread of ridicule, partly from the fact that the generality of speakers have entered the House too old for study, men commonly content themselves with expressing opinions in what they think the plainest, which in reality is often the most slovenly, manner; they speak rather for their constituents than for fame. Then, too, how great an obstacle to improvement is the common gift of fluency! Persons of a certain station in life, and a certain age, and a certain knowledge of their subject, are seldom at a loss for mere words. Thus every one in the House is fluent, and that is the reason why many never care to be more than fluent. They find they express their sentiments without embarrassment, and think, therefore, they cannot be better expressed.

Every day there are complaints of unfairness in reporting, and certainly there is all the difference in the world between a speech as reported and a speech as read; yet, on the whole, it is rather, in general, the fault of the speaker than the reporter—very few indeed are the voices which distinctly reach the benches of the gallery. It requires great slowness of speech, great distinctness of enunciation, great practice in the management of the voice, to force the sound into the remote corners of a room peculiarly ill-constructed for hearing, though not extensive in itself. Thus, it is nearly always the oldest speakers who speak most distinctly. Young members, however strong or musical their natural voices, are seldom perfectly articulate in the galleries. Every one has observed the peculiar twang of the old members, the raising of the voice very sharply and jerkily at the last words of a sentence. That fault, unmusical when near, is incurred in order to prevent the greater fault of being unheard at a distance. The tendency of most young speakers is to drop the voice towards the end of a period: the reporter hears the beginning, and is at a loss for the termination.*

Some men are celebrated as orators. There is a humbler ambition—some men are distinguished as cheerers. There was one gentleman in the early part of the last Sessions whose cheer was something ineffable; he was a Tory, and his house had suffered, we believe, by a mob in the late election. The ebullition of his aristocratic indignation, denied egress in language, rushed into the most prolonged, the most sonorous, the most unseasonable of hu-

man cheers. You traced the bricklayer's bill in every one of them.

It is in Opposition that men cheer; a Ministerial majority are singularly cold. Speeches that would rouse the ex-party to thunder, fall in a numbing silence on the ears of the party that are in. On the Ministerial side, moreover, every one looks on his neighbour as a rival for Ministerial favours; he is, therefore, by no means charmed with the oratorical displays that he considers made at his own expense. A party in opposition are at least free from these petty jealousies and individual rivalships, and a name is therefore much easier made amongst the benches to the left of the Speaker, than those to the right. "But commend me," we remember hearing Fox once say—"Commend me to the cheer of an Irish member!" And certainly there is a generous warmth, a hearty self-abandonment, an exhilarating honesty in the Irish cheer, that is easily distinguishable from the cold, half-choked, half-whispered ejaculation of the Englishman.

The Irishman, too, is more alive to the merits, and more indulgent to the faults, of the young speaker. Let the maiden orator count those who come up smiling to shake hands, and say something kind of his first attempt, and we will wager he will find two Irish to one English man. We have often observed, especially for the last few years, how much louder the applauses—how much keener the enthusiasm—how much broader, too, be it said, in justice, are the principles—how much more heartfelt seems the language on Monday nights, when Irish questions are commonly discussed, and the House is pretty thin of English members, than on any other nights in the week. In fact, the Irishman always throws his heart into whatever he attempts; and now-a-days, when intelligence is growing a matter of easy acquirement, energy to execute will become a more rare quality than intellect to devise. "In our times," said the great Frederick, "ignorance does more mischief than vice." In our times, it is not so much ignorance as indifference.

It is not often that men of literary merit succeed in the House, and one reason is that they are commonly too fastidious. They who have been studying the niceties of language all their lives, dislike to rush into the bold current of extemporaneous speaking—of incurring the half-finished sentence—the confused grammar—the bald English, into which even the best of Parliamentary debaters are often driven. Another cause of their want of success is, that they are often too refined in their reasonings. An experienced orator, who desires a cheer at some particular moment, will plunge voluntarily into some popular common-place, which in his heart he despises, in order to obtain it. It is seldom that the philosophical, fastidious, contemplative man of letters descends to these arts; seldom

* Yet at a moment, as of late, when party runs high, it must be owned, that the less popular party might be more fairly reported. We wish they were so. Truth ought never to deteriorate from her opponents.

that you hear from him about "the corrupt Boroughmongers" on the one hand, or "the downfall of our sacred institutions" on the other. But these are minor obstacles to success, which a little resolution and a little versatility easily overcome. The greatest obstacle the man of letters has to contend with, is too great a susceptibility to failure. "Is not that a great speech?" said a member to Charles Fox, of the present Lord D——'s maiden effort—"Yes," answered Fox; "but before I judge of the speaker, I must see him fail."

And literary men, above all others, are apt to become disgusted with a career which involves necessarily so many stumbles. One gives it up in despondency, another in disdain; a third is stifled by a sneer, and a fourth is rendered for ever dumb by a complimentary exposition of a blunder. Literary men, too, have an arch enemy to encounter in their own reputation—a great deal is expected from them on their first *debut*. Now, every one who knows any thing of public speaking, knows that, of all talents, it is the one which requires the most study and the longest practice. With exceptions so few that they may be dismissed at once, no orators permanently great, are great at the beginning. Few literary men have had any previous practice, when they enter the House; the thousand tricks and mysteries of oratory are utterly unknown to them; they make what would have been an excellent speech in an unknown member, but which, perhaps, from a mere diffidence, a mere want of address in delivery, is considered a failure for them; and that failure, perhaps, which ought to excite their energy, only induces their despair. It is a common thing to say, "Men find their level in the House." It is an unjust observation; the mind does not always find its level—the tongue does. There is a great difference between the two.

Yet, on the whole, though any very clever man may fail repeatedly, if he have but the hardness of mind to persevere, he is *sure* of success at last: there is scarcely an instance to the contrary. A happy fact happily stated—a broad view—a noble sentiment—even a felicitous expression, will suddenly redeem a series of failures, and chain the House into attention; and with men of real talent and determined courage, though one opportunity may be lost, many opportunities never are. The misfortune is, that great genius and great hardness of mind are not so commonly united as they ought to be.

There is a very remarkable feature, and a very encouraging characteristic of the House of Commons—one speech will make a reputation—one failure will never lose it. It requires at least six failures to obliterate the impression of one success. The worst speeches in taste, tact, temper, and even common sense, ever made in the House, were some of Brougham's.

Of all literary men, the one who has the most thoroughly triumphed over every obstacle is Mr. Macaulay. With his great reputation—entering the House in a signal manner, as a marked and chosen champion of a party, so much was expected from him that nothing was forgiven. His first speeches were, it is true, cheered and praised at the moment, but they were cavilled at the next day. Some called them essays, others declamations. Now they were mere words, and now they were too elaborate in matter. It is only within the last few months, only from his speeches on Reform, that he has fairly battled his way to a reluctant admission to the high and proud eminence his brilliant genius—his profound and various knowledge—his grasp of mind—his generous and noble views—his broad, practical vigour of common sense demanded from the first. But then, Mr. Macaulay was more than the literary man—he was a thoroughly-practised and a long-experienced orator before he entered the House.

The common characteristic—and strange as it may seem to those unacquainted with the tone of the House, the great drawback to the effect they produce—of men who both write and speak, is too good a choice of words. It gives the mob of the House the excuse, eagerly grasped at, of talking of pedantry and premeditation. So with the Lord Advocate—his first speech was thought the result of at least a month's written labour. Those intimate with that distinguished man, know that he never so laboured at any speech in his life. He could get up after dinner, and "speak off" an essay, not only with the same classical language, but in the same logical arrangement that the file and the foul copy alone give to minds of a slower order. His first failure the Lord Advocate has now redeemed: the reason is, that his first failure was an *essay*—his last success was a *speech*.

I could say a great deal about Shiel. He has it in his power to be a magnificent orator—to be more, a most effective member; but he must sternly dismiss his present style; there is not one occasion in fifty in which it suits the House of Commons. Declamation succeeds—declamation of the stern order, the vehement order, the passionate order—but never the florid order. The man who could compose the speech, spoken or not spoken at Penenden Heath, has in him the real and solid elements of greatness. Let him only do justice to himself.

Of all species of oratory, the oratory of conciliation is the most successful in the long run. In the excitement of party, the violent speaker may be enthusiastically welcomed for the moment: but every cheer he receives is often a seal on the fate of his permanent reputation. The epithet "statesman-like" is generally applied to the moderate tone. The House never long forgets that it is an assembly of men accustomed to good-breeding; and courtesy wins

its way to favour in that public circle on less than it would do in a private. Had Brougham been the leader of the House of Commons, instead of Lord Althorpe, the Reform Bill would have been at least six weeks longer in the Committee. To be sure, every night there would have been much finer speaking: there would have been "bitter words, Master Shallow;" much excellent invective and crushing irony; and the Reformers would have gone to bed in higher spirits; and the newspapers next day would have been full of eulogy on "Mr. Brougham's most cutting attack." But when the Bill again went into the Committee, the Anti-Reformers would have flocked down with new amendments, new retorts, new speeches, new delays. They could easily have been stung into the most vexatious opposition by a great orator. They were literally shamed into discretion by a mild and good-tempered man of sense. This is what out of the House can scarcely be understood, but it is very easy of comprehension to any experienced member in it. This spirit of conciliation, this rhetoric of temper, was eminently possessed by Lord Castlereagh. It was by this, despite his bad reasoning and bad grammar, that he governed his assembly, and was confessedly one of the adroitest and most admirable leaders that the House ever knew. This, the talent of leading, is one in which the Country can never sympathise with the House. The outward and visible signs of sense, knowledge, and eloquence are what the Country can alone judge its representatives by. The fine, subtle, almost imperceptible arts of guiding the House and harmonizing a party, are only for the House and for a party to appreciate. This is one main reason why the House and the country are so often at variance respecting the degree of consideration to be paid to individual members. Few great orators make great leaders. The art of eloquence, so invaluable in attack, is often dangerous in defence. In opposition, the art is to expose your antagonist: in office, the danger is lest you should expose yourself.

The life of the regular House of Commons man is not a bed of roses. It is scarcely possible, at the first sight, to conceive any existence more wearisome. At half past three he goes down to prayers; he takes his seat among cold, desolate benches; petitions come on; long unseasonable speeches ensue; then, perhaps, the question is hunted down into the corner of a detail, where it is worried, mouthed, mumbled for three or four hours, and finally escapes, at last, to be hunted again at the next convenient opportunity. At seven, perhaps, our assiduous senator escapes up-stairs to a plate of cold meat and a glass of brandy and water: and in half an hour afterwards, he is fairly re-seated till two, nay three, o'clock in the morning. And perhaps this laborious gentleman never speaks himself; has no particular interest in the subjects dis-

cussed; has no ambition to gratify; no purpose to answer. Perhaps for him all the pleasures and luxuries of life await; cheerful society, music, books, wine, love, all that riches can purchase and youth enjoy. What induces the choice he has preferred? Heaven only knows! And yet the more wearisome a pursuit at the beginning, the more seductive it often becomes at the end. Business grows upon men more than pleasure: only, indeed, to men who do not enter into it themselves, the daily work of the House of Commons is scarcely business:—"totius negotii caput ac fontem ignorant." But it may be observed, that of all pursuits, those which lead to public speaking generally engross and tyrannize over the mind the most. At the Universities, the members of a speaking club rarely think of any thing else but the club. On the stage how invariably actors herd together: how invariably their conversation turns on the art and its professors. So in regard to the House. A party of members, met at dinner, fly at once to "that interesting debate"—"Mr. Stanley," "Sir Charles Wetherell," "the sugar refineries, and the idiomitable "Bill." This it is that makes the society of members dull to the gay world, and insipid to women in particular. Few ladies, however ambitious in general, long preserve much sympathy with the Parliamentary ambition of their husbands. And here is a marked difference between the French and the English woman. The rewards which social distinction bestows in France are much more gratifying than those which it can grant in England: yet in France, women value public reputation and political honours much higher than the honours of the *salon*; and it would be well for England if here it were the same.*

Talking of France, perhaps there is no instance in which the different character of the two nations is more manifest than in the National Assemblies. The French people, only lately aroused to deep thought, love to indulge in broad, grand, general truths. The attention of the English, turned by their National Debt and their enormous taxation to matters of practical business, is but coldly inclined to the nobler and larger truths, and fastens at once upon the minutiae of arithmetic and the petty utilities of detail. Madame de Stael observes rather profoundly, (we think in *L'Allemagne*), that one cause of the excesses in the French Revolution, was the admission of strangers into the Deliberative Assembly. At first the orators, for the sake of effect, sacrificed truths to words. Whatever was most violent soon grew most showy, and then the orators sacrificed men instead of truths. In England, this terrible effect of vanity could never occur. Through *their* representatives,

* See what our able correspondent H. says more at large on this head in his article on "Society."—Ed.

the reporters, the whole people of England are looking on the debates in the House of Commons; and not one man in ten, when he speaks, ever thinks about the reporters at all. It is curious to note how seldom the eye of the orator turns to the galleries; and Colonel Sibthorpe and Mr. Hunt seem the only persons keenly alive to the desire that full justice the next morning may be done to their eloquence and wisdom at night.

It was a deep and true remark said to have been made by one of the most distinguished of living orators, that "The House of Commons, so faulty a representation of the *opinions*, would never have endured so long, if it had not represented so faithfully the *character* of the English people!" And this has, at certain periods of history, made it what Lord John Russell has called it in his last work, (erroneously, without doubt, if he intended it generally to apply,) viz. "an *admirable assembly*." Happy will be that day when *both* the opinions and character are reflected in the national councils! Perhaps, when that time shall arrive, and when the difficulties of our financial system shall no longer encumber and fritter down the genius of a profound and wise people, the more magnificent and enlarged of human truths may obtain that due and warm reception denied them at present. Statesmen may arise, who will at first meet with the impatience, but will finally chain the hearts, of their audience. The science of legislation may succeed to the arts of debate; and what is now clever may then be wise!

And what effect will Reform—Reform delayed only to be more certain than ever—produce on the *temper* of the House of Commons? What will be the *manners* of the Parliament of 1835? Its main features, in this respect, will always continue the same; always, at least, while the country itself continues great and flourishing. As was remarked by Mr. Edward Bulwer,* in answer to the cant assertion that the people will choose their representatives from the lower orders—"The Roman people," said Machiavel, 'obtained the right to choose Plebeians and they chose Patricians;' and this," added Mr. Bulwer, "must always be the case so long as mankind feel a respect for those greatly above them, but a jealousy for those only a *little* elevated beyond themselves!" The assembly will always (always, even if the monarchy of England were changed to a Republic,)—always, so long as the commerce of England overflows the world, and its arts, its sciences, its wealth endure, be an assembly of men of education and birth.

* Our correspondent must pardon us for omitting what he has in another part of this paper been pleased to say about the gentleman quoted. We have reasons for omitting our correspondent's favourable predictions; but we are sure that, in the due quarter, his admonitions will be gratefully remembered.—Ed.

It will be characterized by the same courtesy of demeanour, the same correctness of taste, the same aristocratic manners, but not the same aristocratic principles. The people will choose their representatives from the higher or wealthier order; but they will *make* those representatives express popular opinions. They will demand that their oracles should be heard; but in order to give them the greater solemnity and the more effectual voice, they will suffer those oracles, as at Dodona, to be uttered from the *loftiest* trees! Z. Z.

From the Monthly Magazine.

TO MARY—IN ITALY.

And thus all things have comforting
In that, that doth them comfort bring;
Save I, alas! whom neither sun,
Nor aught that God hath wrought and done,
May comfort aught; as though I were
A thing not made for comfort here:
For, being absent from your sight,
Which are my joy and whole delight,
My comfort and my pleasure too,
How can I joy? How should I do?

EARL OF SURREY'S POEMS.

I wait for thy coming
In the sweet-scented eves,
When the birds are humming
In the gloom of the leaves,
And the fountain danceth
Its path along,
Like a creature that loveth
To speak in song.
The bird and the fountain
Rejoice in their lot;
But my spirit is sad,
For I see thee not.

I wait for thee, love:
On the emerald deep
The sun, like a warrior,
Is sinking to sleep.
I see the leaves shining
Around the dove's nest;
Why doth she sit pining
Alone in her rest?
Her companion returneth
From the cool orange-tree;
But thy feet return not—
Return not, to me!

I am weary of listening
To the voice of the breeze,
And the white bird glistening
Among the almond-trees;
It leapeth on the boughs,
While its silver wings glow
With the light through the leaves,
As it darts to and fro.
I turn away in tears
From the fountain and tree;
I care not for bird or flower,
If thou comest not to me.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

GERMAN CRIMINAL TRIALS.*

It is a story told, we think, of George Selwyn, that after remonstrating with a friend on the bad taste of being present at an execution which was expected to take place in the course of the day, he was shortly afterwards detected in a slouched hat and great coat in the immediate neighbourhood of the scaffold. The case is much the same with the perusal of the annals of crime; all the world declaims against such reading, and yet all the world secretly yields to its deep and fascinating interest. We are not of course speaking of such publications as the *Newgate Calendar*, or similar collections, where the attention of the reader is confined to the more immediate details of the crime itself, and to the catastrophe of the tragedy, omitting all the motives or struggles which had occupied the preceding acts,—every thing in short which gives a moral interest to what was in itself painful or degrading. Such publications, we are satisfied, are calculated only to demoralize, or at best to furnish a coarse and vulgar excitement to the mind. But the case is otherwise, when the records of crime, selected and arranged by men of legal skill and philosophical acuteness, are laid before the public, in such a shape as to form so many accurate and continuous pictures of the human mind under circumstances of strong excitement and temptation, to illustrate the mode in which crime is stripped of its disguises and brought forth to light and punishment, and to reduce to some order the anomalies or difficulties which embarrass the science of evidence. It is in itself an operation of no common interest, to watch the progress of a chain of evidence from its commencement to its conclusion; to see how, link by link, it stretches itself out before the eye of the spectator, first feeble and disjointed, then gradually becoming firmer and more compact; how at times it seems suddenly to snap asunder, and all the past labour of the legal anvil to be rendered void; how some unexpected accident again reclaims the fragments, and knits the whole together, till at last, complete in all its parts, it winds itself with an iron grasp round the accused. But a far more interesting exhibition is the picture which such a work exhibits of the secret counsels of the heart, disclosed with a nakedness of truth which we look for in vain in works of fiction, and with that minuteness and certainty which history can but seldom obtain. For history in general is but a distant echo of the vague opinions and conjectures of the time as to events, the true motives of which were concealed, perhaps, scarcely rendered clear to

the actors themselves by any self-examination, and, at best, suspected only, not avowed or established. "Where the most complete historical account," says Schiller, in his preface to the intended republication of Guyot de Pitaval's *Causes Célèbres*, "fails to afford us any satisfactory information as to the ultimate causes of a particular event, or the true motives of the actors, the records of a criminal proceeding often reveal to us their inmost thoughts, and expose the most secret machinations of evil to the day." It is, indeed, the torch of justice, which, when held up by a steady and experienced hand, best illuminates the dark chambers and winding avenues of the mind; and its strong arm which most effectually drags forth to the light the passions by which they are haunted: a grisly host—like that which Mammon showed to Sir Guyon before the gates of Pluto.

"On the other side, in one consort there sate,
Cruel Revenge and rancorous Despight,
Disloyal Treason and heart-burning Hate;
And gnawing Jealousy out of their sight,
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite;
And trembling Fears still to and fro did fly,
And found no place where safe he shroud him
might,
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie,
And Shame his ugly face did hide from human eye."

In the contemplation of this play of the passions there painted in all the terrors of truth, those who feel how much all of us partake of one common and fallible nature, and how little even the best of us can understand what is in us, or answer for our principles under the pressure of strong temptation, must find subjects for meditation, or lessons of moral and religious wisdom. Sometimes they may watch the slow growth of crime in a mind naturally gentle and benevolent, but warped by misfortune or disappointment; in others, where the soil was of a more noxious kind, they may see it, like Satan's palace in Pandemonium, rising at once "like an exhalation;" and sometimes too, as if to refute the old notion that all crimes are gradual, and that no one has at once reached the extremity of guilt, they will witness instances where, in beings who had through life preserved a high character, and apparently with justice, some sudden convulsion, shaking the mind from its balance, has developed the lurking principle of evil: as strange and frightful sights "that in the ooze were bedded," and over which the waters of the ocean in its ordinary flow had rolled tranquilly for years, may be suddenly stirred up from the bottom by an earthquake, and cast upon the shore.

This species of interest will be found to a certain extent to attach to all collections of Trials, arranged upon any refined or comprehensive principle; but it is chiefly in those of the Continent that materials suited to the purposes of philosophical observation or clas-

* Actenmassige Darstellung merkwürdiger Verbrechen. Von Anselm Ritter von Feuerbach. (Remarkable Criminal Trials from the Original Documents. By Anselm Chevalier von Feuerbach.) 2 Bde. Gießen. 1828, 1829. 8vo.

sification are found in sufficient abundance, or with sufficiently satisfactory and circumstantial details. In as far certainly as regards the investigation of motives, or the gratification of that curiosity with which such aberrations of mind are regarded by the student of human nature, they manage these things better in France and Germany; though it may be much more doubtful whether, in practice, their system of judicial investigation is not carried to a length inconsistent with justice to the prisoner, or the purity of the law itself. In England no attention is paid to any thing beyond the circumstances *directly* connected with the commission of the crime; what has been heard or seen by the witnesses present at the time or immediately before; and if these throw no light upon the motives of the prisoner, the law takes no further steps to clear up the doubt. No inferences are drawn from the past to the present; the former life of the prisoner, his general character, habits, and inclinations are excluded from consideration. But in Germany, with which we have at present to do, the inquiry stretches backward over an indefinite period; the accused is traced perhaps from his cradle to his prison; his early passions and youthful errors, as well as his matured opinions and habits, are all considered as so many circumstances from which presumptions as to his guilt or innocence of the particular charge against him may be drawn. In this way, although much must necessarily be left to the discretion, good-sense, and perspicacity of the judge, whether any or what weight is to be given to such presumptions, and although instances of gross abuse arising from judicial blindness or wilful prejudice do not unfrequently occur, from the admission of much that is not evidence at all in any legitimate sense, it cannot be denied that the ample and circumstantial detail which is the result of these comprehensive examinations gives to the annals of German Criminal Jurisprudence—as contributions to the natural history of crime—a completeness and connexion, a regular and progressive interest, which it is in vain to expect from the reports of similar proceedings in our own country. Added to this, the distance of the scene of action, like distance of time, produces a certain softening effect upon the atrocities with which we are conversant, and what would have been read with a mixture of interest and disgust had it happened in St. Giles's or Tottenham Court Road, becomes invested with a character of romance when the scene is laid on the banks of the Rhine, or in the recesses of the Black Forest.

The present collection is the work of Feuerbach, one of the most distinguished of the German jurists, who was one of those employed in 1804, to prepare a criminal Code for Bavaria, and who now holds with distinguished ability the office of President of the Court of Appeal in the circle of Retz. His situa-

tion, therefore, was one which fortunately divested him of all concern in the mere preparation or getting up of criminal causes, (a matter which, from the way in which such preparation is usually carried on, is of no small importance in reference to the impartiality of those engaged in it, or their fitness afterwards to deal with the evidence so collected,) and enabled him to come to the consideration of the subject only when the proof had been matured and concluded, while it authorized him also to deliver his own sentiments without reserve as to the views of those tribunals by which in the first instance the case had been tried. The remarks which he occasionally makes, whether relating to the legal or moral character of the offence, or the nature of the proof and the sufficiency of the evidence, are in general equally distinguished by good feeling and good sense, and characterized by that independence which might be expected from the successful opponent of the torture, and the advocate of so many other improvements in the law of his country. The chief defect in his book is, that in narrating the different trials he does not follow the natural order in which the circumstances presented themselves to the judge, which has always the effect of stimulating curiosity by leaving the reader in the same uncertainty with the judge until the final issue; but on the contrary, that in the outset he generally lets us into the character of the accused by anticipating matters which were not revealed until long after in the course of the proof. In this particular we shall take the liberty of departing from Feuerbach in the extracts we have to make, and follow the natural order in which the events of each particular case unfolded themselves in the course of the examination.

The very first case in these volumes is one of an extraordinary nature; a pendant to that of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, and scarcely inferior to it in complicated atrocity, though the heroine moved in a humbler walk of life.

In 1808, a widow, about fifty years old, resident at Pegnitz, and bearing the name of Anna Schonleben, was received as house-keeper into the family of the Justiz-Amptmann Glaeser, who had for some time previous been living separate from his wife. Shortly after the commencement of her service, however, a partial reconciliation took place, in a great measure effected through the exertions of Schonleben, and the wife returned to her husband's house. But their reunion was of short duration, for in the course of four weeks after her return she was seized with a sudden and violent illness, of which in a day or two she expired.

On this event Schonleben quitted the service of Glaeser, and was received in the same capacity into that of the Justiz-Amptmann Grohmann, then unmarried. Though only thirty-eight years of age, he was in delicate

health, and had suffered severely from the gout, so that Schonleben had an opportunity of showing by the extreme care and attention which she bestowed upon his comforts, her qualifications for the office she had undertaken. Her cares, however, it seemed were unavailing; her master fell sick in spring, 1809, his disease being accompanied with violent internal pains of the stomach, dryness of the skin, vomiting, &c. and he died on the 8th May, after an illness of eleven days. Schonleben, who had attended him with unremitting attention during his illness, administering all his medicines with her own hand, appeared inconsolable for his loss,—and that of her situation.

The high character, however, which she had acquired for her prudence, care and gentleness as a sick-nurse, immediately procured her another in the family of the Kammer-Amptmann Gebhard, whose wife was at that time on the point of being confined. This event took place on the 13th May, shortly after the entry of the new housekeeper, who made herself particularly useful, and mother and child were going on extremely well, when on the third day after the birth, the lady was seized with spasms, internal heat, violent thirst, vomiting, &c. In the extremity of her agony she frequently exclaimed that they had given her poison. Seven days after her confinement she expired.

Gebhard, the widower, left without any one to take the management of his domestic affairs, thought that, in the meantime, he could not do better than retain in his service the housekeeper, who, during his wife's illness, had distinguished herself so much by the zeal and assiduity of her attentions to the invalid. Some of his friends attempted to dissuade him from retaining an inmate, who seemed by some fatality to bring death into every family with which she became connected; but Gebhard, who was not of a superstitious turn, laughed at their apprehensions, and Schonleben remained in his house, now invested with almost unlimited authority.

During her residence here, many circumstances occurred, which, though at the time they excited little attention, were subsequently recollected and satisfactorily established. These will be hereafter alluded to: meantime we proceed to that which first directed suspicion against her. Gebhard had, at last, by the importunity of a friend, who (from what ground he did not explain) had advised him to dismiss his housekeeper, been prevailed on to take his advice, and had communicated as gently as possible his resolution to Schonleben herself. She received it without any observation, except an expression of surprise at the suddenness with which he had changed his mind, and the next day was fixed for her departure for Bayreuth. Meantime she bustled about as usual, arranged the rooms, and filled the salt-box in the kitchen, observing that it was the custom for those who went away to

do so for their successors. On the morning of her departure, as a token of her good-will, she made coffee for the maids, supplying them with sugar from a paper of her own. The coach, which her master had been good-natured enough to procure for her, was already at the door. She took his child, now twenty weeks old, in her arms, gave it a biscuit soaked in milk, caressed it, and took her leave. Scarcely had she been gone half an hour, when both the child and the servant were seized with violent retching, which lasted for some hours, leaving them extremely weak and ill. Suspicion being now at last fairly awakened, Gebhard had the salt-box examined which Schonleben had so officiously filled. The salt was found strongly impregnated with arsenic. In the salt barrel also, from which it had been taken, thirty grains of arsenic were found, mixed with about three pounds of salt.

That the series of sudden deaths which had occurred in the families in which Schonleben had resided, was owing to poison, now occurred to every one as clear; and they almost wondered how so many circumstances could have passed before their eyes without awakening them to the truth. During her residence with Gebhard, it appeared that two visitors who had dined with her master, in Aug. 1809, were seized after dinner with the same symptoms of vomiting, convulsions, spasms, &c. which had affected the servants on the day of Schonleben's departure, and of which the more unfortunate mistress of the family had expired: that on one occasion she had given a glass of white wine to Rosenhauer, a servant who had called with a message, which had occasioned similar symptoms, so violent indeed as to oblige him for a day or two to confine himself to bed; that on another, she had taken a lad of nineteen, Johann Kraus, into the cellar, where she offered him a glass of brandy, which, after tasting, and perceiving a white sediment within it, he declined; that one of the servants, Barbara Waldmann, with whom Schonleben had frequent quarrels, after drinking a cup of coffee, was seized with exactly the same symptoms as her companions; and what, perhaps, appeared the most extraordinary of all, that at a party given by her master on the 1st Sept. having occasion to send her to his cellar for some pitchers of beer, he himself, and all the guests that partook of it, five in number, were almost immediately afterwards seized with the usual spasms, sickness, &c., which seemed to accompany the use of those liquids whenever they were dispensed by Schonleben.

Although from the long period which had elapsed since the death of those individuals, whose fate there was reason to suppose had been so prematurely accelerated by this smooth-faced poisoner, there was no great probability that any light would be thrown upon these dark transactions by an inspection of the bodies, it was resolved on at all events to give the matter a trial. The result of this ghastly

examination, however, was more decisive than could have been expected; all the bodies exhibited in a greater or less degree those appearances, which modern researches into the effects of poisons have shown to be produced by the use of arsenic; and in one of them in particular, that of the wife of Glaser, the arsenic was still capable of being detected in substance. On the whole, the medical inspectors felt themselves warranted in concluding, that the deaths of at least two individuals out of the three had been occasioned by poison.

Meantime Schonleben had been living quietly at Bayreuth, seemingly quite unconscious of the storm which was gathering around her. Her finished hypocrisy even led her, while on the road to write a letter to her late master, reproaching him with his ingratitude in dismissing one who had been a protecting angel to his child; and in passing through Nurnberg, to take up her residence with the mother of her victim, the wife of Gebhard. On reaching Bayreuth she again wrote more than once to Gebhard; the object of her letters evidently being to induce him again to receive her back into his family. She made a similar attempt on her former master, Glaser, but without success. While engaged in these negotiations the warrant arrived for her apprehension, and she was taken into custody on the 19th Oct. On examining her person three packets were found in her pocket, two of them containing fly-powder, and the third arsenic.

For a long time she would confess nothing;—evading with great ingenuity, or resisting with obstinacy every attempt to obtain from her any admission of her guilt. It was not till the 16th April, 1810, that her courage gave way, when she learned the result of the examination of the body of Glaser. Then at last, weeping and wringing her hands, she confessed that she had on two occasions administered poison to her. No sooner had this confession been uttered, than she fell to the ground “as if struck by lightning,” says Feuerbach, and was removed in strong convulsions from the chamber.

We shall condense into a short connected statement the substance of the numerous examinations which this wretch subsequently underwent, and of the information acquired from other sources by which her statements were in many particulars modified, and in some points refuted. Born in Nurnberg in 1760, she had lost both her parents before she reached her fifth year. Her father had possessed some property, and till her nineteenth year she remained under the charge of her guardian, who was warmly attached to her, and bestowed much care on her education. At the age of nineteen, she married, rather against her inclination, the notary Zwanziger, for such, not Schonleben, was her real name; the loneliness and dullness of her matrimonial life contrasted very disagreeably with the gai-

ties of her guardian's house; and in the absence of her husband, who divided his time between business and the bottle, she dispelled her ennui by sentimental novel-reading, weeping over the sorrows of Werter, and the struggles of Pamela and Emilia Galotti. The property which fell to her on her coming of age was soon dissipated by her husband and herself in extravagant entertainments and an expensive establishment, and a few years saw them sunk in wretchedness, with a family to support, and without even the comfort of mutual cordiality or esteem,—for the admirer of Pamela, whose sympathetic heart had bled for the Sorrows of Werter, now attempted to prop the falling establishment by making the best use she could of her personal attractions, (which, hideous and repulsive as she appeared at the time of her trial, she described as having once been very considerable,) while her husband, as mean and grovelling in adversity as he had been assuming and overbearing in prosperity, was a patient spectator of his own dishonour. Perhaps it was consoling to him, as it appeared to have been to his wife, that she “had the delicacy,” as she styled it, “to confine her favours to the higher classes of society.” At all events, shortly afterwards he died, leaving his widow to pursue her career of vice and deceit alone. During the time which intervened between the death of her husband, and that when she first entered the service of Glaser, her life had been one continued scene of licentiousness and hypocrisy. Devoid of principle from the first, mingling chiefly with others who, though of respectable or exalted rank, were as destitute of it as herself; forced to pretend attachment where none was felt; to submit where she would willingly have ruled; sometimes laughed at or treated with ingratitude where she was really labouring to please; a wanderer on the earth for twenty years without a resting-place or a sincere friend; she became at last a habitual hypocrite, to whom falsehood seemed to be actually more natural than truth. Rage and disappointment at her fate, and a bitter hatred against mankind, seemed to have gradually been maturing in her heart; till at last all the better sympathies of her nature were poisoned, and nothing remained but the determination to better her condition at the expense of all those ties which humanity holds most sacred. When and how the idea of poison dawned on her—whether suddenly or by degrees, her confessions did not explain; but there is every reason to believe that this tremendous agent had been employed by her previous to her appearance in Glaser's house. Determined as she was at all hazards to advance her own interests, poison seemed to furnish her at once with the talisman she was in search of;—it punished her enemies, it removed those who stood in her way;—its operation afforded her the means of rendering her good qualities conspicuous in her affected sym-

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pathy for the sufferer;—nay, administered in smaller quantities by her experienced hand, it was equally effectual in preventing a second visit from a disagreeable guest, or annoying a fellow servant with whom she had a quarrel. By long acquaintance poison had become so familiar to her, that she seemed to look on it as a useful friend; something equally available for seriousness or jest; and to which she was indebted for many a trusty and secret service. When the arsenic which had been taken from her pocket was exhibited to her some months afterwards at Culmbach, she seemed to tremble with delight; her eyes glistened as she gazed upon it, as if she recognised a friend from whom she had long been separated. Of the crimes which she had perpetrated, too, she always spoke as of slight indiscretions, rendered almost necessary by circumstances,—so completely by repetition had murder itself lost its character of horror.

From the first moment she had entered the house of Glaser, the idea of obtaining an influence over his mind, so as to secure him as her husband, had occurred to her. That he was then married was immaterial; poison would be the speediest process of divorce. First, however, the victim must be brought within the range of her power; hence her anxiety to effect the reconciliation of the pair, and the return of the wife to her husband's house. The plan succeeded, and within a few weeks after her return, Zwanziger commenced her operations. Two successive doses were administered, of which the last was effectual. "While she was mixing it," she said, "she encouraged herself with the notion that she was preparing for herself a comfortable establishment in her old age." This prospect having been defeated by her dismissal from Glaser's service, she entered that of Grohmann. Here her common mode of revenging herself upon such of her fellow servants as she happened to dislike, was to mix fly powder with the beer in the cellar, in the hope of creating illness, though not death; and of this beer, it happened more than once that some of the visitors at Grohmann's table also partook. These, however, were mere preparations "to keep her hand in;" the victim for whom her serious poisons were reserved was her unfortunate master. Here also she had for some time indulged the hope of a matrimonial connexion; infirm and gouty as he was, she thought she would obtain such an ascendancy over him as to induce him to descend to this alliance; when all at once her hopes were blasted by hearing of his intended marriage with another. For some time she tried by every means in her power to break off the connexion; but her arts proved ineffectual, and Grohmann, provoked by her pertinacity, had mentioned to a friend that he could no longer think of retaining her in his service. The wedding day was fixed;—all hopes of preventing the marriage were at an end;—and

nothing now remained for her but revenge. In five days afterwards Grohmann fell a victim to poison.

From this service Zwanziger passed into that of Gebhard, whose wife soon shared the fate of Grohmann; for no other reason, according to her own account, than because that lady had treated her harshly, and occasionally found fault with her management of the house. Even this wretched apology was contradicted by the facts proved by the other inmates of the house. The true motive, as in the preceding cases, was, that she had formed designs upon Gebhard similar to those which had failed in the case of Glaser, and that the unfortunate lady stood in the way. Her death was accomplished by poisoning two pitchers of beer from which Zwanziger from time to time supplied her with drink. Nay, even her husband was made the innocent instrument of his wife's death by administering the same liquid to the invalid. Even while confessing that she had thus poisoned the beer, she persisted in maintaining that she had no intention of destroying the unfortunate lady;—if she could have foreseen that such a consequence would have followed, she would rather have died!

During the remaining period, from the death of Gebhard's wife to that of her quitting his service, she admitted having frequently administered poisoned beer, wine, coffee, and other liquids, to such guests as she disliked, or to her fellow servants, when any of them had the misfortune to fall under her displeasure. The poisoning of the salt-box she also admitted! but with that strange and inveterate hypocrisy which ran through all her confessions, she maintained that the arsenic in the salt barrel must have been put in by some other person.

The fate of such a wretch could not of course be doubtful; she was condemned to be beheaded, and listened to the sentence apparently without emotion. She told the judge that her death was a fortunate thing for others, for she felt that she could not have left off poisoning had she lived. On the scaffold she bowed courteously to the judge and assistants, walked calmly up to the block, and received the blow without shrinking.

We come next to a case of a very singular nature, to which Feuerbach gives the name of "The Unknown Murderer, or the Police at Fault." It is interesting chiefly from the complete perplexity in which the reader is left at the conclusion, as to the agent or the motives which led to the crime, after his curiosity has been raised by glimpses of light which seem for a time likely to lead to the truth, but prove at last to be mere *ignes fatui*, successively disappearing, and leaving the matter involved in the same darkness and mystery as before.

The event to which we allude took place in 1817, in the town of M——. In that place resided a goldsmith named Christopher Ru-

precht, aged upwards of sixty: rich, illiterate, quarrelsome, covetous; rude in speech, vulgar in his habits, whose chief indulgence consisted in frequenting low ale-houses, and mingling in such haunts & the most disreputable of the lower classes. His selfishness, and his repulsive manners had alienated from him all his relations, with the exception of a sister and a daughter, who was married in the town, and who still continued, as much from interest, perhaps, as affection, notwithstanding his peculiarities of temper, to visit him regularly.

Ruprecht had for some time past selected, as the favourite inn in which he chose to take his ease, a small ale-house at the end of a dark winding lane, which, from its gloomy situation, bore the appropriate title of Hell. About half-past eight o'clock, on the evening of the seventh of February, 1817, he repaired thither according to custom, took his seat among the circle which generally assembled round the inn fire on the first floor, and in his usual petulant and ill-tempered style, joined in the conversation, which was prolonged till past 10 o'clock, when Ruprecht despatched the landlord to the ground floor for a farther supply of beer. As the landlord was reascending the stairs, a voice from the passage below was heard inquiring if Ruprecht was above; and on the landlord answering (without turning his head) that he was, he was requested by the person below to desire him to come down. No sooner was the message delivered to Ruprecht, than he rose and hastily left the room. A minute had hardly elapsed, when the company heard distinctly from the passage below, loud groans, followed by a sound as of a heavy body falling in the passage. All hurried down stairs to the number of eleven. Ruprecht was found lying near the house door still alive, but covered with blood flowing from a large wound on his head; his leather cap at a little distance, which had been cut through by the blow. The only sounds which he uttered, when lifted up, were "The villain,—the villain with the axe." And once afterwards, "My daughter, my daughter." She was immediately sent for; but his mind apparently wandered, and he did not recognise her.

No trace of the assassin appeared in the neighbourhood; no weapon was found in the passage near the door. The wound, when examined, was found to be one inflicted with a sharp instrument—to be about four inches long, extending along the top of the head, but sinking towards the back, upon the left side of the skull, and deeper at the bottom than the top. That it had not been given in the passage, seemed pretty clear; first, from the circumstance that a lamp always burned there, and servants were constantly crossing and recrossing; secondly, that to have inflicted such a wound, the blow must have fallen with great force from behind and from above; while the

lowness of the roof, which any one might touch with his hand, would have rendered it impossible for the murderer, in such a position, to have raised his arm so as to have directed his weapon with any force against his victim. From the position, too, in which Ruprecht was found, immediately behind the house-door, which was open, the probability was, that the fatal blow had been given without the door, and that Ruprecht, after receiving it, had been able to stagger back into the passage. The house, as already mentioned, stood at the extreme corner of an obscure lane, to which there was no access from the other side. Two steps led to the door in front, and on the left side of these steps was a stone seat, about two feet in height, and standing on these steps, apparently, the murderer had awaited him, and when the goldsmith came to the steps in front of the door, directed his blow at him from this "bad eminence" behind.

With what weapon the blow had been inflicted, was not so clear. The unconnected expressions of Ruprecht seemed to point at an axe as the instrument; but the opinion of the medical inspector rather was, that the blow had been given by a heavy sabre, and by an experienced hand.

In the mean time, all that could be done further, was to wait, in hopes that the wounded man would so far recover his senses as to be able to throw some light upon this atrocious deed. On the evening of the following day he appeared sufficiently in his senses to warrant the judge in commencing his examination. The wounded man's answers were given in monosyllables. He was asked,—“Who struck you?” “Schmidt.” “What is this Schmidt—where does he reside?” “In the *Most*.” “With what did he strike you?” “A hatchet.” “How did you know him?” “By his voice.” “Was he indebted to you?” He shook his head. “What was his motive?” “Quarrel.” From the state of exhaustion in which he appeared to be, the judge did not interrogate him further at the time as to the nature of the quarrel. To the first and second interrogatories, which were repeated, he again distinctly answered “Schmidt,—wood-cutter.” And he gave the same answer to similar questions put to him afterwards, in the presence of the officials, by his daughter, sister, and son-in-law.

Who, then, was Schmidt, whom the dying man had denounced as his murderer? Schmidt is as common a name in Germany as Smith in England; and accordingly it turned out that there were three Schmidts in the town, all wood-cutters. One of them, Abraham Christopher Schmidt, resided in the Hohen Pfister; the other two, who were brothers, lived in the street called the *Most*, or the *Walch*, to which the wounded man appeared to have alluded. With regard to the first, it was ascertained that he laboured under the charge of having

* The name of a street in the town, also called the *Walch*.

been in early youth connected with a gang of thieves, and having been imprisoned in consequence;—the second, who went by the name of the Great Schmidt, had been an old acquaintance of Ruprecht's, but had ceased to be so in consequence of having given evidence against him in an action of damages;—the third, who was distinguished from his brother by the name of the Little Schmidt, was also an acquaintance of Ruprecht's, but one with whom he had never appeared to be on good terms.

Before proceeding to the arrest of any of these individuals, Ruprecht, who had in the meantime undergone the operation of trepanning, was again examined. When asked, in addition to the former questions, to which he gave the same answers,—which of the Schmidts he meant, the Great or the Little, he made some attempts to speak, but failed. When asked again whether he resided on the Most,—he was silent. Was it upon the Hohen Pfister? He answered with difficulty, but distinctly, "Yes;" and then relapsed into insensibility.

As he thus wavered between the inhabitants of the Most, and that of the Hohen Pfister, it was evident that all the three Schmidts must be taken into custody. They were accordingly apprehended, with the view of being confronted with the wounded man, and the murderer, if possible, identified by him. When they were brought into his room, Ruprecht was sensible, but unable to lift up his eyes, so that the main object of the interview was baffled. There were differences, however, in the behaviour of these individuals, which, while they tended to avert suspicion from two of them, directed it with increasing force against the third. The two brothers appeared perfectly composed;—they spoke to Ruprecht, called him by name, and expressed their sympathy for his situation. Not so the Schmidt of the Hohen Pfister. He seemed agitated and restless;—when asked if he knew the person in bed, he first said he did not,—then that it was Ruprecht, and that he knew him well;—first, that he remained with his mother-in-law, on the evening of the murder, till eleven; then, that he had left his house at nine, and gone instantly to bed. He protested his innocence and ignorance of the whole matter, and appealed to the testimony of his mother-in-law, his wife, and his neighbours. His evident agitation, and his contradictions, which he did not make any further attempt to reconcile, appeared to the judge sufficient grounds for subjecting him to the provisional arrest, and on the 10th of February he was committed to prison.

On the following day all hope of eliciting further information from Ruprecht was put an end to by his death. After the interview already mentioned he never recovered his senses.

Subsequent investigations tended to in-

crease the suspicions against Christopher Schmidt which his behaviour on the first occasion had awakened. On inspecting his house, the handle of his axe, near the blade, was found to be streaked with red spots, resembling blood. The truth of the report as to his former imprisonment for theft he did not attempt to deny; though he alleged that he had been merely made the innocent instrument of conveying the stolen property into town. His inconsistencies and contradictions on his first summary examination were still more startling and irreconcilable than those into which he had run when confronted with Ruprecht. When asked to explain how he knew the wounded man to be Ruprecht, since he stated he had never seen him before,—he gave no other explanation except that he had heard before of the accident which had befallen him, as it was the general theme of conversation at the Boar.* To the question where he had been on Friday night, he first answered that he had been along with his wife and child in the house of his mother-in-law, where they were accustomed to work in the evenings, to avoid the expense of light at home, till 9 o'clock, when he had taken his child home, and gone to bed, where he had remained till next morning at seven; that his wife had not returned till ten, having had to work a little longer with her mother, and entrusted the child to his care. "But," said the judge, "yesterday you said you did not return till eleven o'clock."—"Yes, at eleven—I returned with my wife." "A few minutes ago you said you returned at nine, and that your wife remained behind you; now how do you explain this?" "My neighbours will testify I returned at nine. My wife remained for a short time behind me—she returned after ten, when I was asleep;—she must have come in by using the key of the street door."—"The key of the street door, you said a little ago, was in your mother's possession, in the house;—how could your wife, who was at her mother's, have used it to obtain admission?" "She had the key with her. I said my wife returned along with me at nine o'clock, assisted me to put the child to bed, then took the house key off the table, and returned to her mother's. She came back at eleven o'clock at night." "Just now, you said at ten." "I was asleep; it may have been ten."

These irreconcilable contradictions as to the hour at which he himself had returned,—which he sometimes stated to be nine, sometimes eleven;—as to his returning alone or in company with his wife; as to the hour at which she had returned, and the mode by which she had obtained admittance;—his previous imprisonment; his conduct when confronted with Ruprecht; and during his examinations his downcast and suspicious look; his anxiety

* A little ale-house, in which he stated he had been the day after the event.

to avoid any lengthened explanations; the spots upon his axe; the dying expressions of Ruprecht as to the name and residence of his murderer; all these, taken together, formed a most suspicious combination of circumstances against Schmidt.

On the other hand, the very grossness of these contradictions seem to lead to the inference that they must have proceeded rather from want of memory, of intellect, or self-possession, than from a desire to pervert the truth. It was unlikely that any one but a person whose intellectual faculties were weakened or disordered either by natural deficiency or temporary anxiety and fear, or both, should in the course of half an hour vary his account of the time at which he returned home, from nine to eleven, from eleven to nine; or at one moment represent himself as returning alone, the next in company with his wife. The report of his relations and neighbours proved that such was the character of Schmidt; that his dulness of intellect almost amounted to idiocy, and that his serious, quiet, sheepish manner, had procured him the nickname of "Hammela," or the sheep. It was not difficult, then, to believe that a man who, according to these accounts, never was able under any circumstances to express himself clearly, or almost intelligibly, when suddenly apprehended, confronted with a dying man, imprisoned and examined, called upon to explain contradictions, should at once lose the little remnant of composure or intellect that remained to him, and answer without understanding the questions put to him, or the answers which he gave. For instance, his answer to the question how he recognised Ruprecht, whom he had never seen, illogical as it was, is intelligible enough when the character of the respondent is kept in view. All he meant to say probably was, that he knew that the person before him was Ruprecht, because he had heard before of the assassination, and that the wounded man was lying in the house where he had been brought to be confronted with him. As to the time and manner of his return, too, a confusion might not unnaturally arise in the mind of one so simple, between the hour at which he had himself returned, and that when his wife had *last* returned from her mother's house; and although even then contradictions existed, many of the circumstances which at first sight appeared inconsistent in his narrative might be explained by supposing the true state of the case to have been this:—that he and his wife had left her mother's together at nine, with the child, and gone home; that after her husband and the child were in bed, his wife had, as he stated, returned to her mother's to finish her work, and had finally returned home between ten and eleven o'clock.

This was in fact substantially proved by the investigation that followed. His mother-in-law, Barbara Lang, stated that the husband

and wife were accustomed to pass the evening in her house to save fire and light; that they had left the house about half-past nine, accompanied by the child; that her daughter had afterwards returned, and remained with her for about an hour and a half, when she went home. Cunegunda, the wife of the accused, though she represented the hour at which they left her mother's house as earlier than that which her mother had indicated, agreed with her in other particulars. She had accompanied her husband and child home, had seen them in bed, and then taking with her the only light they had in the house, had gone back to her mother's. On her return after ten, she had been let in by the woman of the house, had found her husband asleep, and neither of them had left the house afterwards till next morning. Barbara Kraus, the landlady, had seen Schmidt return home on Friday evening, accompanied by his wife, who bore a light, and carrying his child on his arm, as she thought, between eight and nine o'clock: she had opened the house door to them, and Schmidt as he walked up to his room, had good-humouredly wished her good night. She at first stated that she had not again opened the house door to his wife that night; but upon the question being reiterated, she admitted she might have done so without recollecting, her attention being at the time very much occupied with other matters.

Though there was some discrepancy between these witnesses as to time, that was easily accounted for without any suspicion of falsehood in the case of persons who had no clock or watch in the house to refer to, and particularly in a long and dark night in February. The only question was which had made the nearest approach to the truth—a question of considerable importance in reference to the possibility of the guilt of the accused. Taking a medium between the different periods, and supposing Schmidt to have reached his house accompanied by his wife about a quarter past nine, and to have been again found in bed on her return about half-past ten, the intervening period of an hour and a quarter was the whole time during which it was possible the crime could have been committed. The blow had been given by all accounts at a quarter past ten; the ale-house, where it took place, was at the distance of about a mile and a quarter from Schmidt's house, and the path of a murderer going to or stealing home from the scene of his crime, is seldom the most direct one. Supposing, however, that there was time enough to have reached the spot, completed the crime, and returned, which was barely possible, was it likely that a murderer so cool and treacherous would be perpetrated by one who had been laboriously and industriously toiling for the support of his family the whole evening by his mother-in-law's fire—who had peaceably returned home and gone to bed with his child—that a being

so slow and sluggish in his intellect, so incapable of acting with decision in the ordinary affairs of life, should all at once, as if the scheme had long been matured, seize the instant when his wife had left the house, to spring up, hurry to a distance, lie in wait for, and deliberately murder a fellow being, and then be found quietly asleep at home in the course of a quarter of an hour after the crime was perpetrated? This, if the testimony of his wife was to be believed,—and there existed apparently no reason to doubt its truth,—was, to say the least, in the highest degree improbable.

But the red spots upon the handle of his axe? How were these to be accounted for? The accused answered that if such spots existed, of which he knew nothing, they must have proceeded from a swelling in the hand, produced by heat, which had burst the day before. But the swelling, it was answered, is upon the *right* hand; the stains are on the upper part of the handle near the blade, which is held in the *left* hand; if the stains had been occasioned by blood flowing from the swelling on the right, they must have been on a different part of the handle entirely, near the bottom. The accused replied that he was what is generally termed left-handed, and that in hewing, contrary to the usual practice, he held the lower part of the handle in his left hand, and the upper in his right; a statement which was corroborated by his mother and others who were acquainted with him. Farther, the medical officer of the court, on examining the stains, expressed his doubts whether they were really stains from blood at all, since they appeared to rub out more easily than they would have done if they had proceeded from such a cause. On this ground of suspicion, therefore, it was evident nothing could now be rested.

The examination of the axe showed farther, that it could not be the weapon with which the wounds had been inflicted. The wound caused by the blow of an axe striking straight down, and not drawn along like a sabre cut, was not likely to be longer than the edge of the blade itself. But here the length of the edge was only three and one-third inches, the length of the wound four inches, while the cut in the leather cap which had been divided, was four and one-third inches in length. The form of the wound in the head, too, which at both ends came gently to a point, seemed irreconcilable with the broad and equally defined incision all along, likely to be made by the blade of an axe.

Even the slender support afforded to the accusation by the charge of a previous imprisonment for theft, was next removed. The prisoner's vindication of himself was found to be substantially correct;—while his good character for sobriety, industry, simplicity, and good nature for years past, was established by a mass of evidence.

Thus, one by one, the grounds of suspicion which had at first appeared to be assuming so firm and compact a form, crumbled away; and though Christopher Schmidt was not yet finally liberated, it was evident that as matters stood his speedy acquittal from the charge was certain. But as the cloud of suspicion passed off from Christopher, it gathered for a moment round the heads of his namesakes, the Great and the Little Schmidt, inhabitants of the Walch Street.

Both of these individuals, as already mentioned, had been acquainted with Ruprecht; and so far at least as occasionally carousing together went, had been for a long time among his usual boon companions. Their intimacy, however, for it never seemed to have amounted to friendship, had been suddenly put an end to in consequence of a quarrel, in which Ruprecht got involved with the surveyors of his district, Friedmann and Götz, in the course of which the goldsmith, having publicly made some unfounded and abusive charges against these official persons, was convicted upon the evidence of his former acquaintances, the Schmidts, and sentenced to short imprisonment on bread and water. Ruprecht had retaliated by an action of damages against Götz and Friedmann, which was still in dependance at the time of his death. Was it possible, then, that these persons had made use of the Schmidts, who had previously given them the benefit of their testimony against Ruprecht, as instruments of their revenge against their pertinacious opponent? Possible certainly;—but in the highest degree improbable: for the surveyors appeared throughout the whole proceedings with Ruprecht to have acted with the greatest discretion and forbearance; and their general character was that of men utterly incapable of any act so atrocious, particularly from a motive so inadequate. Not less satisfactory was the report as to the character of the supposed actors, the Schmidts, who were remarkable in their neighbourhood for their industrious and honest conduct, while the proof as to their not having committed the crime was finally placed beyond a doubt by the evidence of several witnesses, who spoke to the fact of their having returned home early on the night of the murder, and not having left the house till next morning.

Two other circumstances at this time occurred, as if to show the endlessness of this search after Schmidts:—the one that two other Schmidts were discovered, not indeed living in the town, but in the suburbs, and one of them the woodman generally employed by Bieringer, Ruprecht's son-in-law; but against neither of these was any trace of suspicion found. The other circumstance was, that it was now ascertained that Ruprecht had not only varied in his accounts as to the residence of his supposed assassin, but that in some of his conversations with his relatives, when asked if he knew who had injured him, he had

answered in the negative. Perhaps then the whole was a mere vision growing out of the confusion of his mind at the time, and his mixing up the idea of a woodman's axe, which he naturally enough imagined had been the instrument of his death, with the recollection of the two woodmen, the Schmidts, who had played so conspicuous a part in the proceedings at the instance of the surveyors.

Long indeed before this conclusion had been come to, it had occurred to some of the official persons that they were proceeding on a wrong scent, and that the actors in the villany were to be found nearer home.

When Ruprecht was found in the passage immediately after the blow, the expressions he used, it will be recollected, were—"Villain, with the axe!" And shortly afterwards, "My daughter!—my daughter!" These had been naturally interpreted at the time into an expression of his anxiety to see her: but circumstances subsequently emerging seemed to render it doubtful whether his exclamation did not bear a less favourable meaning.

The matrimonial life of Bieringer and his wife, it appeared, had been long a very unhappy one. Her husband for a time constantly complained to his father-in-law of her love of dress, and her quarrelsome temper; which on one occasion had reached such a height, that she had been subjected to an imprisonment of forty-eight hours for disturbing the peace of the neighbourhood. This last remedy had been found more efficacious than the previous complaints, and from that time down to the death of Ruprecht, the couple had lived on tolerable terms.

Not so, however, Ruprecht and his son-in-law. Bieringer, who was a man of some education and refinement of manners, had never concealed the dislike with which he regarded the vulgar propensities of his father-in-law; and this, added to his complaints against his wife, had so irritated the old man that he never spoke of Bieringer but in terms of violent hostility. But a few days before his death, he had called him, before his own servant, a damned villain, whom he could never speak to even if he were on his death-bed. Actuated by these feelings towards him, Ruprecht had for some time past determined to make a will, by which his property, which he was to leave his daughter, was to be placed entirely beyond the control of her husband; and this intention he had announced, about two months before his death, to his daughter, and more lately to his apprentice Högner, to whom he assigned as his reason his determination to disappoint that villain his son-in-law. Nay, within a few hours of his murder he had sent for Högner to assist him in arranging his papers, and had fixed the following Sunday for completing the long projected testament. This intention he had announced in the hearing of his servant. From some one of these sources his determination might have been

communicated to Bieringer; a sufficient motive for the removal of the testator would thus have been furnished; and unquestionably there was a singular coincidence in point of time between the conversation of Friday afternoon and the murder at night, which favoured the suspicion that they might stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect.

When the intelligence of his father-in-law's being wounded was first brought to the house of Bieringer, he observed to his wife coldly, and with an appearance of ill-humour, that she must go over to see her father, to whom something had happened, adding, "we have nothing but plague with him." The conduct of the daughter when she came into the ale-house seemed to some of the spectators to display a want of real feeling. One of her first concerns was to see whether her father had his keys about him, and having ascertained that he had, she took possession of, and walked away with them. With the removal of her father from the inn to his own house, all her lamentations ceased. She appeared, as some of the witnesses stated, scarcely to treat him with ordinary kindness, and to give grudgingly, and of necessity, what was necessary for his comfort.

While the investigation was proceeding against the Great Schmidt, she displayed a singular anxiety to increase the suspicion against him, by reporting conversations with her father which no other person had heard; in which, besides pointing out Schmidt Woodman as his murderer, he was made to add "he was a large man." Her own husband, Bieringer, it is to be observed, was very small in stature. She made great efforts to be allowed to be present when Schmidt was confronted with her father, alleging, as her reason, that she wished to remind him of the omiscience of God, which might, perhaps, lead him to confession; for the others she was assured were innocent of the crime.

These attempts to throw suspicion on one who was clearly proved to have had no concern with the murder, the other suspicious circumstances, in the conduct of the daughter, the situation in which Bieringer stood with his father-in-law, and the temptation to make away with Ruprecht, arising from the intended execution of the testament, left at first a strong impression on the mind of the judge that Bieringer, or some emissary of his, would be found to be the murderer.

Here also, however, as in the former cases, the grounds of suspicion vanished, one by one, into thin air.

That the words "my daughter!" uttered by Ruprecht, truly denoted nothing else but his anxiety to see her, appeared from the fact mentioned by his sister Clara, that such was his constant practice when any thing unpleasant or vexatious happened to him, and also from the evidence of the landlady of the Hölle, who stated that she herself had first suggested

sending for his daughter, to which he assented by an affirmative nod of his head. Bieringer's coldness and indifference when the news of the accident were delivered to him, were such as might have been expected from one who for a long time before had been on terms of mutual dislike with his father-in-law; but by no means easily reconcilable with the supposition that he was himself, mediately or immediately, his murderer. The inferences, arising from the depositions of the first witnesses, as to the insensibility evinced by the daughter, were entirely neutralized by the evidence of others, who described her conduct as dutiful and affectionate in the highest degree; even the taking the keys from her father's person appeared to have been done at the suggestion of the surgeon who was present, and who imagined that the murder might have been committed as a preliminary to robbery. Her accusation of Schmidt might have been founded on expressions really used by her father, whose mind it was now plain had often wandered after the blow. And the anxiety with which she followed it up was natural, and even laudable, supposing her to have once adopted the idea that Schmidt was the murderer. Even the ground-work of the whole suspicion, namely, the supposed motive arising from the intended execution of the testament by which his wife's fortune was to be placed beyond Bieringer's control, was completely shaken; for it was found that there was not even probable evidence that ever such an intention had reached his ears. His wife stated that she had never communicated to him her conversation with her father, which, from the indifferent terms on which they lived, and the consideration that it would have been an advantage to her had her father lived to carry his intentions as to his will into effect, appeared extremely probable; nor had Högner, his other confidant, divulged it to any one. The maid, who had been present during the interviews with Högner on Friday afternoon, equally disclaimed having ever spoken of it. His brother and sisters had never heard of Ruprecht's intentions. Finally, there was distinct evidence that Bieringer himself at least had not been the murderer, because at a quarter past ten, when the murder was committed, he was proved to have been quietly seated in the parlour of the Golden Fish. The result of the preliminary investigations on the whole was to satisfy the judge that no real ground of suspicion existed either against Bieringer or his wife.

Even after all these failures the investigation was not abandoned. The servant who had been called upon to point out the name of any person who had done business with Ruprecht shortly before his death, mentioned that three persons, appearing to be of the regimental band, had been in Ruprecht's house on the morning of the murder. On inquiry, it was ascertained that this statement was correct, and the three men, who turned out to be

oboe-players in the band, were forthwith taken into custody. It appeared, from their own admission, that one of them, Pröschl, had procured a loan of twenty-two florins from Ruprecht shortly before; that the creditor had become clamorous for payment, and that the debtor, accompanied by the other two, Mühl and Spitzbart, had called on Ruprecht on the Friday morning, with the view of obtaining some delay; and that Ruprecht had fixed the following morning for accompanying Pröschl to his brother-in-law, from whom he said he expected to receive the money. Add to this the opinion, which from the first had been expressed by the inspecting physician, that the blow seemed to have been inflicted by a sabre; and there was enough to warrant the judge in thinking, that here, at last, he might have stumbled upon the real murderer. Here, also, however, the rising fabric of evidence was at once overturned by a clear proof of alibi on the part of one and all of the suspected assassins.

And here, at last, justice was obliged to give up the pursuit: nor has any light been since thrown upon this strange story.

Omitting many cases of deep interest, and some of them of a very extraordinary complexion, though the extreme atrocity of their peculiar features renders them painful, we shall conclude with a case of a most singular nature, both from the circumstances with which it was attended from first to last, the character of the party implicated, and the result with which it was attended. The few remarks we have to offer in regard to it we shall incorporate with the narrative itself.

In 1805, Francis Salis Riembauer was appointed to the situation of assistant clergyman in the church of Upper Lauterbach. He had filled a similar situation for several years before, in various other churches. He had brought with him to Lauterbach a high character for intelligence and polemical ability, as well as for the fire and unction of his discourses, and the extreme sanctity of his life and conversation. His appearance was prepossessing, his stature tall, the expression of his countenance serious but mild, his conversation eloquent and instructive. A peculiar appearance of humility seemed to characterize all his movements; he walked in general with his head sunk down, his eyes half closed, his hands reverently folded on his breast. His sermons were composed in a strain of enthusiastic piety; the necessity of an absolute separation from this world, and an exclusive devotion to the things of another, were inculcated with earnestness and perseverance. He was supported by his simple flock to stand in direct communication with the world of spirits, who were said to haunt him in his chamber, beset him in his walks, and moved from right to left when he raised his finger. If Riembauer did not himself promote these superstitious notions, he at least did nothing to

discourage them, but accepted with his usual appearance of mild indifference the homage which was paid to him.

His high reputation, however, though general was not universal; most of his hearers thought him a saint, but some doubted. A report had at one time been in circulation that his former colleague at Hofkirchen had warned his successor that he was little better than a wolf in sheep's clothing: and some of the more prudent among the rude forefathers of the hamlet rather discouraged the visits, which he paid with singular punctuality to the female part of their families, for the purpose of confession or penance. His extreme mildness of demeanour and humility of aspect appeared to them overacted; and the refined and spiritual character of his doctrines somewhat inconsistent with the conduct which he shortly afterwards adopted.

At Thomashof, in the neighbourhood of Ober Lauterbach, lived a family of the name of Frauenknecht, consisting of the farmer, (an old man who died shortly afterwards,) his wife, and two daughters, the elder, Magdalena, then about 18 years of age, her sister, Catherine, six years younger. The whole family were distinguished for their probity, industry, and hospitable disposition, while Magdalena added to these good qualities a more than usual share of personal attractions. With this family Riembauer had very soon established a particular acquaintance. They were naturally flattered by the visits of one superior to themselves in situation and education, and still more distinguished by the sanctity of his character. But Riembauer carried his condescension farther than seemed consistent with the dignity of his priestly office; for not content with merely visiting the family, he used to give his personal assistance to the old farmer in his field labours, and to perform all the duties of a common servant. Those who entertained an unfavourable opinion of him before, drew additional arguments in support of it from this singular conduct; but Riembauer proved to the majority of his flock, by the authority of Epiphanius and of church councils, that nothing was more common in the primitive times of the church than this union of the spade with the crosier, and that there was something praiseworthy in recurring to that patriarchal simplicity. About the end of 1806, the parishioners were informed that he had purchased Thomashof from the Frauenknechts for 4000 florins, and shortly afterwards he transferred his residence to that farm, still retaining his clerical office and performing its duties with the same zeal and spirit as before, but combining them with agricultural labours, in which he was assisted by the family of the Frauenknechts, who, notwithstanding the sale, continued to reside upon the farm.

The eldest daughter, Magdalena, was to remain as cook in his family, and with this view

she was sent to Munich in the beginning of 1807, where she remained for six or seven months in the house of the Registrar Y—. In June, 1807, Riembauer himself went to Munich, for the purpose of passing his examination as candidate for a church, which he did with great credit to himself. Shortly afterwards (in the beginning of 1808) he obtained the situation of Priest at Priel, sold off to advantage the farm which he had purchased from the Frauenknechts, and removed with them, Magdalena having now completed her culinary education in Munich, to his new residence.

Shortly before his removal to Priel, an event had happened in the neighbourhood which at first created a strong sensation, though the utter mystery in which it was involved seemed to have at first baffled and finally extinguished all curiosity on the subject. Anna Eichstädter, the daughter of a carpenter at Furth, had engaged herself as servant to a clergyman in the neighbourhood, towards the end of October, 1807. She had obtained permission, however, from her new master, to pay a visit to her relations before finally entering upon her service. As a pledge for her return, she had left with him her silver neck-chain and other articles of some value. It rained in the afternoon when she set out, and at her request he lent her a green umbrella, on the handle of which the initials of his name, J. D. were engraved. Several days elapsed, but she did not return. Among others whom she had mentioned she intended to visit, was Riembauer, with whom she said she had been acquainted while she had been in the service of his former colleague at Hirnheim. To him, accordingly, her new master wrote, after some days had elapsed, mentioning that if she felt reluctant to return to his service she might at least send back his umbrella. Riembauer replied that he had seen neither the one nor the other, and expressed some astonishment that such an application should have been made to him. Months passed on, but Eichstädter did not appear. The investigations which were resorted to threw no light upon her disappearance; her previous character appeared to have been somewhat light, and her reputation for virtue more than doubtful, but nothing came out which could afford any explanation of her fate. The common conjecture was that she had either been drowned, or had fallen into the hands of a notorious robber and murderer, who was executed about a year afterwards. Gradually, however, the matter ceased to be talked of, and her fate, even by her relations, was forgotten.

It was some months after her disappearance that Riembauer removed with the Frauenknecht family from Thomashof to Priel. This association, however, was not destined to be of long continuance; the widow Frauenknecht died on the 16th of June, 1809, after a short illness, and her daughter Magdalena followed her

five days afterwards. The younger daughter, Catherine, who had never been on good terms with her sister or with Riembauer, had left the family a short time before. After the deaths of her mother and sister, she had lived as a domestic in different families, in all of which she was remarkable for the singular melancholy, the air of anxiety and restlessness which marked her conduct; solitude seemed irksome to her; to sleep alone at night was an object of terror, and these feelings seemed rather to increase with years than to become less lively. Sometimes she let fall expressions as to some woman whom she could not get out of her head, and whose figure, she said, followed her wherever she went. With these, too, at times, the name of Riembauer was joined, as having had a principal part in those scenes by the remembrance of which she appeared to be haunted. To some of her intimate friends she ventured at last to be more explicit—she stated in plain terms that Riembauer had been the murderer of a woman at Thomashof in 1807, that she had herself been unwittingly a witness to the deed, and that this atrocity had been followed by other crimes, which till that moment had been unsuspected.

At last, in 1813, she laid her information formally before the Landgericht at Landshut, to the following effect:—That during the period when her sister Magdalena and Riembauer were both in Munich in 1807, the one in the service of the registrar, the other preparing for his examination, a woman presented herself suddenly at Thomashof. She announced herself as a niece of Riembauer, and being informed that he was then in Munich, demanded the key of his room, which she, Catherine, who was the only person then in the house, at first refused. On the arrival of her mother, however, the key was given to her, and she immediately proceeded with it to the room, which she searched as if the house had been her own. She remained that night, and next morning when she went away, stated that she had not found her money as she expected, but that she had left a sealed packet for the priest.

On Riembauer's return, which took place about eight days afterwards, he merely remarked, on being told of this domiciliary visit, that it was a niece of his to whom he owed some money. About the second of November, in the same year, Catherine and her mother had returned from the field somewhat later than Magdalena and Riembauer; when they drew near the door of the house, they thought they heard in the upper floor a singular noise—whether laughing, weeping, or groaning, they could hardly distinguish; as they entered, however, Magdalena flew to meet them with the frightful intelligence, that a stranger, representing herself as a niece of Riembauer, had arrived shortly before; that Riembauer, after taking her up to his room, had come down on pretence of getting her some refresh-

ment, and taken his razor, and that she had followed him up stairs, and through the key-hole had seen him draw near to the unfortunate woman with expressions of endearment, and suddenly plunge it into her throat. Even while Magdalena was thus speaking, the groans of the victim and the voice of Riembauer, loud and threatening, were distinctly heard from above. As if fascinated by the terrors of the scene, Catherine ran up stairs, and saw through the key-hole the priest kneeling over the body of his victim, from which the blood flowed in streams, and which was still heaving with a convulsive motion.

Overpowered with fear, she rejoined her mother and sister in the room below. Shortly afterwards the door of the upper room opened, and the priest came down, his hands and sleeves dropping with blood, the razor still in his right hand. He went into the room to her mother and sister, told them that the woman had constantly persecuted him for money on account of a child which she had borne to him; that she had just been demanding from him 100 or 200 florins, and threatening him with exposure in case of refusal; and that not having the money, he had no other alternative left but that of silencing her complaints and her testimony for ever. The mother at first threatened him with the immediate disclosure of the murder; but at last, moved by the desperation of Riembauer, who had seized a rope and announced his resolution of committing suicide, they consented to keep the murder secret, and to assist him, if necessary, in the disposal of the body.

The place chosen for this purpose was a little room adjoining the stable, where a hole was dug by Riembauer for its reception. At midnight, on the 3d of November, Catherine said she was awakened by the noise, and saw from the door of her own room Riembauer descend, dragging the body behind him still dressed, and with the head hanging down. Coming down afterwards, she saw him employed in heaping earth upon the body. The spots of blood along the passage he washed out with his own hand; those in his room, which had already become dry, he carefully effaced from the floor by means of a plane, and threw the chips into the stove. A woman's shoe, which the house dog was found dragging next morning about the court, Catherine took up and delivered to Riembauer, though she could not say how he had afterwards disposed of it. The inquiries of their neighbours, some of whom had heard the disturbance which had taken place the evening before, they answered by saying, that some discussion had arisen relative to the purchase price of Thomashof, which had ended in an altercation between them and Riembauer.

From this moment, however, the friendly intercourse which had subsisted between Riembauer and the Frauenknechts was at an end. Reproaches on the one hand, anxiety

and the fear of detection on the other, rendered their residence at Priel irksome to all. Quarrels followed; Magdalena threatened to leave his service, and the fear of exposure began daily to recur more and more vividly to his mind. Immediately afterwards followed the illness and death of her mother and sister. No medical attendant was called during their illness, no clergyman was allowed to approach them, their medicines were all ordered and administered by Riembauer himself. The body of Magdalena after death was found strangely swollen and covered with spots, the blood gushed from her mouth and nose; the apothecary who saw the body after death conceived she had been in a state of pregnancy, and from all this Catherine drew the conclusion that her mother and sister had been poisoned.

Even before the sudden death of her mother and sister, Catherine had been warned by the latter that Riembauer had designs upon her life, and acting upon this advice she had left his house. Subsequently to this he had made attempts to induce her to return to his service, by promises of a large marriage portion, and other advantages; but determined not to trust herself again in his hands, she had declined all his proposals.

The young woman who had fallen a victim to the treacherous attack of Riembauer, she described as a person of about twenty-two years of age, tall and rather handsome; she was dressed in the garb of a peasant, and had brought with her a green umbrella, upon which were marked the initials J. D. This umbrella Riembauer had retained, and it was still in his possession.

The events thus disclosed by Catherine Frauenknecht, on the one hand so strange and (looking to the previous character of the alleged criminal,) so unlikely, were on the other so consistent and well-connected, and the narration given with so much apparent calmness, distinctness, and confidence, that the court before which the information was first laid ordered an immediate inspection of the scene of the alleged murder, the farm house of Thomashof, which, as already mentioned, was now no longer in the hands of Riembauer. The result of the examination was such as to confirm in most of its important features the information of Catherine Frauenknecht. In the room adjoining the stable, as described by her, were found a skeleton and a woman's shoe; in that which had been inhabited by Riembauer stains were detected on the floor which when moistened with warm water were found to be the marks of blood; several of the planks in the flooring were marked with hollows and rough edges, as if a plane had been applied to them; and Michael, one of the neighbours, recollected being applied to for the use of a plane by the members of Frauenknecht's family about six years before.

The result of this inquisition led to the im-

mediate arrest of Riembauer. His apprehension seemed to excite in him neither surprise nor fear. If he was guilty of the atrocities ascribed to him, he was at least far too cool and circumspect either to betray any tokens of emotion, or to make his case worse by affecting ignorance of matters which he knew were capable of being proved. His policy, if such it were, was of a higher kind, and the course he adopted only reconcilable with the notion either of perfect innocence, or of the most hardened and calculating guilt. He admitted almost every thing which had been stated by Catherine Frauenknecht, but he gave to the whole a turn consistent with his own innocence of the murder.

Though he had heard nothing of the substance of Catherine's deposition, he did not affect to doubt that the death of Anna Eichstädter was the cause of his apprehension. He admitted at once that he had been acquainted with her (though he denied that their acquaintance had been at all of a criminal nature) while assistant at Hirnheim; that in consequence of the confidence she reposed in him she had placed in his hands fifty florins of her savings, and had begged to be taken into his service, which he had promised to do in the event of her future good conduct. Since he left Hirnheim he had neither seen nor heard any thing of her, except that while at Pirkwang she had twice sent messages to him for part of the money in his hands. In 1807, while he was in Munich, she had made her appearance one day at Thomashof, and to the great annoyance of the Frauenknecht family, had communicated to them the promise which had been made to her, that she should be taken into his service as cook. This intelligence rankled in their minds, and they determined by every means in their power to prevent it. It was about eight days after the death of old Frauenknecht that Riembauer, one evening in the twilight, returned to Thomashof from Lauterbach, where he had been performing a service for the dead. Meeting no one in the passage, he walked straight up to his room, where he found the door open. On the floor lay a figure extended and motionless, and on approaching it he found, to his consternation, that it was the lifeless body of a woman. He ran into the room above, where he found Magdalena and her mother clinging to each other and trembling like aspen leaves. They wept and conjured him to be silent. They then informed him that the same woman who had visited them at Thomashof in summer had again made her appearance that evening, and demanded admittance into his room, insisting that she was to be received into the house as cook, and that the Frauenknechts would soon be sent about their business. This statement led to reproaches, reproaches to blows. The stranger either struck or attempted to strike Magdalena, who thereupon had seized Riembauer's razor and

inflicted on her a mortal wound. On hearing this story he had kindled a light, and, entering the room again, recognised in the murdered woman Anna Eichstädter. He at first protested that he would instantly leave the house—that he could not remain longer in their society; but at last, overcome by their tears and entreaties, he was rash and, as he now deeply regretted, guilty enough, to agree to remain and to assist them in concealing the crime, which he had come too late to avert. He had accordingly dug a grave for the body in the stable, and had interred it at midnight, as described in the information of Catherine Frauenknecht. The poisoning of Magdalena and her mother he entirely denied.

Such were the conflicting accounts given by Catherine and Riembauer as to the circumstances. According to both it was obvious that a murder had taken place at Thomashof, and that Eichstädter had been the victim; the remaining question was, by whom had it been committed?—by the pious Riembauer, hitherto looked upon as a pattern of goodness—or the young Magdalena, whose character for gentleness in the neighbourhood was scarcely less established? In either view of the case there were doubts to be cleared up. If, according to Riembauer's statement, Magdalena was the murderer, the cause assigned seemed insufficient to account for so sudden and complete a change of disposition, or so desperate and atrocious a deed; while the improbability was increased by the consideration that while Magdalena was of a slight and feeble frame, Eichstädter was tall, in good health, of great corporeal strength, and a complete overmatch for her opponent. On the other hand, Catherine's story was not without its difficulties. At the period to which her evidence related she was only twelve years of age, and the self-possession which she had displayed, and the minuteness of her details, indicated an unusual and almost surprising degree of presence of mind and retentiveness of memory. She herself admitted that Riembauer and she had never been on good terms. Her statement that she had heard the words of the deceased from the upper room, when by her own account her throat had been cut some time before, seemed to be of a most improbable nature; and finally, there was as yet a want of any sufficient motive which could account for the deed, on the supposition that Riembauer was the murderer. As to the charge of poisoning, that rested only on her impression, arising from circumstances which, though suspicious, were certainly far from being conclusive against Riembauer.

The reason, however, which, according to Catherine's account, he had assigned to her mother and sister for the intrusion of Eichstädter, suggested the propriety of an immediate inquiry into Riembauer's former life, and moral habits, and a minute investigation into these particulars, from his youth, during his

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successive residences at Heerwhal, Obergleim, Hofkirchen, Hirnheim, Sollach, Pfarrkopf, Pondorf, Pirkwang and Priel, was set on foot. While this was proceeding, it was found that a regular system of subornation had been begun by Riembauer even in prison; that he had written letters to several of his acquaintances, endeavouring to prevail upon them to give evidence that Magdalena had, during her life-time, confessed the murder of Eichstädter; and to his own servant, Anna Weninger, directing her immediately to destroy the umbrella alluded to in the previous detail.* No sooner did he find by the change in the attendants, that these attempts had been detected, than he solicited an interview with the judge; told him voluntarily that under the influence of a melancholy to which he was subject, he had written certain letters, the contents of which he did not know; and begged him, should they be found to contain any thing injurious to him, to ascribe it entirely to the influence of that state of mind under which they were written.

The result of the investigation into the previous life of the priest strongly confirmed the evidence of Catherine, by showing that Riembauer's pretensions to sanctity were totally without foundation; that in all or most of his previous residences the proofs of his licentiousness were still extant; while he had more than once resorted to the most infamous means to prevent the consequences of his crimes from coming to light. It was proved that a criminal intercourse had subsisted between him and Eichstädter, begun while he was chaplain at Hirnheim, and continued from time to time down to 1807; that a child, born at Ratisbon, and baptized under a false name, had been the fruit of this connexion; that some months before her disappearance he had visited her at Ratisbon; that she had been seen on that occasion to accompany him part of the way on his return, along with her child; and that they had parted in anger, and with gestures of a menacing nature.

The improbability of Catherine's story, arising from the previous character of Riembauer, was thus at once removed; while a sufficient motive for the murder of Eichstädter—the necessity of getting rid of one who was dunning him for money, and apparently threatening him with exposure—was now furnished by the disclosure of their connexion and its consequences. The main difficulty, too, in the information of Catherine, arising from the apparent impossibility of her hearing

* In one of these letters addressed to a priest of his acquaintance, he enforces his request that he would give evidence in his favour by the following considerations:—"For the sake of our brotherly love; for the sake of my friends, who are in trouble on my account; for the sake of the priesthood, upon which a stain would be cast; and for the sake of true believers, to whom it might be a stumbling-block."

the words of Eichstädt under the circumstances stated by her, was obviated by the concurring opinion of the medical men, who agreed that in the event of the head being strongly bent forwards and downwards it was perfectly possible that the words of Eichstädt might have been distinctly heard, notwithstanding the previous separation of the windpipe. On the other charges against Riembauer, the alleged poisoning of Magdalena and her mother, little further light was thrown. It was established, however, that Magdalena, like many others, had undoubtedly fallen a victim to his seductions, and that at the very moment when this consummate hypocrite was undergoing his examination at Munich, in 1807, the unfortunate young woman, who, as already mentioned, had come there on pretence of learning cookery, was recovering in the very same house after the birth of a son.

While the chain of evidence was thus winding itself closer and closer round the criminal, his calmness, his self-possession, his dexterity in evading such questions as he did not choose to answer, his ingenuity in reconciling his contradictions and inventing plausible theories, moral and physical, in support of his own version of the murder, seemed only to increase with the weight and force of the presumptions against him. He generally replied to the questions put to him with a bland smile; if at times he broke out into an expression of some warmth, he would beg pardon for the vehemence into which he had been hurried by a sense of wounded honour; sometimes he would laugh aloud at the lies which he said the devil had invented against him; sometimes, when pressed by an awkward inquiry, he would diverge into a strain of metaphysical subtlety, or endeavour to divert the attention of the judge by passing hastily to some other topic. When confronted with the witnesses, he attempted to influence their evidence by leading questions; by appeals to their compassion or their fears; by artful but apparently straightforward examinations of the circumstances; by dissertations on the risk of error and the heinousness of rash testimony. When these arts failed to shake their evidence, he would relapse into his old preaching tone—exclaim "*Quis contra torrentem?*"—appeal to the Holy Trinity for his innocence, and protest that he was a defenceless sheep, attacked on all hands by devouring dogs. Nothing was extracted from him which materially tended to strengthen the extrinsic evidence against him: although he varied his story in particulars, he adhered pertinaciously to his leading point—that Magdalena was the murderess, and that he had been guilty of no other offence than that of having concealed the crime from motives of compassion.

In this ineffectual struggle, during which the priest had undergone no less than eighty examinations, two years had passed on, and

justice seemed fairly at a stand. Having failed to act on the understanding of the criminal, the judge proceeded in a way calculated to astonish an English reader, and which we confess we find it difficult to reconcile even with the admitted rules of the German criminal law, to operate upon his imagination. The scene, it must be admitted was got up with some knowledge of stage effect. On All Soul's day, the day on which, eight years before, the murder had been committed, a new examination was ordered. It began at four o'clock in the afternoon, and being directed to all the mass of evidence hitherto collected, and the contradictions and improbabilities of Riembauer's story, was prolonged till midnight. The judge addressed himself next to the conscience of the prisoner, and after concluding an impassioned appeal, he suddenly raised a cloth from the table, under which lay a skull placed upon a black cushion. "This," said he, "is the skull of Anna Maria Eichstädt, which you may still recognise by the two rows of white teeth" in the jaws." Riembauer rose instantly from his chair, stared wide upon the judge, retired a step or two so as to hide the object from his eyes, then resuming his habitual smile, and his accustomed tranquillity, he pointed to the skull, and replied—"My conscience is calm. If that skull could speak; it would say, Riembauer was my friend; he was not my murderer." A second attempt to extract some admission from him was not more successful. When they held the skull before his eyes, he betrayed strong internal agitation; but again he mastered himself, and once more repeated—"If the skull could speak, it would confirm the truth of my story."

So ended this abortive attempt to effect by intimidation what they had failed to obtain by the legitimate mode of examination—an attempt which for a moment almost placed this wretched hypocrite in the situation of a persecuted man. Feuerbach details this judicial melodrama without observation, as if the whole were equally justifiable on legal and moral grounds. To us, we confess, it appears wholly indefensible on either. If the German governments have now abolished physical torture as a means of eliciting evidence, on what ground is this moral torture to be vindicated? Is a man less likely to utter rash or dangerous admissions (of which the law in other cases refuses to avail itself) when the shock is administered to his imagination, weakened and harassed by a long previous examination, and a confinement prolonged for years, than when his body is subjected to physical pain? Above all, how can such devices be justified under a law which, even in permitting the necessary examinations, expressly lays it down that no questions either captious

* The deceased had been remarkable for the beauty of her teeth.

(meaning thereby such as may involve the party in admissions without his perceiving their tendency) or suggestive in their nature, are to be put to the prisoner; nay, that the name of an accomplice, or any special circumstance connected with the fact, but not yet proved, shall not be suggested to him, otherwise the confession so obtained shall be of no effect!—(*Peinliche Gerichts Ordnung*, Art. 56.)

The inexpediency of such mummeries is not less obvious than the injustice. As a means of eliciting the truth they are almost worthless, for their effect depends chiefly on the state of the nerves, and the early associations of the prisoner. When they are calculated to act at all they are likely to operate against the innocent with scarcely less force than the guilty; for in most cases the object of them, though he may be innocent of the specific fact charged against him, is generally so far mixed up with it as a spectator of the scene, or connected in some way with its actors, that unless he be a person of peculiarly strong nerves there can be little doubt that such an exhibition at midnight, after an examination of eight hours, and a confinement of two years, would shake his mind from its balance, and might give birth to expressions or signs of emotion which would be interpreted against him. On the other hand, the hardened criminal, against whom it would have been most legitimate to adopt such a means of extracting the truth, is proof against them. Take any shape of superstitious terror that we will, "his firm nerves will never tremble;" and he only becomes more resolute in his denials by perceiving the weakness of a proof which required to be eked out by such illegitimate means.

So it was with Riembauer. For two years longer did he contrive to baffle all the efforts of his judges. The record of the proceedings in October, 1816, already filled forty-two folio volumes. At last, however, his firmness gave way, and the cause of the change was nearly as singular as the other circumstances of this remarkable case.

On the twentieth November, 1816, a Jew of the name of Lammfromm,* was executed for murder, at Landshut. Riembauer saw him led to execution from his window, and was observed to be much moved by the composure and cheerfulness with which he met his death. On expressing his wonder at the Christian way in which the Jew had terminated his career, he was told, (what was the fact,) that from the moment he confessed his crime, he had attained a calmness and cheerfulness of mind which had supported him in his prison, and accompanied him even on the scaffold. This information seemed to have produced a great internal conflict in the mind of Riem-

bauer; for some days he was restless and ate little; on the twenty-sixth he demanded an audience. It was the hundredth. If he came with the intention of confession, however, he seemed to have altered his mind; he fell on his knees, said he was weary of his existence, that he was haunted by a thousand phantasms in his prison; that when he attempted to pray, his voice was drowned by the sound of a funeral drum;—every thing, in short, except that he was guilty of the crime charged against him. Again the judge took the trouble to go over the manifold contradictions and inconsistencies of his story, and pressed upon him, that the visions which preyed upon his mind arose from his own troubled conscience, and that his only chance of relief lay in a full and open confession. Then at last his obstinacy gave way; he begged the protection of justice for his children, and for his servant Anna Weninger; "And now," added he, "this is my confession:—Catherine has in many particulars told what was not true, but in the main she has spoken the truth. I am the murderer of Anna Eichstädtler."

We shall not enter into the details of the assassination, which was attended, according to Riembauer's own account, with circumstances of the most revolting and treacherous cruelty. Suffice it to say, that the motive to the act was that which had been alluded to by Catherine Frauenknecht:—that indignant at Riembauer's supposed preference for Magdalena, whom she had in vain attempted to prevail upon him to dismiss, and at his refusal to supply her demands on account of his child, Eichstädtler had made a last attempt to effect these purposes by her sudden appearance at Thomashof; that she had enforced her demands by a threat of immediate exposure;—that Riembauer had pretended to yield to her importunities and quitted the room on the pretext of getting her some refreshment, during which time he had prepared himself with the weapon with which the murder was committed. "I thought," said he, "of the doctrine of Father Benedict Statter in his *Ethica Christiana*, which holds it to be lawful to take away the life of another when there exists no other way of preserving our reputation; for reputation is more valuable than life itself. And we may defend it against any attack, as we should defend ourselves against a murderer." "Of one, or both of us," reasoned Riembauer, "the hour is come;" and tranquillized by the doctrine of the Jesuit, he re-entered the room, seized his victim, and completed his crime with a barbarity, the details of which we willingly pass over. Horrible as the concluding incident however is, from the unnatural blending which it exhibits of the language at least of religion with the details of the most remorseless guilt, it is too characteristic of the (almost self-deceiving) hypocrisy of the criminal to be omitted. As his victim lay struggling beneath him, he exhorted

* Lammfromm, "Gentle as a Lamb," a strange misnomer.

her to repentance, and gave her absolution, as he observes, in case of necessity! "While she lay on the ground, I administered to her spiritual consolation, till her feet began to quiver, and her last breath departed. I know no more," continued he, "of this sad story, but my deep grief and silent lamentation, and that I have often since applied masses for her soul." How completely does this last expression reveal the idea which this wretch had of the rites of religion, when he talks of applying a mass or two, as an apothecary would of applying an ointment or a plaster!

Of this singular trial, the sentence will probably appear to English readers not the least remarkable feature. After the evidence already alluded to, arising from the deposition of Catherine Frauenknecht, corroborated as it was by the real evidence of so many other circumstances, and finally by the confession of Riembauer himself, could any one doubt that the punishment awarded must have been that of death? And yet, although the case was successively considered by the tribunals of the first and second instance, the ultimate sentence, which was more severe than the first, was only imprisonment for life: the reason assigned for not inflicting the higher punishment being, that Riembauer was not a person whose previous bad character was notorious, or who had been proved satisfactorily by evidence, *independently of his own confession*, to be a person likely to be guilty of the murder!

It is difficult to look to the sentence following upon such circumstances as we have detailed, without being led to think of the strange differences which exist in the views of our own and of the German law in reference to matters criminal. Here is an inquisition, in the first place, which, while it should undoubtedly have been brought to a close in a few months at farthest, extends over a period of four years;—where, under a system which prohibits in theory even a leading question, the most unjustifiable means of influencing the imagination are practically adopted, as if they were in no way struck at by the operation of the law;—where finally, to a mass of proof in itself nearly sufficient, the confession of the criminal is added, thereby removing all doubt; and where, after all, the sentence finds that the criminal is not proved to be guilty in such form and manner as the law of Bavaria holds necessary for the infliction of the punishment of death. The first observation which would occur to an English reader naturally would be—if the evidence be insufficient to prove him guilty of the murder, how is it sufficient to warrant any punishment whatever? Riembauer was not brought to trial for general bad conduct, licentiousness, &c. but upon a specific charge. If that charge be not proved, why is any punishment inflicted? If the charge of murder be proved, and if that crime when proved be punishable with death, on what principle is any lesser punishment to be awarded?

Our Scotch readers, who must recollect that their own verdicts of *Not Proven* are in substance analogous to this middle term of the German jurisprudence, since they are in fact the means of affixing a moral stigma to the accused, which to a certain extent is punishment (and punishment which to a refined mind may be attended with no ordinary suffering), in cases where it is admitted that the evidence does not justify a conviction and consequent punishment, may not perhaps be much startled at such compromises in the abstract; but our English readers will perhaps be surprised to learn, that though the question has been long and earnestly debated in Germany, whether a degree of proof not sufficient to authorize the infliction of the punishment applicable to the offence when established *selon les regles* shall be sufficient to authorize a lesser degree of punishment; and although the old opinions on the subject have been assailed with great force of reasoning by many of the ablest jurists of that country, and among others by Feuerbach himself, the law still continues to be, that a man accused of murder or any other crime may be guilty to the effect of authorizing the infliction of the punishment of imprisonment, but not guilty to the effect of authorizing the last punishment of the law.

But laying out of view this principle, and looking at the law of Bavaria as it stands, the judgment in Riembauer's case scarcely appears less unaccountable. What the law requires in the case of confession is, that, in order to conviction, the confession shall correspond with, or be corroborated by, other circumstances of proof; and further, that the accused shall either be of notoriously bad character, or shall be proved by the circumstances, established independently, of his confession, to be a person able and likely to commit the crime.

To the general principle which, in order to a conviction, requires that the confession shall be supported by other evidence, we are inclined, though it is opposed to our own practice and to the first impression one forms on the subject, to assent. Singular as it may appear, instances are not uncommon (nay even in these two volumes they are frequent) of persons accusing themselves of crimes inferring death; sometimes with a view of distracting the attention of the judge from a crime which has been really committed, and of involving him in a long and fruitless investigation; at others from a suicidal resolution arising from melancholy; sometimes to effect a removal from a particular prison to one where it is supposed the chance of escape is greater; at others to procure a mitigation of present confinement, and to please the officers of justice, as in the famous case of Fonck, to which we may on a future occasion allude, where the cooper Hamacher, who had been apprehended on suspicion, was prevailed on to get up a pretended confession of his own guilt and that of his master, apparently from

no other motive but that of procuring his own liberation from prison. For these reasons, then, we do not quarrel with the German law for holding that a confession unsupported by other evidence is not enough; but can any one look at the evidence, and doubt that in Riembauer's case all that the law required existed in its fullest extent?—the previous bad character; the existence of a sufficient motive for the crime; and finally *semiplena probatio* at least, independently of the confession, of the facts relative to the murder itself, consisting first of the real evidence arising from the examination of the spot, then of the testimony of Catherine, and also of Riembauer's own brother, who, after the confession, came forward and admitted, that Magdalena had before her death, told him the story of the murder nearly in the same terms with her sister.

The extracts we have made will give the reader some idea of the extreme interest of the contents of these volumes. Many of the other trials which they contain are not less remarkable: and we confess we look forward with much interest to the (half-promised) continuation of the work. On a future occasion we mean to take a glance at the working of *Jury Trial* in the Rhenish provinces, a subject on which a good deal has been said and written in Germany; and with which some very remarkable cases, both in a legal or moral point of view, will be found connected.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LUNATIC'S COMPLAINT.

BY DELTA.

AGAIN I see thee—yet again

The features and the form adored;

Art thou a phantom of the brain,

Or for a while to earth restored?

Alas! we think not, in the hour

When youthful hearts entranced commingle,

That falsehood or that folly's power

May prove enough to tear them single:

That days—and months—and years may roll,

After all Passion's links are broken,

When time shall leave no stabler token

Of what was once unto the soul

Its morning thought and evening prayer,

Than summer mist dissolved in air.

Hope is the soul of human life!—

When mingling in the toils of strife,

We always dream of future rest.

We always dream we shall be blest;

Mid storms that burst and clouds that roll,

It sheds abroad a holy light,

Dispersing, vanquishing the night:

Hope is of human life the soul!

It is the conqueror that breaks

The deep sleep of the tomb;

The magic talisman, which makes

Earth's wintry desert bloom.

But mine was dark despair; no ray

Shot through my night to herald day;

At laughter's hollow sound, my heart

As a wild mockery would start,

And Man seem'd only man, when Woe

Had bowed him to its stern command:

Making long wont a nature grow,

As working doth the dyer's hand!

Half on his arm himself he raised—

Intently on my face he gazed,

Then stretched a reconciling hand:—

I saw him strive in vain to speak,

For life was ebbing to a stand,

And all his efforts weak;

Flutter'd his cheek, his eye grew dim;

The quiv'ring lip and writhing limb

Bespoke the awful agonies

That rend the frame ere spirit flies,

As if it took a last embrace

Of its terrestrial dwelling-place;

At length, "Forgive!" he wildly cried,

Sank backward on the turf and died.

'Twas done—I wander'd through the woods—

I threaded mid the ancient trees,

When all the midnight solitudes

Re-echoed to the toasting breeze;

Or threw me down at times beside

The stream that roll'd its turbid tide

Down to the shore. In western sky,

The crescent moon shone peacefully

Over a slumbering world; the stars,

Afar withdrawn from mortal jars,

Look'd from their calm Elysium down

So gently, that it seem'd from thence,

Over Earth's cares and bustle flown,

They could Heaven's dews of peace dispense.

I could not sleep—I could not rest—

My thoughts were all at open war,

Fierce are the tempests that infest

The sky, but storms within the breast

Are darker, fiercer, mightier far.

I roam'd at twilight by the waves;

I lay at noontide in lone caves;

And when night ruled the starry sky,

Or tranquilly the white moon shone,

I watch'd the grey clouds floating by,

And wander'd o'er the mountains lone:

I loved to lie beneath old trees,

Loud murmuring to the midnight breeze,

And listen to the moaning sound,

While bent their dark boughs to the ground;

I heard, rebounding far away,

The thunders of the cataract,

And often wish'd my hot brow lay

Beneath its showers of drizzly rack:

I saw the shy hawk on its spray;

I saw the leveret at its play;

And as the tangling boughs I stirr'd,

Startled from sleep the little bird,

That chirp'd with momentary bill,

And sudden ceased—and all was still.

How long it may have been to me,

Is as a hidden mystery;

But days, and months, and moons pass'd on,

And still I raved and roam'd alone;

I pull'd wild-berries, and partook

Delicious water from the brook;

And stray'd by night, and muttering lay

In woods, and wilds, and caves by day;

Ever a watchful eye I kept;

Sleep from me fled—I never slept;

Until one morn I sought the plain,

The grass was moist with recent rain,
And laying down my fever'd cheek,
I joy'd its cooling balm to seek,
Weariness, woe, and agony,
Combining, strove to bid mine eye

In popped slumbers close;
And stretch'd upon the daisied ground,
Escaped from feeling's curse I found
An hour of sweet repose.

So when I woke, the world to me
Seem'd like another world to be;—
Blue shone the lake, the summer trees
Stirr'd in the balmy western breeze,

As if to wanton with their shadows;
Soft smiled the green acclivities
Beneath the pure cerulean skies,

And golden furze perfumed the meadows.

The bee was booming through the dells
Mid foxglove, heath and heather bells;
The birds were singing from each spray,
And, cloudwards, journeying far away,
The lark, long lost to human eye,
Was heard—a music in the sky!

With upward effort, through and through
The viewless air, the liquid blue,
Her flight was ta'en; as if her eyes
Were only fix'd on paradise;
As if unto her feet were given
To gain the threshold steps of Heaven!

'Twas then they found, and hemm'd me round
As if I was a beast of prey;

Weak as a suckling on the ground,
Surveying earth and heaven, I lay;
When they placed manacles upon

My wrists, and dragg'd me to their den:—
I thought—for mercy dwelt with none—

That they were demons, and not men!
Yes! they pronounced me frenzied; they
Declared my reason's light was dim,
Debarr'd me from the face of day,
And twined their fetters on each limb.

My faithful dog had follow'd me—

And when that gate was closed, he came
And whined below the lattice frame:—

Yes! he had gratitude, and he
Would not depart, but, day by day,
Though hunted from these walls away,
Return'd before my grate to stand,
And leapt, and strove to lick my hand.—
I heard the shot—I saw him fall—
They threw him o'er the garden wall;
Their hearts were callous, and would make
A mock of mine, which scorn'd to break;—
Then, then, I felt my bitter lot,
Yet held my breath, and cursed them not.

My youthful hopes have all been crost,
The rudder of existence lost:

And I have sown in joyfulness,
To reap the harvest of distress;
Without an aim, without a fear,
To make existence dark or dear,
I wander in a magic ring,

Where all is dull and desolate,
Where passing hours no shadow fling
On life's unvaried dial-plate:

Time hath no joys to take or bring,
For I have none to love or hate;
And thought is but a desert void,
All unenjoy'd and unemploy'd:—
Yet lives the energetic mind,

A warring chaos undefined;

And mid the darkness of my lot,

Where nought before is hoped or seen,
Sometimes I wish the past forgot,
And life, as if it ne'er had been!—

Were anguish smother'd—feeling gone—
Thought reft—and passion sear'd to stone—

And memory with its tortures flown—
Like pleasure dead, like hope unknown—
Then would my life be negative,

And I from murmurings refrain:

But wishes all are wild and vain!

With more than life I am alive,
With worse than death am doom'd to strive;

Still recollection fondly clings,
And never sleeps, and adds her stings
To all the miseries of the past.

Oh, shall Oblivion come at last!

Like wildfire on the midnight blast,

My energies are all awake;

I burn with fire I cannot slake;

I feel as if condemn'd below

To an eternity of woe,

And though with bitterness I cry

On Death, he mocks and passes by!

From the Monthly Review.

WHAT WILL THE PEOPLE DO?*

[From the Monthly Review, which has generally been conducted with great moderation and discretion,—and in literary matters with more than average fairness, we extract part of an article to show the depth of the excitement in England. It should be borne in mind that this Review being Roman Catholic, has always been opposed to the established church.—Ed. Mus.]

THE VAGUE apprehensions which for the last twelve months have been floating in the minds of all men, the fears of approaching change of no ordinary character, in fact of a great and wide-spreading revolution, have at length been realized. Here we are at this moment embarked upon the troublous sea of domestic commotion, engaged in a real civil war, carried on indeed without the instrumentality of arms, because the time for physical force has altogether passed away, that being the agent of the least possible power in the present condition of England: but carried on by means of speeches in Parliament on one side, and by speeches, resolutions, addresses, and petitions, emanating from tremendous and unprecedented congregations of the people on the other, aided by the perpetual and well applied reasonings of the best conducted press in the world. The whole country is up in the moral artillery of its indignation; every man has become an agitator; unions are in course of organization in every

* 1. An Address to the House of Peers. By a Whig Reformer. 8vo. pp. 17. London. Ridgway, 1831.

2. Lord Brougham's eloquent Speech on Reform, delivered in the House of Lords, October 7th, on the second reading of the Reform Bill. 8vo. London: Harding, 1831.

part of the three kingdoms, and a real revolution has already commenced, to end, heaven alone knows how and when.

For all this, whom have we to thank? That most unfortunate majority of the House of Lords, which on the morning of the 8th of October issued a proclamation of war against the people! For a war it is and must be, inasmuch as the non-reforming peers have unanimously clung to the very principle, which is most odious and intolerable in the eyes of the people, that of retaining the rotten boroughs, and still continuing the unjust and unconstitutional interference of the peers in the formation of the House of Commons. Lord Wharnccliffe, who commenced the battle upon the part of the opposition, after saying that he did not defend the nomination system, still evinced his anxiety to retain it; and it was with a view to the perpetuation of this abominable system, that he characterized the bill as a bill for the subversion of the monarchy, and the destruction of the House of Lords! Yet this was the bill to which the whole united people of the country looked up, as the best palladium of their liberties. The Earl of Mansfield had the temerity, the reckless folly, to suggest that the bill should be rejected in the manner most insulting to the House of Commons and the people, namely, by a pure and simple vote, unaccompanied with any declaration as to the necessity of reform, and without referring to any plan which might be adopted. Nor can this mad advice be imputed to the idiocy of that noble lord alone, for it was received with loud cheers by his party. Even Lord Winchelsea, who not long since stated in the face of the country that he was determined to support his Majesty's present ministers, and their reform bill, swerved from the manly and generous course which he had prescribed for himself, and declared against the people. Some reform, indeed, he thought necessary. Forsooth, many of the decayed boroughs might, he conceived, be got rid of with advantage, but in what manner? Not by disfranchising them, but giving to each of them, with some few, perhaps two or three exceptions, one member! To three or four of the great unrepresented towns he would also assign a definite number of members, but to such places as Woolwich, Greenwich, Finsbury, the great parishes of Mary-le-bone, St. Pancras, and other parishes in London, though several of these count a population of more than 120,000 inhabitants, and contain at least as much property, man for man, as either Manchester, Birmingham, or Leeds, he would give no representative at all. To do any such thing would be, in his opinion, to carry reform to a most pernicious extent. The 101. qualification he looked upon as altogether inadmissible, and in fact, though he seems to mix a good deal in the world, he knows so little of the real sentiments of the people, as to have made up his mind to the belief, that they

might be very easily cajoled by a mock reform! Never was a man more mistaken.

One of the most candid, and we may add, by far the most able of the opponents of the bill, the Earl of Harrowby, went so far as to say that it ought to be rejected, simply because the measure which it embraced had received the approbation of the people. To be sure he did not use the phrase *the people*, for like other noble lords upon his side of the House, he appears to have persuaded himself that the people are not unanimous upon the subject, and that only certain classes of the people were in favour of the bill. We will not say that this was a voluntary self-deception, because we are confident that his lordship has too much of sterling honesty and honour in his breast, to shut his eyes to facts that stare him in the face. But he has been for fifteen months living in retirement in Switzerland, or rather we believe at Nice, and his ignorance of the opinions of the people may be pardoned. At the same time, we can find no excuse for the insulting tone of the sentiment which he uttered, when he expressed his opinion "that the satisfaction with which the bill had been received by certain classes of the people, would not be the best recommendation of the measure to their lordships." Why not, we ask? Why, because the noble lord disdains the wishes of the people, and with true aristocratical scorn, puts them aside as unworthy of his attention. He has, perhaps, by this time been taught a different lesson. We should not be surprised to find this very peer, who stated that he looked upon the bill as one which no alteration of details could justify the House in passing into a law, shortly imploring the same House to accept it with all its supposed defects, and to accept it too in the most gracious manner. We should not be in the least degree astonished to see Lord Harrowby among the first of his order, to persuade the peers for their own safety, and for the preservation of their lives and properties, to receive and sign as a treaty of peace, this very bill, "the bare proposal of which" he lately designated as a great mischief!

As to the Duke of Wellington, it will soon become of little consequence whether his vote be given for or against the people. He has utterly lost his character as a statesman, in the late debates. All the world knows, that a year ago he resigned his office of prime minister, because, by his most unnecessary, and most uncalled for declaration against reform of any description, or to any degree, he raised against his cabinet a sudden and violent storm, with which it was unable, even for a day, to contend. All the principles of his political life, down to that period, were of an anti-reform character, for his concession of the Catholic claims was a violation of his principles, and was extorted from him by the menacing attitude of Ireland. And yet, when he delivered

his sentiments upon the second reading of the reform bill, he had the hardihood to assert, that his famous declaration against reform, his celebrated eulogy upon the actual constitution of the legislature, a constitution so perfect, that he, if he were to devise one, could never hope to equal, much less to excel it in any respect, were both pronounced by him, not as the Duke of Wellington, but as a minister of the crown! "As a minister of the crown," he says, "I conceived that I was bound to resist all projects of parliamentary reform." Take him at his word, and would it not follow, that if he meant to act with consistency, were he minister of the crown again, he must be equally opposed to any measure of that description? But he is not, thank God! invested with any office at this moment, which might be supposed to infuse into his mind the anti-reforming spirit; and what do the people gain by his personal opinions, as distinguished from those which he announced as minister? He spoke, we suppose, in the late debates, as Duke of Wellington, though perhaps he may hereafter turn round and say, that he spoke not in his individual character, but as the leader of the anti-reform party! It is difficult to catch such a political Proteus as this, and chain him to any principle whatever. We all remember how he deprecated the idea of seeking to be prime minister, an idea which he avowed, it would be nothing short of *madness* in him to entertain, inasmuch as he felt himself to be utterly incompetent to discharge all the duties connected with that high office; and yet, to the amazement of mankind, this very act of madness he soon after perpetrated, and became prime minister, and attempted to do many of the things for which he had preclaimed himself incompetent! Then what were his sentiments as the Duke of Wellington? Were they a whit more favourable to the people, than his declaration as minister of the crown? "This bill," said he, "violates both the principles and practice of the constitution." "It would create a *fierce* democratic constituency, and therefore *fierce* democratic representatives." "It would establish a *wild* democracy, a complete democratic assembly under the name of a House of Commons." And are the people to expect any thing even less fierce, less wild, less democratic, from his grace's hands? No such thing. He had nothing to offer in place of the bill himself, and he besought the lords, who were of his party, "in deciding upon this bill, not to pledge themselves to any other which might be proposed." Such a course as this, is any thing but the course of a statesman, or of a pacificator, and he may depend upon it, that any measure which he may hereafter propose, short of the bill which he rejected, will be flung back into his face, without the slightest ceremony, by the people. They are not to be insulted with impunity, even by the victor of Waterloo.

There is a sort of a peer in the House, who has gained some reputation, we hardly know how, for wit and eloquence, who some time ago was titled Lord Dudley and Ward; but soon after he became minister for foreign affairs, as the *locum tenens* of Mr. Canning, was promoted, for no services that we have ever heard of, to the dignity of Earl Dudley. There is, we believe, no Countess Dudley, but it is understood that the noble lord is not without a family; that he is very wealthy; mingles in his common conversations the slang of the fancy with quotations from the classics; and has as small a portion in him of the dignity of the statesman, the tact of the diplomatist, or the wisdom of the legislator, as poor Lord Kenyon himself, who is agreed upon all hands to be the very paragon of an aristocratic fool; the *ne plus ultra* of titled obtuseness. We had thought, when we read the Duke of Wellington's speech, and considered the many phrases which he used in order to condemn the democratic tendency of the bill, that he could not possibly be surpassed in that tone of invective, by any succeeding peer. But Earl Dudley showed that we were wrong, for he maintained that the bill would establish "something beyond a republic—a democracy which would soon swallow up the monarchy and the peerage." Certainly, if the existence of the peerage depend upon the preservation of the rotten boroughs, as Earl Dudley seems to think, the sooner it is swallowed up, or got rid of in some way or other, the better. We can tell the noble lord, that the people of this country do not want, and will no longer endure, a peerage which has already swallowed up so large a portion of their rights and privileges, and has been for centuries preying upon the very vitals of their prosperity. As to the monarchy, so long as its prerogatives are wielded by such individuals as William IV.—a prince who has truly, frankly, and bravely performed all his duties by his people, and who will persevere in that noble career, as long as he lives—the monarchy will be worshipped as the most sacred, and the most useful portion of our constitution. It will be the best source of peace, and liberty, and security, to which the people can look in times of commotion; in times of tranquillity, they will regard it as the brightest ornament of their country, nearly connected with all their associations of national pride, and the mirror of their own majesty. Upon this point, therefore, we consider Lord Dudley's apprehensions as simply ridiculous.

There is about the Marquis of Londonderry a gleam of talent, though, unhappily, it is mixed up so much with admiration for the name of his late brother, than whom he thinks a wiser or a greater statesman never lived; and with a personal infirmity of mind which leads him to believe that he himself is, or ought to be, the first man in the country, that his real worth becomes lost in our wonder at

the eccentric capers in which he frequently indulges. This curious peer had the courage to reject the bill upon the ground that "it robbed people of their vested rights, and subverted every institution in the country." This is indeed placing the nomination system upon high grounds. Vested rights forsooth! We should like to see by what title an English peer can claim under the constitution, the right of sending members to the House of Commons, for any one of the boroughs which they now hold in their hands! They can have no right of the kind, though we too well know that they exercise the power of nomination to a formidable extent. If they can have no right of this description, it would be whimsical to suppose that they can have any vested interest worth the slightest respect, in that which cannot legally exist. We should like, moreover, to see a list of the institutions (the noble lord says every institution in the country) which the bill attempted to subvert. Did it make any inroad upon the trial by jury, the first and greatest institution we know of, and the bulwark of all the rest? Did it subvert the press? Did it trench upon the courts of equity and common law? Did it even touch those grand nuisances, the spiritual courts of the provinces of Canterbury and York? Did it take away a soldier from the army, or so much as a rope from the navy? Did it destroy either of the universities? These, assuredly, are properly enumerated among the institutions of the country, and yet the bill passed them by altogether. The assertion of the noble marquis is, therefore, a mere gratuitous piece of declamation, resorted to, we really believe, less for the purpose of argument, than for that of giving a sounding termination to a sentence.

We were particularly amused by the manner in which Lord Haddington treated the grave question, upon which were suspended the destinies of the whole empire. "He had almost," he said, "made up his mind to vote for the second reading," but, oh, most lame and impotent conclusion! he could not help allowing "things to remain as they were." What a pity it was that this vacillating peer could not screw up his courage to the sticking place! We confess that we have a much greater respect for the straightforward and manly declaration of Lord Falmouth, who "could not persuade himself that the bill was capable of being converted by any metamorphosis into a safe or proper measure." The world, perhaps, has forgotten, but we reviewers, being bound to have good memories, have not yet lost sight of a long poem entitled "The Moor," published some years ago by Lord Porchester. Though it wanted the artist-like touch of a master, that composition displayed some genius, and obtained for his lordship a considerable degree of reputation, upon which, we regret to add, he has not since at all improved. We own that we were rather surprised at the

time, at the appearance of that work from the hands of any member of Lord Caernarvon's family, as we had not the least idea that it had ever distinguished itself in literature, or made the slightest pretensions to the poetical character. But the late debate undeceived us upon this, as well as upon many other points, for we found that unless Lord Porchester wrote his father's speech for him, the faculty of imagination, and of manufacturing metaphors in infinite variety, must have been transmitted to him by the same hereditary process, which will one day entitle him to a peerage. We certainly never read of so many whirlwinds and storms, as the noble lord contrived to summon up from the "vast deep" of his brain, in the course of his most extraordinary oration. It was one of the most drunken appeals to the passions, that was ever heard in that house, and yet the whole object of it was to show that the people were drunk with the fumes of this bill. The noble peer seemed anxious to refer the consideration of the measure from "Philip drunk to Philip sober," and yet every argument he uttered, every phrase he used in the excited strains which he poured forth, was calculated to throw every possible impediment in the way of Philip ever becoming sober again, and in fact to render him ten times more drunk and more frenzied in his indignation than he ever was before. "The measure," said he, "now proposed would lead to a republic more dreadful than that which had been established in France,"—that is to say, it would make us in the first place murder our beloved king, hang, draw and quarter as many of the nobles as we could catch, exile the rest, confiscate their properties, desecrate the temples of religion, cut off the heads of some millions of our fellow subjects, drown as many more in the river Thames, or the neighbouring sea, and place the reins of our government in the hands of a succession of Robespierres! The man who took it upon himself so to characterize a bill, brought forward with the sanction of his Majesty, of Earl Grey, and the Lord Chancellor, must, we should very much fear, have been at the time in the condition in which Philip was, when he was not sober.

We cannot conjecture to what mood of mind Lord Wynford—the amiable, good tempered, polished, and very learned (especially in Scotch law), Lord Wynford—had attained, when he spoke of the bill as having originated in a base "cry for reform." Here is a man very recently raised from amongst the people, raised by the mere personal favour of the late king, without a shadow of sterling merit to justify such a proceeding. At the bar, Mr. Serjeant Best was never deemed any thing more than a warm advocate; as a lawyer, he never cut any figure. He was elevated to the bench through the same favour which gave him the peerage, he having happened to serve the Prince of Wales in some capacity, which

we now forget. His temper, however, was found, after repeated trials, to be utterly inconsistent, not only with the dignity of the bench, but with his duties as a judge. The scenes which occurred between him and an eminent practitioner in the Court of Common Pleas, are too well remembered to need description. The court was almost abandoned by the public, and it was found essentially necessary to invite, or at least to encourage, his lordship to retire upon a pension. But the indulgence of the late king covered the retiring judge with the mantle of the peerage, and it was said at the time, that he was to take a very active part in the business of the privy council. This was given out by way of excuse, for allowing him to withdraw from the bench before he had served the usual number of years. Well, to the privy council he went; he was wholly unacquainted with colonial and Indian law, but he was resolved to be very industrious. He filled his library with books upon these branches of professional learning, and it is even said that some very curious treatises upon the laws of the Medes and the Persians, of the Chinese and those who dwell in the islands of the eastern Archipelago, are to be found in his collection. Unhappily, he spent so much time in collecting and arranging his books, that he found no time for reading them, and the knowledge which they contained remained to him in such dead letters, that he was either invited or encouraged to give up the legal presidency of the privy council, which for a time he had assumed. Well, he still could not be idle, so he would hear appeals in the House of Lords, and above all others he gave a decided preference to Scotch appeals, it being notorious that he had never, when at the bar, any practice in that peculiar department of the profession. The consequence was that he fell into some very odd mistakes, one of which was so singular in its consequences, that the Lord Chancellor was obliged to bring in a bill within the last month, for the purpose of rectifying a blunder which Lord Wynford made in one of his judgments! Now this is the man who dares to tell the people of England that their universal demand for reform was a "base cry!" Nay, he had the hardihood to say in substance, that the people were a very respectable, good kind of people enough, but that there were some matters, "not suited to their capacities and stations," and that he would not trust them with "rights which they were not capable of exercising." By a retributive fatality, mischievous men sometimes furnish weapons for their own destruction. The language which this mushroom baron, this ex-chief-justice, ex-lord president of the privy council, and ex-judge of Scotch appeals, has applied by way of reproach to the people, is precisely the language that best describes his own condition. He has found to his mortification, that there were indeed some matters "not suited to his

capacity," and the people have found to their dismay, that he has been too often entrusted with "rights which he was not capable of exercising." And to his imputation that the cry for reform was a "base cry," we answer, that his vote against reform was a "base vote." So much for Baron Wynford.

Old Eldon we pass by out of pure pity. He is in his dotage, and nothing that he says can either excite surprise, or do harm. The poor old garrulous man gave a history of his rise from a very humble station, to the first honours of the state, and expressed himself much pleased with the idea, that he is held out by many fathers as an example to the young men of England. One would expect that such a successful adventurer as this, might display some little attachment to the liberties of the people, from amongst whom he sprung. But, on the contrary, he was the most violent of all the factions against reform. Sorry indeed should we be to hold out such a man as this as an example to our children. There are two ways of getting to the top of a pyramid. The eagle rests upon it in his flights to the region of the sun; the worm crawls to it in its search after food. Lord Eldon rose to the honours of the state upon the ruins of national freedom. It was by prosecuting the press, and the men who, at the close of the last century, asserted the liberties of the country, that he obtained distinction; to him we owe many bad laws against popular rights, some of which still disgrace our statute books; and to his uniform resistance against concessions of any kind, we are, in a great measure, indebted for the dangerous agitation which now prevails throughout the country. He, forsooth, an example to the youth of England! God forbid! We trust that they will look a great deal higher, and never follow the slimy track of an Eldon, while they can imitate the towering career of a Brougham.

Lord Lyndhurst is a clever man; but he showed upon the Catholic question that he can be equally clever upon either side of an argument, and that circumstances (personal, not political, circumstances) determine the side which he is to take on any given subject. We have no doubt that if he had remained chancellor under Lord Grey, he would have made a better speech in favour of the bill than he pronounced against it. He has long since lost all character for sincerity; his pompous manner and sonorous voice have all the marks of hypocrisy. It is a great pity that he is not a bishop.

Cumberland had not the manliness to speak his sentiments upon this occasion; he left that task to his silly cousin of Gloucester, who echoed the oft-repeated phrases, "pregnant with mischief, and leading to the overthrow of the state."

Although three or four of the Episcopal lords gave no vote upon the second reading of

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the bill, yet they must be considered as agreeing in the sentiments expressed, not in his own name alone, but in that of the whole of the right reverend bench, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, when he said, that the measure was "mischievous in its tendency, and dangerous to the fabric of the constitution." Thus it will be seen, that all the opponents of the bill, to use the words of Lord Plunket, were "unanimous in the adoption of principles and arguments which equally applied against every kind of reform." It is true, that since the anger of the whole country blazed forth, as it were in one flame, against the decision of the lords, two or three peers, Wharncliffe, Harrowby, and Haddington, alarmed at the consequences of their own counsels, have come forward with propositions of a modified nature; but even these half measures have received no countenance from the faction opposed to the people, and therefore do we say, that a difference in principle exists between the people and a majority of the House of Lords, which can only be terminated through the medium of some strong operations. What those operations ought to be, we shall now fearlessly point out, as we are convinced that the period has arrived, for every friend of his country to make such suggestions, as to him may seem most conducive to its welfare.

What are the People to do? They should in the first place petition for, and insist upon, the exclusion for ever from the House of Peers, of the whole of the lords spiritual, without exception, who now enjoy seats in that branch of the legislature. It is well known that twenty-six archbishops and bishops sit for England, and four for Ireland; making in the whole a number of votes, which, if they had been on the side of the people, would have secured the success of the bill. Twenty-one bishops voted against the bill, and with the exception of two (Norwich and Chichester) who were for the bill, the remainder voted neither personally nor by proxy; but the latter are just as much to be blamed as if they had voted against the bill, for he who is not for the people, on such an occasion as this, is against them. Nor do we propose any thing new in making this suggestion. It appears from the history of parliament, that although Edward I. summoned to parliament twenty bishops, and forty-eight abbots, he put the clergy altogether out of his protection, when they refused to grant him an aid. That was a prince not to be trifled with; for when, upon another occasion, he determined on limiting the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical judges, and the clergy were much discontented thereupon, he sent Sir John Havering to the monk's hall, at Westminster, where they were assembled, with the following pithy message:—"Reverend fathers! If any of you dare to contradict the king's demand in this business, let him stand forth into

the midst of this assembly, that his person may be known and taken notice of, as a breaker of the peace of the kingdom." "At which speech," says the historian, "they all sat silent, and made no opposition to the king's demand." In the early part of the seventeenth year of the reign of Charles I. (1641), the Commons passed a bill "for restraining the bishops, and others in holy orders, from intermeddling in secular affairs;" the principal object of which was to prevent them from voting in parliament.

If, therefore, we be asked, "What will the people do?"—we answer, that what they ought to do first, and before all other things, is to present petitions in millions, if necessary, for the exclusion of all the bishops from the legislature. We do not except even the venerable Bishop of Norwich, or Dr. Maltby, the Bishop of Chichester, because we would act upon the general principle of the impropriety of ecclesiastical ministers mingling in secular affairs. If we be asked, are then the clergy not to be represented at all in parliament?—we answer, that they are already represented in the Commons, inasmuch as they vote at elections for the universities, for many corporations, and for various counties and other places, either as freeholders or inhabitant householders, and although even those privileges militate, in some degree, against our principle, yet, inasmuch as the exercise of them does not often recur, and cannot be seriously injurious to the general welfare, under a reformed system of franchise, they might be allowed to remain.

But is this *all* that "the people will have to do?" By no means. There are several other questions which they will still have to decide, and the first of these is, whether, in case any misfortune should occur affecting the life of the Princess Victoria before marriage and issue, the Duke of Cumberland should be suffered, after the vote he has given, to ascend the throne of England. The change of the right line of descent, in the royal family of this country, is very far from being a new measure. Such changes occurred on seven different occasions before the revolution of 1688; an eighth instance of a similar example was very near taking place, with respect to the Duke of York, afterwards James II.; and we all may remember that a project of the same kind was in contemplation, against the prince who last held that dukedom in this country, in consequence of the scandalous transactions which grew out of his connexion with Mrs. Clarke.

There is another subject which we should wish to touch with all imaginable delicacy, connected with the position in which the Duchess of Kent may be placed with relation to the Princess Victoria, in case heaven should afflict this nation with the greatest calamity that an affectionate people could sustain, by taking away from us the most excellent, the

most patriotic, the best hearted, and the most beloved sovereign that ever held the sceptre of these kingdoms. It is known, or at least very strongly suspected, that the Duchess of Kent is unfriendly to the Reform Bill—nay, that she is exceedingly hostile to that measure; and that she refused, in consequence of the coolness to which her conduct with respect to it gave rise in a high quarter, to attend the coronation. At all events, it is a fact, that her Royal Highness has not either directly or indirectly intimated any kind feeling towards a measure, which the united people of this country ardently desire, and unless some alteration should speedily be manifested in her sentiments upon this subject, it may be a question whether the late Regency Bill should not be repealed, and the name of the Duke of Sussex substituted for that of the widow of the Duke of Kent. There can be no doubt that such an alteration would receive the unanimous assent of the whole country. Her Royal Highness must moreover see, that, after the vote given by the Duke of Northumberland upon the bill, the continuance of his consort, as the preceptress of the heir presumptive to the throne, will be universally considered as highly objectionable.

These, and other questions of perhaps a still more important character, relating to the church and the national debt, must, however, be hereafter disposed of. At present our business is to pass the bill, and in order to do that we must exclude the bishops, for we cannot conceive any thing more unconstitutional, more disagreeable to the ancient peerage of this country, or more unacceptable even to the gentlemen who might benefit by the measure, than a creation of a batch of sixty, or, as some propose, a hundred new peers. We much doubt whether gentlemen of property adequate to the maintenance of that elevated station, can be found, who will under such circumstances, take the coronet, should it be offered to them. Who can deny that Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, are much more respectable as commoners, than if now, towards the decline of their lives, they were to be transformed into lords, and called by some new fangled title, which it would take three or four years to enable us to identify with those old and staunch friends of the people? Will not their refusal of the peerage act upon the minds of other gentlemen of their rank and feelings? If men below the station of those distinguished patriots, and destitute of their dignified sentiments on this point, be called to the Upper House, will they add to the dignity and to the value of that branch of the legislature? We think not, and we are afraid, moreover, that if such a measure be adopted, founded though it be on bad precedents, it will lead to evils more disastrous than those which it would be intended to remedy. The true course is, the exclusion of the bishops, and the application to some few of

the sensible peers who constituted the late majority, of those persuasives which sometimes are found to proceed from the knocking of a whole nation at their doors.

The people must continue their meetings; they must associate, not for the purpose of refusing the taxes, which would be of itself a high misdemeanour, and an act of gross ingratitude towards the existing government, which it would embarrass or dissolve, but for the purpose of securing the eventual enactment of the new Magna Charta of their liberties. This is a duty which they owe to themselves and to their children, to the state of which they are the firmest pillars, and, indeed, we might add, to the world at large, upon which their conduct must operate as a powerful example. For wherever, throughout the nations of the globe, the name of England has reached—and where exist the nations who have not trembled at that name?—there is the constitution of our government curiously examined—envied by the slave—applauded by the free: and every step we take towards rendering that constitution more popular, rouses the freeman to grasp the banner of his liberties with a more ardent courage, and stimulates the slave to break the chains that bind him to the earth, and sooner or later to assert for his country the privileges which we have the happiness to know how to appreciate, and the firm determination to enjoy.

Who does not perceive that the transformation of this bill into a law, will eventually put an end to abuses of every kind, whether of a local or a general character? Assuredly, then, no argument can be more treacherously false, than that which has represented this bill, as one calculated to confer no direct advantages upon the great mass of the community. Is it not directly calculated to rid them of their select vestries, and other local nests of corruption which swarm throughout the land, and thereby to diminish a profligate amount of expenditure, which, in addition to the king's taxes, takes so much more than it ought to take out of the pockets of the people? Is it not directly calculated to constitute a popular House of Commons—a house which shall immediately emanate from the people, consult for their interests, save them from being taxed beyond their means, and preserve them from those wicked wars in which we have been hitherto engaged, less for the safety of the country than for the support of what has been called, at one time, the honour of the crown, which signifies only the family pride of the crown; at another time, the dignity of the nation, which signifies only the dignity of the peers, and of other persons concerned in the perpetuation of the aristocratical principle? For instance, if Louis XVI. had not been beheaded, and if the nobility of France had not been driven into exile at the time of the French revolution, is it to be supposed that George the Third and Mr. Pitt would ever

have plunged England into that dreadful abyss of war, from which we have only been lately liberated, if liberated we have been, at the enormous ransom of 860 millions of pounds sterling? No. Our then king and our heaven-born prime minister of that day feared that similar proceedings might take place at home: when their neighbour's house was on fire, they trembled for their own, and the consequence has been that we are oppressed by a debt which heaven alone knows how we are to pay. But if this Reform Bill, the principles of which Lord Grey promulgated forty years ago, had then been proposed and carried into law, can we imagine that such a debt as that would ever have been incurred? Impossible. Well then, would that have been no advantage to the industrious classes of the country? What is it of which those classes most complain? The want of an adequate remuneration for their labour. And what is it that prevents that remuneration from being given? Why, nothing else but the enormous taxation which bears down the energies of the whole country, which makes bread and every other article of life, four-fold dearer than they are upon the continent, which prevents the upper and middling classes from employing the mechanic and the labourer more than they can possibly help, and which, in one word, disorganizes the whole fabric of our society, and renders it a sort of general field of battle, in which it is the immediate object of every man to save himself, instead of contributing, as under more favourable circumstances he would do, to save also his neighbour, and to render him all the assistance in his power. It is the natural impulse of human nature for men to cherish and assist each other: but that impulse is compressed and chilled in the heart by the pressure of that Mount-Atlas of taxation, under the weight of which, like another Hercules, the country is writhing, and from which she will require much more than the energy of that fabled demigod to effect her ultimate escape.

The question of our liberties is still trembling in a balance, and no man can yet say to which side it shall eventually incline. Should it bend towards the people, we can easily anticipate the shouts of universal exultation with which the decision will be received. But should, after all, the scale unhappily be turned the other way; should the legitimate weight of our privileges and of our petitions be overbalanced by the letters patent of the peerage, and above all by the mitres of those who represent the church; should two hundred lords spiritual and temporal turn the scale against twenty millions of people, then shall we hear a sound echoed from one end of these kingdoms to the other—not a sound of womanly mourning, not the sound of wild despair, but the stirring voice of the trumpet, which shall bid us prepare for the manly battle which then must be fought; not, however,

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with the vulgar firelock and cannon, but with the infinitely more powerful artillery, which the constitution of this country has placed at our command. In days such as these, one column of a newspaper produces more real effect upon the fate of the country than twenty columns of dragoons.

We have all heard of such a thing as a convention parliament. It is an institution quite familiar to our history. Such conventions were held in the reigns of Henry I., Stephen, Henry II., Richard I., John, Henry III., and Charles I. The revolution of 1688 was with great difficulty conducted to its termination by a legislature of that description, which sprung out of the exigencies of the day, and from those exigencies received its sanction and its authority. That convention was the convention of an oligarchy, composed chiefly of the peers and the higher gentry of the country. They performed their duties with becoming firmness; and they deserve all the praise which our historians have lavished upon them, for among the rights which they then confirmed, was that of the people to resist oppression from whatever branch of the state it dared to assail the bulwarks of our freedom. If, therefore, it should ever happen that the House of Lords should act the part of a James II., and obstinately and repeatedly oppose itself to the well understood desires and interests of the whole country—desires which the king himself has expressed—interests in which his Majesty has declared himself inseparably identified with his people, why then we do not know what is to hinder us from having another Convention Parliament—a convention not of the titled or untitled oligarchy, but a convention of the people, with William the Fourth in the chair, and the royal banners of England waving around us!

And as we have taken the liberty to allude to the name of our much beloved sovereign, let us add a suggestion which may hereafter deserve some consideration. The national ensign of the American republic has, as many of our readers, perhaps, well know, a star figured upon its flag for each of the states of which the union is composed, and whenever a new state is added to that grand confederacy, a new constellation is seen ascending over the dome of their capital, and shining at the mast heads of all their ships of war. We envy them not these numerous and beautiful symbols of their prosperity; we only desire, that if the Reform Bill be ultimately carried, its memory shall be transmitted to the remotest generations by an addition to our national flag, which shall never be erased from it—the name of William the Fourth emblazoned on the scroll of that imperishable statute. To him who served the days of his youth under the union jack, who fought beneath its inspiring light by the side of a Rodney and a Nelson, such a tribute as this would be far more precious than the wealth and empire of a world.

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There is one charge brought against the Reform Bill, upon which, though trite, we must offer an observation. It is said to be an innovation upon the constitution! What do these alarmists mean by the constitution? Do they mean Gaton, and Old Sarum, and all that bright galaxy of boroughs which studded the hills and valleys of Cornwall? For our parts, we know of no code of laws; immutable as those of the Medes and Persians existing in any pages of our statute books, and forming this boasted constitution which never has known, never is to know the slightest alteration. We have the Great Charter, we have the Habeas Corpus Act, we have the Bill of Rights, but no one of these acts, nor all of them together, nor all the statutes of the kingdom together, can be supposed ever to have been intended to prevent the people of this country from reforming abuses, which might grow up in the progress of time, or from making new laws to provide for the new wants which might spring out of the altered circumstances of society. In fact, such an objection as this of innovation ought to be laughed at, rather than rationally refuted. Is not the whole history of our constitutional system one of perpetual change? What we now call parliament, was at first the Wittenagemote, next a national synod, next a convention of the nobility, next a convention of all the estates of the realm, next a general council, next a general assembly, in which sometimes the bishops and barons met together, sometimes the barons alone, sometimes the barons and burgesses, sometimes all the three estates, sometimes only those who were called the Great Men of the realm. The House of Commons did not even begin to exist in its present form, until the reign of Henry III., and from that period to the revolution it underwent a great variety of changes both in its own powers and privileges, and in the mode by which it was constituted. On the 5th of January, 1649, the House of Lords ceased to exist, and took no part in the legislature for more than ten years, the House of Commons having, on that day, voted itself to be the supreme power of the nation. After the revolution of 1688, the House of Lords was most essentially changed in its constitution by the act of union with Scotland; for whereas before that act, the House consisted of peers who held their seats by letters patent, or by right of birth, both titles being descendible to their posterity, sixteen peers were then added to it for Scotland, who held their seats only during the continuance of each parliament, and by virtue of the votes of a majority of the peers of that country. Again, the act of union with Ireland made another addition to the House of Peers in the persons of four lords spiritual, who are neither chosen by their peers, nor sit during life, nor during the whole parliament, but by rotation of sessions; and in those of twenty-eight lords temporal, who

are elected by their peers, not for each parliament, as in Scotland, but for life! What are all these facts, we should wish to know, but a series of innovations in the most essential parts of the constitution?

The penal laws against the Catholics, what were they but a collection, not merely of innovations, but of the most violent infractions of the constitution of England? They continued for nearly two hundred years, and were held by the first law authorities of this country, by Lords Eldon and Redesdale especially, to form an integral part of what they called the Protestant constitution of this country; and yet they were repealed about two years ago, thus offering another striking instance of those alterations which are perpetually going on in our legislation.

Innovation! Why it is the very tenure upon which man holds his existence in this world. Things are perpetually changing around us—*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*, was a maxim not more true in the days of Virgil than it is in ours. A law against changing laws would be the most unnatural, the most prejudicial, the most impracticable of all the laws that ever emanated from human authority. It would do very well for a tribe of monkeys, who never can rise beyond a very limited degree of improvement, or for a community of jackdaws, who have never varied in the construction of their nests since they were first created; but it will never do for men, whose minds cannot be chained by any power second to that of the Deity, within the mere circle of animal necessities.

Upon this objection of innovation, no arguments could be more cogent or unanswerable than those which were applied to it in the late debates by the Lord Chancellor. We need not recommend to the attention of the reader the whole of that unexampled speech, unexampled for strength of reasoning, for purity, copiousness, and manly beauty of diction, for the antique grandeur of outline and elevation of thought by which it is pervaded, and, above all, for the noble flame of liberty which burns through every sentence. The common fable of the Sybilline books, which has been so bandied about during the late debates by the minor orators, assumed, under his ethereal touch, a sublime and prophetic character. While delivering it, he became himself in voice, and manner, almost the personation of the preternatural being, whose awful warnings he thundered upon those around him. We might refer also to the sound and comprehensive views of the constitution developed by Lord Plunket, with respect to the same objection, but we shall content ourselves with the remarks that were made in answer to a similar plea by Lord Say and Sele, in that able speech on the bill for restraining bishops from intermeddling in secular affairs, from which we have already made some quotations. "That," said he, "which is, by experience,

found to be hurtful, the longer it hath done hurt, the more cause there is now to remove it, that it may do so no more: besides, other irregularities are as antient which have been thought fit to be redressed, and this is not so antient but that it may truly be said, *non fuit sic ab initio*. And as to the thing being established by law, the law-makers have the same power, and the same charge to alter old laws that are inconvenient, as to make new that are necessary."

[Here follows a plan for popular associations, so arranged as to avoid the positive infraction of the existing laws, some of which have been prepared to prevent such associations.]

Such is the plan which we venture to propose to our fellow citizens, for the construction and government of political Unions throughout the empire. It is to be understood that, although the law does not permit such societies to communicate with each other by means of delegates, it does not prevent them from employing officers under that name for the purpose of communicating with the king, or with the king's government, or with members of parliament. In conclusion we shall only add, that no time is to be lost in organizing these institutions, as they are the most efficacious instruments that can possibly be devised for giving to public opinion all the weight that legitimately belongs to it. We need not recommend to the people the observance of tranquillity and firmness in their operations: that injunction has been already given to them by their patriot sovereign, in language at once so encouraging and so truly paternal, that we are confident it will be universally obeyed, as scrupulously as if it were the written law of the land. "The anxiety," said his Majesty, when proroguing parliament, "which has been so generally manifested by my people for the accomplishment of a constitutional reform in the Commons House of Parliament will, I trust, be regulated by a *due sense of the necessity of order and moderation in their proceedings*." We trust so too.

From the National Gazette.

TANNER'S MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.*

Report of Mr. Brucé, on a Map of the United States, by Mr. H. S. Tanner, presented to the Geographical Society, at a meeting held 18th February, 1831.

Gentlemen—Some months have now elapsed

* Translated from the *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie*, No. 95, March, 1831, edited by Messrs. Barbic du Bocage, Bianchi, Corabouf, Sucur-Merlin and Warden, Members of the Central Commission: and other Members of the Society, Geographers, Travellers and men of letters of France and other countries.

ed since Mr. Tanner presented to this Society a Map, entitled "The United States of America;" you have instructed me to report on this performance and its accompanying volume, in which the author, while enumerating the materials employed, gives an account of most of those labours, which in the course of the last few years, have filled up some of the numerous deficiencies, exposed without being supplied by recent astronomical determinations and topographical researches.—To this he has added brief notices of new public works, such as roads, canals and rail-roads, and of counties, towns, &c. lately established.

The history of the Geography of the United States presents very nearly the same features as that of the other countries of the New World. The principal points forming the ground work of the original draughts of the coast from Nova Scotia to Florida, were ascertained at an early period, and, considering their date, with tolerable accuracy; upon these data, Geographers were enabled to arrange the imperfect information collected respecting the space between the ocean and the Alleghany mountains. New discoveries soon furnished a more intimate knowledge of several of the remote northern countries. The results of these enterprises were sometimes accompanied by astronomical observations, but in general, the bare journals of travellers alone assisted the classification of places on general maps. The travels performed between 1673 and 1780, considerably augmented the circle of our acquaintance with the countries north and east of the Eastern states. It is true that the mass of details required a careful comparison with good celestial observations; but still this information obtained fifty years ago, was even then, far more satisfactory than any now to be derived from an examination of the accessible materials relative to the majority of the other countries of the two Americas. As to the central parts of the vast western territory, nothing whatever was known respecting them even as late as the end of the eighteenth century, but at the present day, the recent visits of travellers of a class superior to those of the preceding century, in the more northern regions, have supplied geographers with materials of which we may repeat, that they are more satisfactory than any to be found in the bulk of late publications concerning the other states of the continent. The zealous exertions of skilful observers, and astronomical determinations, are however still needed to settle numerous uncertainties in our knowledge of these regions, notwithstanding its unquestionable advancement. Their assistance would be more valuable, if, instead of determining scattered positions, they would establish ranges of points, properly connected by chronometrical lines, many of which might extend nearly 900 miles in an uniform direction.

Before we approach the work, of which it has become our duty to render an account, it

is necessary to specify the *desiderata* left by the charts of the coast, and to point out the insufficiency of the tables of astronomical positions; both of which, it would seem, might be used to great advantage in determining the correct base of a good map of Central North America. A few general remarks on the state of Astronomical Geography, will probably supply the correctness required in some of the maps, and the voids that are left in others.

An examination of the principal publications relating to the eastern coast, shows that full confidence cannot yet be placed either in the astronomical tables or in the marine charts; though Blunt's Atlas, which appears to us the best gives the whole of the maritime details, including the surveys recently made on the coast from Cape Fear to St. Augustine. In the edition of 1827, this author has inserted some remarkable improvements upon the maps which he had previously published; but several of them still require regulation by the longitudes recently corrected. We shall not mention the slight alterations still needed by some positions in the tables, and, among others, the places between New York and Washington, considered with reference to the new location of the latter. It is known that that city was laid down about fifteen years ago in long. 79 deg. 36 min. W. of Paris; that since that time, in consequence of the act of Congress of 1816, directing a survey of the state of Pennsylvania,* the longitude of 79 deg. 25 min. 30 sec. was adopted for the capitol, and that now Lambert's calculations have proved that it is only 79 deg. 15 min. 45 sec. To the longitude now adopted, that of the places depending upon it necessarily required to be reconciled; and this Mr. Tanner has done in his new map. Blunt, in his last Atlas, has retained the position assigned to the capitol by Bowdich, which of course involves an error of more than 7 min.

We have dwelt a moment upon the situation of Washington, because, in the first place, it has served to rectify many coast stations, and secondly, it has been taken as a point of departure for the series of observations made through the whole interior, as far as the base of the Rocky Mountains. The points determined from the position of this city before 1816, must therefore be reduced 21 min., while those settled since that period, up to 1824, require only a correction of 5 min. Similar remarks apply to the observations made from the positions of Philadelphia, New York and other points, all of which must necessarily undergo a greater or less alteration in their longitude.—

* Mr. Bruce is in error with respect to the Act of Congress cited by him. The Act in question had reference only to the position of the Capitol at Washington, and was entirely unconnected with the survey of Pennsylvania, which was executed under a law of the state.

Without noticing the inconsiderable discrepancies, which exist between the leading observations on parts of the eastern coast N. of 40 deg. we cannot avoid remarking that the charts leave us still in uncertainty with respect to the portion comprised between the parallels of 30 and 34 degs. of north latitude.

Of the longitudes previously adopted by Blunt north of Cape Charles, he has in his last atlas reduced that of New York 10 min. and that of Cape May 4 min. As for Baltimore, which he had before fixed in 79 deg. 10 min. he has now reduced it, with Bowdich, to 78 deg. 59 min. We have seen that, concurring with the latter, he had retained Washington in 79 deg. 22 min. 30 sec. This position, already reduced nearly 14 min. must be farther diminished 7 min. so that the capitol will fall, according to Lambert, in 79 deg. 15 min. 45 sec. Further south, towards Cape Fear, Blunt has again reduced the longitude of Cape Charles 21 min. and that of Cape Hatteras 10 min. It will be remarked that in all the preceding statements, Blunt has approached nearest to the numbers adopted by Bowdich: but it would extend this article too much, if we attempted to review all the variations presented by other astronomical positions. We shall only add that the observations and surveys lately made on the coast between Cape Fear and St. Augustine, have shown that in general the whole of this shore had been placed on modern maps too far to the east. Here the necessary corrections equal in some places, those made during the last fifteen years in the position of Washington; and as most of these changes have affected this coast in a manner directly inverse to those experienced further north, it follows that with respect to general direction, a difference of longitude amounting to about 40 min. is to be expected between points situated to the north and south of Cape Hatteras.

The southern coast, along the Gulf of Mexico, presents few well determined positions, from which longitudes may be deduced with certainty. There are still doubts as to Pensacola, New Orleans, and the mouth of the Sabine, which are the three points most to be depended upon. Blunt in 1827 adopted 89 deg. 54 min. for Pensacola, while Tanner lays it down in 89 deg. 31 min. Baurz, formerly director of the hydrographical depot of Madrid, in his map of the Gulf of Mexico, published in 1830, concurring with Messrs. Ellicott and Ferrer, has assumed 89 deg. 31 min. a longitude deduced from an observation of the transit of Mercury. We have enumerated the numbers adopted by these authors, not only because they exhibit a difference of 22 min. between the several observers, but also to show how ill the two most modern charts agree as to the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

New Orleans, which Blunt places, after Bowdich, in 92 deg. 29 min., is on Tanner's

map only in 92 deg. 16 min., while, if compared with Natchez, which Ellicott and Ferrer have determined from an observation of one of the Satellites of Jupiter, the true longitude ought to be 92 deg. 26 min.; thus the discrepancy which Tanner's map presents is at least 10 min. As for the mouth of the Sabine, it is very generally agreed to place it, with Darby, 96 deg. 17 min.; thence there is no determined point as far as the parallel of 27 deg. 10 min. north latitude, where the position of the coast was settled by Ferrer, upon a comparison of time with Campeachy. This section, north-west of the Gulf of Mexico, comprises more than one hundred leagues of coast, chiefly low and marshy, of which the position and details are but little known. M. Bauzá has endeavoured to incorporate in his map of the Gulf, published in 1830, all the corrections furnished by the journals of pilots, respecting this portion of the shore. He also lays down the coast in the parallel of 28 deg. 45 min., about 1 deg. 25 min. more to the eastward than the last London and Madrid maps; and this alteration seems to be authorized by the direction given to the coast in the new map of Texas prepared from the observations of General Terán of the Mexican service. The new positions adopted in this map for Saltillo and Bexar, lead us to regret that no attempt has been made to connect some parts of the coast with these points, or at least with those of Monterey and Laredo, of which the longitude in the map of Texas is the same as in the map of Mexico by Humboldt. These last remarks, which include every thing of importance relative to the eastern division, show how many uncertainties still exist respecting a country contiguous to the United States; if the interior points of those provinces were once well settled, more than one doubt would be removed as to the regions partially watered by the Red River and the southern tributaries of the Arkansas.

On the western coast of North America, which has been explored by the officers of several scientific expeditions, there also existed striking uncertainties respecting the positions assigned to Monterey, Nootka, and Port Mulgrave. These doubts, involving three of the principal points which ought to form a basis for astronomical observations of the coast contained between 36 and 60 degrees of north latitude have recently attracted afresh the attention of astronomers; but as we only intend, on the present occasion, to notice the corrections necessary in all charts of the coast, within the boundaries of the United States, from 42 to 50 degrees of latitude, we shall content ourselves with remarking, that if the longitude of 128 deg. 57 min. be adopted for Nootka, according to the calculations of M. Ottmanns, deduced from Malaspin's observations of lunar distances and of a satellite of Jupiter, which does not exceed by 2 min. the number fixed in the notes of Espinosa, it would appear

that the best maps, those of Vancouver's atlas, which have served as a model for all the rest, ought to receive corrections which would carry the coast farther west; for instance, in latitude 43 deg. more than 22 min., in latitude 45 deg. more than 18 min., and in latitude 48 deg. more than 27 min. These alterations alone would augment the surface of the territory of the United States by more than 5400 square miles.

We ought not to conclude this general review of the state of astronomical knowledge, respecting the limits of the United States, without noticing the meritorious labours of several officers attached to the commission for settling the boundary between the Republic and the British possessions. These researches having been collated and published by skilful individuals, we shall at present refrain from entering into their details. If we had not intended to confine ourselves to the possessions of the United States, we might show how much the result of the astronomical observations of the last thirty years, invalidates the numbers adopted for the areas of the several states, and of course, for the whole surface of the new continent. These calculations, chiefly borrowed from foreign publications, savour too much of the ignorance of their authors and publishers, who appear to have taken no notice of the immense acquisitions made by this branch of science, in all quarters of the globe. If, in addition, we should farther extend our examination of the maps and tables of astronomical positions, it would soon appear, that we have not pointed out the tenth part of the corrections which they should undergo, in the coast alone of the New World.

We have already endeavoured, in our Universal Atlas, published in 1830, to efface errors, in many parts of South America, not inferior to those indicated in the Northern Continent; errors which still vitiate the maps published by the dépôt of Madrid, and republished elsewhere, and which are likewise preserved in the general tables of astronomical positions.

With regard to the interior and western sections of the territory of the United States, a considerable number of observations might have been collected towards the close of the last century, which chiefly afforded an imperfect knowledge of the lower courses of the tributaries of the upper Mississippi. The sphere of our information was afterwards extended by the journey of Pike, the travels of Lewis and Clarke, and the expeditions of traders from the United States. Still no further reliance could be placed on the correctness of their united researches in the northern and western districts, than that due to a first sketch, based upon data, the value of which we have been taught to appreciate by the exertions of Major Long, Schoolcraft and others.

It was not until after the publication of the journey of Major Long, in 1819-20, that we could attempt the construction of that vast

canvass, which should exhibit all the accumulated information concerning the immense basin lying between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. The longitudes which he has settled between the parallels of 33 deg. and 45 deg. besides fixing the breadth of the central portion of the territories subject to the United States, demonstrate that Lewis and Clarke, in general, placed a part of the course of the Mississippi, far to the south and west. His observations, made at the foot of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, have also shown that Major Pike had given too high a latitude to James's Peak; moreover this point, as Humboldt had already remarked, had been placed by him about six degrees too far west. To these enormous errors in observation, we must add those exposed by Long in other stations, especially with directions assigned by the courageous and indefatigable Pike, to several Western rivers. According to the latter, the general course of the upper waters of the Canadian and Arkansas rivers was at an angle with the meridian of from 20 to 25 degs., while according to the researches of Long these angles should be from 70 to 80 degs. The striking results presented by his journey to the Rocky Mountains, added to the labours of other authors, have enabled us to correct the chief part of the mistakes, committed by their predecessors, in relation to the northern regions: in fact, we can now almost designate the extent of the spaces that are not yet known. Still it appears to us that enough attention has not been elsewhere paid to the ample resources furnished by the second expedition of Long, in 1823, in the details collected by Schoolcraft, and the labours of the commissioners appointed to explore the countries traversed by the northern boundary of the United States, westward of Lake Superior. Perhaps in reconciling with the observations of these last, those which had been before made, improvements might be obtained, not less important than those introduced into Pike's maps of the head waters of the Mississippi.

Westward of the Rocky Mountains, in the valley of the Oregon or Columbia, with the exception of the southern portion, where some points have been settled by Lewis and Clarke, we are entirely without data upon which the ideas furnished by the travels of Stuart, Crooks, Hunt, and others, may be combined with exactness: from the study of these works however, geographers may still derive information not yet displayed on any map. It may be useful to remark that if the longitude of the mouth of the Oregon, which has served as a point of departure for the observations of the interior, be compared with that of Nootka, as calculated by Mr. Ottmanns, all the meridians should be drawn 18 minutes more to the westward than they appear in our maps.

We hope to be excused for entering so much into detail, by recalling to your recollection, that, in the first place, geographers must

still seek in the central portion of the continent, the fixed stations, according to which they are to arrange the information extant respecting the contiguous regions: for with regard to the latter, there is a complete dearth of celestial observations. We were also forced to comment upon these precious works, by the want of precision in the principal stations, as well as in the intermediate points, on the greater portion of the charts, and the gaps and blanks still left by the tables of astronomical positions.

These tables, undertaken from very laudable motives, do not supply the wants of the geographer. They not only frequently omit results settled by astronomers many years ago, but determinate portions, on lines extending from 300 to 500 leagues through the interior of the continent, will be sought for in vain, even in the latest editions. On the accuracy of some points, full reliance may be placed; the omissions and errors, resulting from the comparison we have previously instigated, are traceable to collections recommended by their authors as guides for the construction of maps. However, these tables might be of some utility to a careful geographer, if their authors had by any characters indicated the means employed in arriving at the results particularized: if by other characters they had distinguished the stations not positively settled, but on which some reliance may be placed: if they had designated the names of the places from which they are calculated, and if, in fine, they had added the respective dates, to the names of the authorities on which they relied. The correction of these omissions, if supplied in future collections of astronomical positions, would at least prevent the use of incorrect numbers, which, when prematurely published without a proper revision, are too often adopted in general tables. It, however, frequently happens, that the test to which they are subjected when employed in the construction of maps, or when again calculated after new tables, exhibits their need of serious correction. We are far therefore from agreeing with those who imagine it advisable to employ particular tables, in preference to maps. This plan, which possesses the advantage of facilitating labour, does not always enable us to attain the most satisfactory results.

There already existed a considerable number of maps of the United States, among which should be distinguished the atlases of Lucas, Carey, Finley, and especially the one completed by Mr. Tanner, in 1825. These collections, as well as the maps of individual states, contain a superabundance of details, useless to the majority of those who consult them. One portion of these works, otherwise so important, is now of no other value than as the material to be subjected to the recent determinations of astronomy; and the vague details respecting several vast districts, must give way to the numerous and excellent la-

bours with which the science of Topography has recently enriched itself. These new acquisitions are of such a nature as to render imperative an entire reconstruction of all the general maps with which we are acquainted, excepting only that of four sheets, recently published by the brothers Walker of London, and without sparing the most remarkable maps executed in the United States themselves. Most of their authors disclose by the character of their publications an entirely different object from that of propagating the latest improvements in science; though some deserve the gratitude of those who look with pleasure on the gradual accumulation of geographical treasures, and who know how to appreciate the sacrifices of those who have toiled to render their works the property of the learned world. It is of an acquisition of this nature that we are about to speak; an acquisition not due to the encouragement of a government, but to the disinterested zeal and perseverance of an individual, who, for more than ten years, has unceasingly devoted himself to the collection and investigation of the numerous materials of his map.

The preceding sketch shows that the construction of a map of the United States, is, even in our days, a vast and laborious undertaking. It presupposes in its author an acquaintance with the few elements now in existence that may be deemed immutable, and the capacity to appreciate the value of the too scanty number of data of an inferior class, all of which, however, must contribute to the completeness of the canvass, on which are to be placed the details of the explored regions of Central North America.

The map of Mr. Tanner is constructed on four large sheets: their extent is 4 ft. 9 in. in length, by 3 ft. 9 in. in height. It is composed of two parts, of which the most important is that exhibiting the states of the Union and the greater portion of the western districts. To give this map the greatest possible size, the author has confined himself between the parallels of 29 and 48 degrees of latitude; the extent in longitude, reckoning on the parallel of 38 degrees, is 31 degrees; that is to say, from 70 to 101 degrees west of Paris. The limits exclude, in the west, the regions of the upper Mississippi, and the countries watered by the Oregon; and on the south the southern extremity of Florida. The latter is given in a supplement, on a scale of about two-thirds of the great map. The author has drawn in another supplement, but on a scale of less than one-third of the principal map, those remote districts of the West which are less perfectly known and more scantily peopled. The frame of the work contains, in addition, eight plans of the chief cities, six draughts of the environs of state capitals, two statistical tables, and finally, fourteen diagrams, which principally exhibit vertical sections of the different levels of canals and rail-roads.

The author has chosen for a first meridian, that passing through the capitol at Washington, and it is to the longitude of this point, as calculated by Lambert, that he has endeavoured to reduce all his other locations. In this, as in his atlas, Mr. Tanner has contributed, like his predecessors, to the inconvenient increase of first meridians, but at least he has the advantage of founding his labours on a point less subject to dispute than Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other places, which have been alike selected by resident geographers, for their points of departure.

For the Atlantic coast and the greater part of the interior, Mr. Tanner has generally availed himself of the new astronomical acquisitions, although on his map, as well as on all the others, the western coast still requires regulations by the longitudes formerly indicated. To the north, it appears to us, that the author has not a perfect acquaintance with the results attained in the construction of the map of the boundaries. Westward of Kingston, his longitudes seem generally too small; from this point the differences go on in an increasing ratio, up to thirty minutes, the difference between his longitude of the Lake of the Woods and that determined by the officers attached to the boundary commission. Further to the south, in the basin of the Upper Missouri, he has endeavoured to correct the longitude of several points resting on the observations of Lewis and Clarke; but to us he does not appear to have taken sufficient notice of the corrections rendered necessary by Major Long, Harman, and others. A more accurate appreciation of these works would doubtless have induced the author to increase, by more than a degree, the positions assigned to many places on the Upper Missouri. In the notice accompanying his new map, as well as in the analysis of his American Atlas, published in 1825, Mr. Tanner reviews the new acquisitions due on the east, to the celestial observations and topographical surveys.

A view of the actual state of these principal branches of our science, would appear to authorize a division of the eastern regions into series, in which the twenty-four states, now comprising the Federation, might be placed in unequal numbers. The first series would comprise those of which the exact topography rests upon triangular measurements founded on the best settled points. To the second would belong those states, of many parts of which we possess good details, verifying the locations of a great number of positions. In the last would be included the countries lying to the west and south, where, in many sections, the labours of surveyors alone have settled a few localities of secondary importance. We shall not attempt to enumerate the various results, the employment of which has eminently contributed to the perfection of general maps; it would occupy more space than is allowable in this report. A view of them may be found

in the observations and notes accompanying the new and beautiful maps of the Eastern states. These works prove that their authors are not wanting in that knowledge which is the basis of accurate topographical labours. The society has heard the report of our colleague, Mr. Alexander Barbié du Bocage, on the general maps of Mr. Tanner's American Atlas. It is not our province to again consider the individual maps which he has devoted to the details of each state.—We shall observe, that in his new general map of the United States, the author has availed himself of the maps of his atlas, whenever preferable materials were not to be obtained; and has added all the new information presented by the excellent particular maps, since published. He is indebted to the government for the communication of valuable documents; an advantage not always to be met with in other countries; and in order to collect information on parts imperfectly known, he addressed, through the newspapers, a circular to his fellow citizens, inviting communications on all subjects connected with topography. This method produced excellent results, which gratitude made it his duty to acknowledge.

To show that Mr. Tanner has always kept in view the most recent corrections, it will be sufficient to cite a few examples, principally borrowed from the notice accompanying his new map. We shall address ourselves, in preference, to those portions which have undergone the most remarkable improvements.

In the state of Delaware, the outline of the Bay of that name has experienced extensive alterations, after a chart constructed by Mr. Blunt. The situation of New York and Philadelphia, which Mr. Gordon has deduced from the labours of different observers, served to rectify the details of Pennsylvania, while the beautiful map of New Jersey, published by the latter gentleman, has also been of great service in correcting the contiguous portions of the states of New York and Pennsylvania. The Map of Virginia, prepared by Mr. Boye from new astronomical observations, has enabled him to modify the southern boundary of the state, which had been carried too far south; as that of the north required no alteration, it follows that the area of this state has been reduced, with a corresponding increase of North Carolina and Tennessee. Mr. Tanner has availed himself of another series of observations, which show that Cumberland Gap had been hitherto placed 12 min. too far south. Florida, which has belonged but ten years to the United States, was until that time nearly unknown, but there now remains little for us to desire relative to it, in a geographical point of view. The labours of General Bernard in the north, insure the accuracy of the bases, to which must be referred the projection of the details contained in some sections; and to this excellent performance the author of the work under consideration has added observations

on the Southern districts. Since 1821, geography has made more progress in this territory, than during the preceding century. In the two Carolinas, Louisiana, and Mississippi, we remark but slight alterations since the publication of Tanner's Atlas; and it is the same with Georgia, where the Cherokee country is still imperfectly known. The rapid increase of population in the State of Ohio, erects cities as if by enchantment: several excellent roads have also been constructed. New celestial observations have proved that the head of Lake Michigan, as well as the northern boundary of the State of Indiana, had been placed too far south: this causes a reduction of the territory of Michigan, with regard to the southern portion of which we have very recent topographical details, verified by astronomical observations. The form of Lake Michigan, which Tanner has borrowed from the map prepared by Mr. Bixbey from the latest surveys, resembles that on the French maps of the days of Charlevoix and Hennepin. Few sections of the lake country have undergone so many remarkable changes. These differences will probably continue to occur, until a number of points in the Northern States shall have been connected by actual observations, with those determined in Upper Canada. In the State of Illinois, few additions have been made to the topographical information on the northern districts belonging to the Indians, afforded by Major Long and others. Good bases are almost every where wanting for the regulation of the topography of the State of Missouri, of which the north-western and south-western portions are still nearly unknown.

Mr. Tanner's map exhibits the western boundary of the Arkansas Territory, as fixed in 1828, in 17 deg. 30 min. west of Washington (96 deg. 46 min. from Paris). This line, excluding the land ceded to the Choctaws, Chickasaws, and other tribes, reduces the space occupied by the territory on preceding maps, nearly one-half. We have already mentioned the desiderata still left in some of the positions adopted by Mr. Tanner in the northern section. Praise is due to his endeavours to perfect this part of his undertaking, as well as to his zealous exertions in calculating the materials afforded him by the topographical details of that portion of the United States contiguous to Upper Canada. But we think that in many respects, this division of his work is inferior to the synopsis given in the general map, recently published in London by the Walkers. The latter adds to the advantage of presenting a complete view of the positions determined by the officers composing the commission entrusted with the settlement of the boundary between the United States and the British Possessions, that of exhibiting the topographical details of the greater portion of Lakes Huron and Superior, and of some portions of the interior, so far as the Lake of the Woods, the western.

limit of the surveys of the commission. We shall not advert to the slight discrepancies observable in a part of the positions of Lakes St. Clair, Erie and Ontario, nor to those existing in the upper course of the St. Lawrence. Every where a laudable desire of attaining the truth is distinguishable. Mr. Tanner's endeavours have had a more happy result in the State of Maine. The disputes existing since 1783, between Great Britain and the U. States, relative to their respective limits, have caused surveys of the northern division of this State to be made by both the parties interested. We are not aware of the existence of any new map of this section, which was scarcely known a few years back: but the map and memoir of Mr. Tanner render it evident, that most English geographers possessed nothing beyond vague conjectures relative to the country allotted to Great Britain by the recent award of the King of Holland, the arbiter of the differences between the two powers, selected by the treaty of Ghent. The claims of the United States placed their boundary on the line of highlands dividing the tributaries of the St. Lawrence from the waters falling into the Atlantic Ocean. This part of Mr. Tanner's map, borrowed from that constructed for the information of the Commissioners charged with the settlement of the boundary, appears to favour their pretensions. Without being generally lofty, this dividing line presents summits elevated more than 2000 feet above the St. Lawrence. The decree of the King of Holland, by removing this portion of the boundaries of the Union, more to the south, reduces the alleged limits of the United States. The fear of abusing the time allotted by the Society, prevents us from inviting attention to the vague and uncertain nature of the line, which is to fix definitively the claims of the two powers, relative to the great basin watered by the tributaries of the Oregon. We might also have added a sketch of the modifications introduced by the new astronomical determinations on the coast and in the interior, in the extent of particular surfaces and in the general area of these beautiful regions.

In considering the state of astronomical geography, as it relates to the territories inhabited by the aborigines, we have pointed out the chief deficiencies left by this branch of our science, and have indicated, in our observations on the principal journeys undertaken to the east and west of the Rocky Mountains, the important features of topographical knowledge, collected in relation to the regions watered by the Upper Missouri and the Oregon. Though we have exhibited the principal modifications of which we believed the map of Mr. Tanner still susceptible, we have by no means forgotten the difficulties arising from the want of precise data, so necessary for the construction of a map of regions but little visited. Those accustomed to

this kind of labour, are aware that many positions and details are only tested by the interpretation which they give to vague hints. We must not omit to notice, as another proof of the zeal of our author, the many ideas taken from Lewis and Clarke's travels, not to be found on any other map.

The author has only inserted the principal mountains, in his map, of which the representation, in the eastern regions, distinguishes the successive ridges, the direction and extent of the basins or longitudinal valleys, and the series of still and flowing waters: we think, however, that Mr. Tanner, without affecting the distinctness of his map, or adopting the bold hypothesis of some authors, might have destroyed that continuous appearance between the successive chains, which would lead those unacquainted with physical geography to believe in the existence, in those parts, of a perfect plain. Many of the lateral branches of the Alleghany, laid down by our author, in some measure prevent this supposition. Very slight modifications in their figure, would have enabled us better to understand that their ridges belong in general, to a group of elevations, leaving between them valleys forming the beds of rivers, which need but slight depressions to direct their course eastward or westward. It is moreover well known that this chain, eighty or ninety miles wide, preserves through a great extent of country, a medium elevation, in its most lofty summits, of over three thousand feet.

At the end of his account of the materials employed, Mr. Tanner states the number of new cities and towns, the extent in square miles of new topographical surveys, and the length of the new highways, canals and railroads; as a portion of these details is not to be found on any other map, his publication thus acquires a decided superiority. It also possesses the advantage of being the first to indicate the respective distances between the towns situated on the roads. We have already noticed the plans of cities, and the maps of the environs of some of the state capitals, details of great use in particular localities. There are also fourteen diagrams, eleven of which are constructed on the same scale as the principal map; the scale of heights is calculated at the rate of 1000 feet to an inch. Many of these sections, showing the elevation and depression of ridges and valleys, present satisfactory results in the physical geography of the central states of the confederation. Of the draughts intended to exhibit the elevations of the great public works, destined to facilitate communication, nine present sections of the routes of the principal completed canals, and four are devoted, in the same manner, to rail roads. By adding to these lines of transportation, the other canals traced on the map of Mr. Tanner, we have about forty grand communications; nearly all of which connect the coast of the Atlantic

Ocean, with Lakes Ontario and Erie, and the upper tributaries of the Ohio. These profiles, in which the author has collected the elevation above the sea, of about six hundred points, present many sections of the great mass of heights, known by the generic name of the Alleghany mountains, and are by no means the least ornament of his map. Perhaps he would have conferred an equal benefit on science, if he had inserted, in the place of several diagrams of only secondary importance, others, based perhaps on less accurate foundations, but of greater general interest. For instance, he might have substituted the sections showing the relative heights of different portions of the river St. Lawrence, and one of the levels of the great lakes, above the surface of the ocean; more to the south, a section made on a line running nearly east and west, would have shown the inequalities of the earth between the Atlantic and the Rocky mountains. These additions, and many others not less important, would have added to the value of this map, already so rich in precious details.

The work also presents two statistical tables, of which the most extensive is devoted to the United States, and contains the names of the states and territories, their extent in square miles, the names of their capitals, and their respective populations, &c.; while the second exhibits the names and extent of the districts of the west, as well as the amount of their white and aboriginal population. In his memoir, Mr. Tanner again invites the attention of government to the necessity of providing a name for the countries under its sway, which would put an end to the uncertainty attendant on the name of "United States," now assumed by eight republics in several parts of the world. Our author has also felt the want of general names for the western possessions of the confederation. He justifies the six grand divisions, traced on his map, and founded as much as possible on natural limits. To these he has given the appellation of districts, to distinguish them from the states and territories comprised within the limits of the Union. The names of these divisions, which the absence of order rendered necessary, are Ozark, Osage, Huron, Sioux, Mandan, and Oregon; all derived from the appellations of the principal resident tribes. According to our author, the district of Huron, would be composed of part of the present territory of Michigan; the others would be under the jurisdiction of the military posts of the United States. We might cite a number of other details, all evincing the spirit which has presided over the construction of this map, of which the graphic execution is not less remarkable than the choice of materials employed.

In the eighteenth century, the men who gave a great impulse to geography, also laid down the first principles of the science; but these authors, who have so eminently contri-

buted to reduce chaos into order, by the construction of maps still worthy of commendation, had no further foundation for their labours, even in several extensive countries, than collections extremely limited, if compared with our present resources. Besides, while employed in expressing the result of their acute researches, they seldom received new materials, to destroy entirely or in part the groundwork of their labours. Let us imagine these men, whose efforts were directed to the perfection of maps, while surrounded by some of the gaps that have been designated, receiving, almost at once, the prodigious accumulation of materials, produced by the exertions and researches carried on in nearly every quarter of the globe, since the commencement of the present century. Perhaps, at first, their apprehension would equal their joy; perhaps they would feel the impossibility of classifying, studying and turning to advantage so much diversified information, respecting each portion of the world they were describing. It is true that a part of the feeble resources which formed the basis of the labours of the ancient geographers, may be replaced and increased by the results produced, by the progress of astronomy and topography; the study of which, more widely diffused, affords to many geographers, means of constructing maps of extensive regions. Thanks to their assistance, the materials requisite for projecting general maps of many states, no longer require to be conveyed to another continent. This valuable co-operation, which tends to classify more rapidly the mass of materials, has not as yet produced in relation to any of the other countries of America, an amount of results at all comparable with those connected with the republic now under consideration.

If a critical comparison of the mass of heterogeneous materials, collected respecting the Americas were made, at a given time, by persons long familiar with astronomical observations and the proper estimation of travels; if there existed a table, showing the degree of precision of some, and the little confidence to be reposed in others; then the perusal alone of this syllabus, would facilitate the just appreciation of maps, and geographers who now undertake to construct those of many of the countries of the New Continent, might hope to approach the results attained in the eastern section of the territory of the United States. But this is not the case, even with the greater proportion of the surface of the globe, with regard to which, long researches, by pointing out to geographers the extent of what remains to be done, remind them that their science, though continually advancing, cannot as yet offer any but variable appearances; and that even now, to undertake the construction of a geographic map, is to attempt the solution of a conditional equation. It is from the want of a just ap-

preciation of these principles, that we find men, who pretend to be arbiters of praise and blame, assisting the increase of new publications which contribute no more to the progress of science, than might be expected from the exactitude of a copyist.

Mr. Tanner, a judicious geographer, appears in the selection of his materials, to have applied himself in general to those, the accuracy of which is verified by celestial observations: where aid of this description was not to be obtained, he has endeavoured, while recurring to less precise sources, to connect them with the former, and to enlighten himself from the information contained in the accounts of travellers.

He does not pretend to have reached the degree of perfection, attainable by a combination of all the accessible details: on the contrary, he requests the communication of materials necessary for the improvement of some parts of his map, which he admits to be still imperfect.

Hitherto, general maps of the United States presented nothing but a confused mass of topographical details and names inserted without discernment. The observer possessed himself with difficulty of the important outlines of physical geography, and his labours became much more painful, when he attempted to distinguish the principal canals or roads facilitating important communications. This has become easy on the new map, in consequence of its uncommon precision in the graphic execution of topographical details. The care bestowed on this labour shows, that the author knows how to appreciate the gratitude due to the perseverance and scientific ardour of those, whose mission it is to increase our stores of all that can contribute to the deep study of elevated theories. An extensive knowledge of the resources afforded by these vast regions, served as a guide to Tanner in selecting the points of which the determination was important. Already had his American Atlas procured for him the title of corresponding member of the Geographical Society of Paris, and since that epoch, he has not ceased to extend his honourable labours. Among his recent publications, we must distinguish the map of Texas, constructed from the observations of General Teran; it is one of those documents which most contribute to our knowledge of the north-eastern part of New Spain, contiguous to the United States. The value of this map will be estimated by those who are aware of the desiderata left by those published in Mexico, in 1829.

The constant zeal and exertions of Mr. Tanner, in his new map of the United States, merit the praises and encouragement of the true friends of learning, while they deservedly assign him a distinguished rank among those authors, whose aim it has been to combine in general maps of extensive countries, the last information accessible to science.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE SNOW DROP.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THE snowdrop! 'tis an English flower,
And grows beneath our garden trees!
For every heart it has a power
Of old and dear remembrances.
All look upon it, and straightway
Recall their youth like yesterday;
Their sunny years when forth they went
Wandering in weariless content;
Their little plot of garden ground,
The pleasant orchard's quiet bound;
Their father's home, so free from care,
And the familiar faces there.

The household voices kind and sweet,
That knew no feigning—hushed and gone!
The mother that was sure to greet
Their coming with a welcome tone;
The brothers that were children then,
Now anxious, thoughtful, toiling men;
And the kind sisters, whose glad mirth
Was like a sunshine on the earth;—
These come back to the heart supine,
Flower of our youth! at look of thine;
And thou, among the dimmed and gone,
Art an unaltered thing alone!

Unchanged, unchanged—the very flower
That grew in Eden droopingly,
Which now beside the peasant's door
Awakes his merry children's glee,
Even as it filled his heart with joy
Beside his mother's door—a boy;
The same, and to his heart it brings
The freshness of those vanished springs.
Bloom, then, fair flower! in sun and shade,
For deep thought in thy cup is laid,
And careless children, in their glee,
A sacred memory make of thee.

Education in France.—The proportion of educated persons among the inferior classes of French society, may be estimated from the following classification of the recruits, raised for the army in the year 1830:

| | | |
|---|---------|---------|
| Young men who could read only, | - - | 12,801 |
| — who could read and write, | - - | 121,079 |
| — who could neither read nor write, | - - - - | 153,635 |
| — whose attainments could not be ascertained, | - - - | 7,460 |
| | | 294,975 |

Education, Crime, and Lunacy.—In a recent French publication, the number of educated persons, of criminals, and of Lunatics, as compared with the whole population of England, Scotland, and Ireland, is thus stated:—

| Kingdoms. | Educated Persons. | Criminals. | Lunatics. |
|-----------|-------------------|------------|-----------|
| England | 1 in 20 | 1 in 900 | 1 in 783 |
| Scotland | 1 in 17 | 1 in 5693 | 3 in 652 |
| Ireland | 1 in 35 | 1 in 468 | 1 in 911 |

A Commissioner of the Customs being vain enough to have a statue of himself on horseback, erected in his garden; and two countrymen looking at it, one of them asked the other why the Commissioner had no gloves on. "Alas," sighed the other, "he never wears them; because he has always got his hands in our pockets."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Denmark.—M. Cohen, a learned Danish Jew, has completed a new Concordance to the Hebrew Scriptures, which has this advantage over those of Buxtorf and Calaisius, that it is pointed throughout, and includes the proper names and particles. The author is supported by the King of Denmark, and a part of the MS., which is most beautifully written, is in the hands of a bookseller at Leipzig, who will proceed with the publication as soon as permitted by more favourable times.

Professor Hask, the celebrated linguist, is preparing a new Arabic Grammar and Reading Book for the press, and it is expected they will be published in the course of this year. The Grammar is on a new plan, by which the structure of this difficult language is assimilated in a greater degree to that of the European languages, and by this means, it is hoped, the acquisition of it will be much facilitated to beginners.

France.—The late M. Lecomte, left at his death a great work on the History of France during the 18th Century, which the late government, in imitation of the suspicious and inconsistent policy of the imperial government, prevented from appearing. The manuscript, at the author's death, was sealed up: the revolution of July broke the seals, and this work, which has been long expected, will soon make its appearance. A very powerful interest attaches itself to this publication, as the author, by means of ministerial authorizations, was allowed to draw his materials from different depots of the national archives, as well as the foreign ones to which the French victories afforded him access.

After an absence of four years, M. de Humboldt has returned to Paris, and has proved that, during his late travels in Asia, neither his activity nor his zeal for science have in any degree diminished. He has already communicated to the Institute numerous memoirs and detached notices of unfinished works on this subject, and we hope the whole will be embodied, with as little delay as possible, in some cheap and accessible form. During this journey M. de Humboldt traversed a space of more than 4,500 leagues. It is remarkable, that during 1829 no less than four scientific expeditions were made in this part of the ancient continent, viz. that of M. de Humboldt; that of Parrot, junr. to the summit of Mount Ararat, which he found covered with beds of obelidian lava, and rising to an elevation of 452 metres above Mont Blanc; that of M. Kupfer to the trackless mountain of Elbrus in the Caucasus, which rises to a height of 5000 metres; and lastly, the great undertaking of Messrs. Hansen, Christensen, and Ermaun of Berlin, undertaken for the purpose of determining the line of magnetic influence from Petersburg to Kamtschatka. M. de Humboldt has presented to the Institute many rare and some hitherto unknown minerals which he collected during his journey, and has announced that M. Rose, the companion of his journey, is engaged on an important work on the gold found in veins and alluvial beds in the Ural mountains, a chain which contains in its ridges alluvial deposits of gold and platinum, from the 33d to considerably beyond the 61st degree of latitude.

The French Scientific Expedition to the Moera will speedily begin to be published. The work will form three volumes in folio, and will appear by livraisons every six weeks, from the 15th of September, until completed. The plates will be engraved by the ablest artists, and the whole, it is hoped, will form a work worthy of the subject.

Peter Du Moulin, one of the most distinguished pastors of the reformed Church in France, during the 16th and 17th centuries, left an autograph memoir, or rather collection of anecdotes, behind him, which is now in the hands of M. Marmon of Paris, and will shortly be published.

A series of letters on the state of Public Instruction in Germany has been addressed by the celebrated Victor Cousin to Count Montalivet, the French Minister of Public Instruction. M. Cousin has travelled through the most enlightened portions of Germany, and seen the system in operation, and is consequently well entitled to sit in judgment upon it. The result, as might be expected, is highly favourable. M. Cousin's letters have appeared in the *Revue de Paris*.

An interesting Report has just been presented to the Minister of Public Works in France by M. Quinet, for the purpose of procuring the assistance of government in publishing many epic poems of the twelfth Century in the French language. The MSS. are in the Royal Library and in that of the Arsenal, where they have hitherto remained unknown. These poems consist of many thousand verses, and would fill fifty

folio volumes. M. Quinet considers them as the popular reflection of the ancient Celtic traditions, in regard to the religious and historical monuments of the Celtic provinces. When the Christian clergy became established in France, their first attempt at proselytism brought them in contact with the Druidical system; and it was in this conflict that they became acquainted with what then constituted the intellectual and religious life of the nation. Hence the origin of these poems, which were intended to popularize the new dominion of Christianity, and at the same time to gratify the taste of the people for accounts of the manners and customs, the history and antiquities of their ancestors. The editor intends commencing with the publication of *Parscel*, a poem consisting of 20,000 verses, and evidently the production of a great and accomplished writer. It will be in two volumes, to which will be prefixed, an extensive Essay on the Origin of the Celtic Traditions, and their connection with those of the East and the North. The whole *Rapport* is well worthy of attention, and we sincerely trust that the government of Louis Philippe will show itself not less friendly to the promotion and encouragement of literature than that of Charles X., which, with all its errors, afforded a systematic support to many most splendid and meritorious productions. We fear, that to the withdrawal of this support the non-appearance, for many months, of the *Journal des Savans*, and the *Bulletin Universel de France*, is to be attributed.

Germany.—Raumer, the historian of the Hohenstauffens, is engaged in a second great historical work, the History of Europe during the last three Centuries.

In the constitutional and Protestant kingdom of Hanover when a clergyman becomes a contributor to any journal, although published in another country, he is obliged to submit his articles previously to the general consistory to which he belongs, for its approbation. *Vide Allgemeine Kirchen-Zeitung*, 1831, No. 35.

Baron Odleben, the author of a work on Napoleon's German campaign of 1813, has recently published a *History of the French Revolution since 1789*, for the use of the lower classes. The idea is good, but the execution rather indifferent.

A *Review of Reviews* is announced to appear at Leipzig.

The celibacy of the clergy has of late years been the subject of much discussion in Germany, and has been warmly attacked by two Catholic priests—M. Reichlin, Dean of the Theological Faculty at Friburg, and M. Theiner, of Breslau, (the supposed author of a remarkable work on Catholicism in Silesia, which was reviewed in an early number of this Journal,) who has written a work in three vols. 8vo. in which the subject is discussed in all its bearings.

The "Atlas of Europe," now publishing by Herder, of Friburg, is not only a chef-d'œuvre of the lithographic art, but a truly stupendous undertaking, as it is to consist of 220 maps, on a very large scale. The same scale, however, will not be observed throughout, as the less populous and cultivated territories will be upon a smaller, and the more important countries on a still larger. Each number contains four maps, and is published at twelve francs, so that the price of the entire work will amount to 660 francs. The plates are worked in two colours, black and red, all the physical features being indicated by the former, and the towns, roads, political boundaries, &c. by the latter.

Leo von Klenze, one of the most celebrated architects in Germany, has commenced a work illustrative of the principal edifices designed and executed by himself. The first number, consisting of six folio plates, is entirely devoted to the description of the Glyptothek, at Munich, and contains a plan, elevation, general view, three sections, and various details of that beautiful and interesting structure; besides which the interior and its decorations will be further illustrated in the following number. This work will form an admirable companion to that of Schinkel, who has embellished the Prussian capital as Klenze has done that of Bavaria, with some of the most original and classical edifices of modern times. We may here mention that a small volume by Schorn, entitled *Beschreibung der Glyptothek*, has lately been published, which gives an account of all the statues and other pieces of antiquity in the Munich museum.

Klinger, the romance writer and dramatist, died at St. Petersburg, in February last. He was born at Frankfurt, in 1753, and took an active part in the regeneration of German literature which took place about fifty years ago. His complete works were published at Königsberg, in 1819, in twelve volumes.

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Engraved by C. Bedford

Drawn by G. Shepherd

RAMSGATE HARBOUR AND LIGHT HOUSE.

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